LL THE CATHOLIC CHURCH BE HITLER'S WATERLOO?

Liberty

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RCKAUFFMANN

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HAT ROOSEVELT WANTS AFTER 1940 by Walter Karig

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ONE OF "AMERICA'S FINEST"

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Seagram's Crown Whiskies

"America's Finest"

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Seagram's Crown Whiskies
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Seven Crown
Blended Whiskey
A distinctive whiskey of rare bouquet and full flavor — Smooth and mellow
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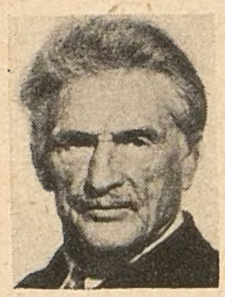
FEBRUARY 4, 1939 **Liberty** VOL. 16, NO. 5

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

WE ENDORSE THE PRESIDENT'S HEALTH CRUSADE



BERNARR MACFADDEN

At last the most hoggish, brutal system ever conceived by the mind of man is being brought to the bar of justice. The American Medical Association will at last have to meet the charges of restraint of trade that are preferred against it.

This Association has bludgeoned its doctor members, compelled them to fall into line with threats of expulsion, and to say that the rank and file of the doctoring profession hates its monopolistic practices worse than the devil does holy water is a mild statement indeed.

We caustically criticize monopolies that raise the prices of merchandise, but the commercial monopoly of health advice is obnoxious beyond all description.

The government's attack, if successful, will give honest doctors the courage to free themselves from the shackles associated with the commercialism of this organization.

As I have stated on many occasions, health advice should be as free as the air we breathe. And it should be given honestly and sympathetically.

In years past I have been severely censured because of my criticisms of the use of drugs in the healing art. And we have had recently a demonstration of racketeering in the wholesale drug market that is unprecedented throughout all history.

It is up to the public-spirited doctors of this country to demand that whatever organization they have, it will be free from the commercialism which has at all times been the guiding spirit at the top of the American Medical Association.

There should be experimental stations conducted, not by doctors or politicians but by practical executives, where the various health-building methods could be tested and honest reports of the results secured that could be broadcast for the benefit of the general public.

And doctors—whether they be allopaths, homeopaths, or any other kind of " paths "—after having spent from six to ten years studying their profession, should be guaranteed a decent living by the government.

Capable doctors of all kinds should be paid by the government. Each doctor should be given the responsibility of maintaining the health of a certain community, and the mortality and health records of such communities should be compared yearly and prizes offered for the best records. The health measures used in the prize-winning communities could be held up as a model for the guidance of all other communities.

Students who expect to prepare for the doctoring profession should be the same type as those who become missionaries in our religious organizations. These students should be impressed with the idea they have been " called " for such a service.

Many remedies that have proved to be valuable are denied recognition because they failed to harmonize with standardized medicine. More than thirty years ago I began to have syphilitic cases called to my attention which were cured by fasting, followed by an exclusive milk diet, or other strict dietetic measures. Many hydropathic doctors claim gonorrhea can be cured by their methods. Artificial fever through diathermy, a recent discovery for remedying this complaint, should replace drugs. Some doctors claim cancer can be cured by dietetic measures. Many cases have been called to my attention where an exclusive grape diet has been especially effective. But the general public is kept in ignorance of these simple means of cure, partly with the help of the Association's commercial creed.

If the present attack and exposure of monumental racketeering in the drug field will help to induce our officials, under the influence of the President, to inaugurate a health service that will take commercialism out of the health-building profession, and make scientific health advice available free to the public, the authors of this great benefaction should be applauded throughout the world.

Bernarr Macfadden

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"I Wonder What Time My Daddy Will Telephone?"

"The minute he calls up I'm going to speak to him about Bobby. He's my cousin, and he's just five weeks old. *And they haven't got a telephone where he lives!*

"One of these days his mother's going to run out of his talcum. Or she'll want his father to stop at the drug store on the way home for oil. Or maybe she'll want to ask the doctor about that rash on his back—Bobby's back, I mean.

"Then suppose some week he gains six ounces. Don't they expect to tell their friends news like that?

"Well, how is Bobby's mother going to do all those things besides her marketing?

"I'm going to see if my Daddy can't fix it. He's always saying how good telephone service is—and how cheap."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

You are cordially invited to visit the Bell System exhibit at the Golden Gate International Exposition, San Francisco

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

EUROPE'S QUEER NOTIONS ABOUT THE U.S.A.

BY FRANCO CATALANO

IT is difficult to condense into one short article all the different opinions expressed in Europe concerning the social, political, and artistic life of the United States.

Despite the fact that the great country of the Star-Spangled Banner is not a member of the League of Nations and that it adheres to a strictly national policy, it enjoys in Europe an enviable prestige and sympathy.

In the eyes of the normal European the American seems a communicative and optimistic sort of person. And it makes no difference what his social position may be, or how modestly he is dressed, he is generally believed by European opinion to be rich.

In the little provincial towns of Europe one often hears the cry, "The American has arrived!" It is simply some immigrant who has returned to his family hearth with a modest bank roll after a sojourn in the United States. He may have engaged in the humblest trade, but in his little home town he is received like a conqueror.

Even the present economic crisis, as viewed in Europe, is considered to be exaggerated and temporary. Great hope has been placed in the energetic activity of Roosevelt and in his methods and experiments, which appear to Italians as essentially Fascist, to Germans as National-Socialist, to Englishmen as measures of their Labor government, and to other nations as Socialistic, or indefinable. Roosevelt's personality is favorably viewed in Europe, where there is a general conviction that he is seriously working, if necessary by revolutionary methods, for the new well-being of the American people.

It is wrong to believe that only the uneducated Europeans think of America as free and extremely rich. It is a common opinion, too, among intellectuals, artists and writers. "In America," they say, "good books are sold by hundreds of thousands. People spend large sums buying pictures painted by masters or by young artists with a sure future."

European aristocrats who come back from the United States observe in tones of envy, "In America they know every comfort; the means of transportation are unbelievably rapid, the buildings are immense, the parks magnificent." And the correspondents of European newspapers and periodicals add to American prestige, even when perhaps not wishing to do so.

In these articles one reads about steel kings, petroleum kings, movie kings, about powerful magnates of finance. The fact that this great republic has as many "kings" as there are products of its innumerable industries, the tales of business involving millions and billions of dollars, cause the European's head to swim.

There are all sorts of opinions in Europe about American girls—that they are very elegant and that they have first-class taste; that they are very free and independent; that they interest themselves in everything, and quite often go in for politics and particularly for sports. Europeans love the grace and the exuberant vitality of American girls, although to many they seem incapable by nature of enduring attachments and a sedentary life.

The gangsters and the crime record of great metropolises, such as New York and Chicago, have made a deep impression on Europeans. Around the gangsters there has been built up in Europe a legend of fright, particularly as the result of the writings of certain American novelists and of the unusually terrifying reports of journalists. According to these sources, New York is full of gangsters, who walk freely about the streets, assaulting whom they please, while the police force stands by delighted, as if enjoying a performance of some musical comedy. Kidnapings of important personages, bank robberies in broad daylight, street battles with revolvers or machine guns, murders galore, masked bands of men are common occurrences.

Amazing, amusing—food for thought! . . A look at ourselves as we're seen

Europeans have in general received American jazz with favor, for it now reigns supreme in the dance halls, having entirely supplanted the languid and sentimental dance orchestra.

Skyscrapers have excited wonder among Europeans and are looked upon as symbols of the will to power of the American people.

"Why is the American film production so favorably received, as a rule, by the European public?" The answer is clear: It is the high quality of the film, made possible by large capital which financial magnates have invested in the industry, and which enables the film companies to engage artists, directors, and writers of international reputation.

In the next few years there will surely be a strong contest between the American film producers and the various national film industries of Europe, which are busily preparing for the struggle. But European producers admit the fear that their task will be extraordinarily difficult.

An accusation often made against the American people is that they have no traditions. It is said, furthermore, that the tremendous development of industry has generated a kind of spiritual neglect. Sunk to their necks in business, Americans have not time to think seriously about spiritual values, and are inclined to consider life essentially from a practical viewpoint, which reduces it to a mere sense of comfort.

But everybody in Europe doesn't think like this. Those who are in constant contact with American literature, art, and philosophy note that although the American people live intensely, they are nevertheless fresh, ingenuous, and natural in their sentiments and in their multiple manifestations. The American people, it may be added, have shown, and continue to show, an extraordinary vitality in their art and an unprecedented audacity in their commercial and industrial enterprises; they seek to do business under the best possible conditions, but all this activity is strongly connected with the spirit. Little by little, America is offering to the world its own intellectual products. In truth, this is the case. In a thousand ways America is advancing toward a position of primacy in the future.

With regard to the political relations between Europe and the United States, most Europeans hope that America will wish to become a member of the League of Nations, now seriously ill and which has need of a radical transformation. In this way it is believed that America would take a more intimate part in the political life of Europe and would be a decided factor in clearing up many international questions.

Old Europe, which at present is like a boat assailed by strong tides, ready to sink, has need of aid, and need also of being understood. And what Power could fulfill this great task better than the United States, whose generosity and liberal initiative have merited so much applause and such unanimous approval?

Therefore it is hoped that there will come a more intimate and profitable collaboration between the United States and Europe, a collaboration that will create an atmosphere of peace, wished for by all, and toward which all with one accord are striving.

THE END

WILL THE CATHOLIC CHURC

BY DONALD FURTHMAN WICKETS

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THE Nazi attack upon the race of Christ and the church of Christ focuses world attention upon the undeclared war between Hitler and the Vatican. Hitler's enemies ask with glee, his friends with profound alarm: “Will National Socialism founder on the rock of St. Peter?”

Not many months ago I saw Hitler standing, in a plain trench coat, beside Regent Horthy in Berlin. Young, buoyant, defiant, in his eyes a fanatical devotion to his people and to his mission, he reviewed the troops goose-stepping in endless formation, while armored trucks rattled by and squadrons of airplanes, marked with the swastika, darkened the clouds. Later I saw the Holy Father, a frail old man, all in white, carried by four attendants to his throne. No airplanes whirred above Pius XI, no artillery enforced his dictates; but there was indomitable courage in his eyes, in his carriage, and in his voice. In the two men clashed two powerful forces, two antagonistic worlds.

When His enemies attempted to entrap Him in the toils of the Roman law, Jesus confounded them by saying: “Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's.” Unfortunately, the limitations of that which is God's and that which is Caesar's have never been clearly established. Again and again the Vicars of Christ and the successors of the Caesars have been at odds. In the old German Empire, which included most of Europe, no emperor could be sure of the allegiance of his people unless he was anointed by the Vicar of Christ in Rome. Disobedient emperors were excommunicated by papal bulls. In the Middle Ages the popes had large armies and called upon other Christian princes for armed aid against the emperors. But emperors and kings in turn have deposed popes, or made them prisoners or fugitives. Henry IV, a German emperor of the eleventh century, was forced to do penance barefooted in the snow at Castle Canossa in Tuscany for three days before Pope Gregory VII deigned to receive him. Later the emperor imprisoned and deposed the Holy Father.

Napoleon I forced the Pope to crown him at Paris. Napoleon III, on the other hand, protected the temporal power of the popes by force of arms against Garibaldi and the rising tide of Italian nationalism. Then, during the Franco-Prussian War, the Italians seized their ancient capital. The Pope refused to recognize the conquest and for many years proclaimed himself a prisoner in the Vatican. This paradoxical situation existed until Mussolini restored and confirmed the local sovereignty of the Pope; however, even today there are serious differences between the Vatican and Fascist Italy. The Emperor of Austria retained the right to veto the election of any Pope, and exercised it before 1914. The kings of Spain did likewise. These privileges were swept away with other debris by the World War.

The New German Empire, founded by Bismarck in 1871, engaged in a struggle with the Papacy. “We shall not go to Canossa,” Bismarck proudly proclaimed. But he found it convenient, nevertheless, to come to an understanding with the Vatican. He was subdued by the powerful Center Party, the party of the Catholics in Germany. In his day they constituted about one third of the population. With the absorption of Austria and Sudetenland, the percentage is higher today. Hitler must reckon with Catholic sentiment, though he has abolished all parties except his own.

Hitler has proclaimed that Germany is a “Christian state,” but has entrusted its intellectual and cultural life to Dr. Alfred Rosenberg, whose books are banned by the Pope as anti-Christian. Hitler himself was baptized a Catholic. Goebbels received his training at the hands of the Jesuits. But Hitler has not protected the church from insult, and Goebbels has inveighed against his teachers. The Nazis point out that Germany was almost destroyed in the Thirty Years' War by the conflict between Protestants and Catholics; they contend that the totalitarian state cannot permit history to repeat iself.

Hitler made a treaty or “Concordat” with the church under the persuasion of von Papen. But almost from the beginning there were disputes. The Nazis did not, at least in the beginning, interfere directly with Catholic organizations, but they succeeded in starving them out. No teacher could belong to both the Catholic Teachers' Society and a similar Nazi association. No worker could join the German Workers' Front and the Catholic Workers' Society. But if they did not belong to the Nazi organization they could neither teach nor work in Germany and were suspected. Pressure was used to make parents withdraw their children from parochial schools.

At times the relation of the church and the state seemed to run smoothly. Eminent Catholic prelates pledged their support to the National Socialist Government. But they had overlooked certain passages in Hitler's Mein Kampf. Cardinal Faulhaber, the redoubtable Archbishop of Munich, did not share the illusions of his colleagues. He finally refused to compromise with an ideology which places the demands of the state above those of God. The situation is complicated by the fact that in Germany both the Protestant and the Catholic churches are supported by taxes.

A totalitarian state based on race must necessarily clash with a universal church which embraces all races. Germany, like Italy, forbids marriages between Aryan and non-Aryan Christians. The church does not encourage such marriages, but cannot forbid them without questioning the validity of its own sacraments. It can make no distinction on racial grounds between those who have received its baptism. The bitterness of the church was accentuated after the Anschluss. In Austria a church marriage was essential. In Germany no marriage was recognized as valid without a civil ceremony. When the German law was extended to Austria, Cardinal Innitzer, who had voted for Anschluss, protested violently. Nevertheless a working agreement between church and state could be established. But there are certain cardinal points upon which the church cannot compromise. It cannot surrender its right to teach the young, and it cannot surrender its claim to universality without betraying its divine commission.

Certain radical factions among the Nazis welcome a split between the church and the state. They advocate the creation of a national “German Church,” embracing, if possible, all Christian confessions. One leading Catholic suggested, in conversation with me, the nomination by the Pope of a “Patriarch” for all Germany. This German “Patriarch” was to appoint all German bishops and priests, eliminating the Papal Nuncio and the Pope. This compromise was intended as a sop to Nationalism. However, the overwhelming majority of German Catholics rejects this solution. The Holy Father repudiates any such suggestion with scorn. His celebrated encyclical, Mit Brennender Sorge, issued on Passion Sunday, March 14, 1937, emphasized the indivisibility of the Roman Church.

Six days later secret messengers distributed his message among all parish priests in the Third Reich. The next morning it was read from every pulpit, but no German paper was permitted to print the text.

The Nazis have never forgiven the church for a time when members of their party were denied the sacraments and Christian burial. This accounts for the absurd claim that the church encourages Bolshevism. To break the hold of the church, the

BE HITLER'S WATERLOO?

An eye-opening survey of an ancient struggle and a new, world-shaking crisis

Nazis have instituted a number of sensational trials against priests and lay brothers on the ground of "immorality." Only six out of one thousand priests were found guilty.

The Pope points out in his encyclical that he has sought at all times peace with Germany. He accuses the Nazis of violating the "natural law," the law "written by the hand of the Creator on the tablet of the heart." It is difficult, in view of recent events in Germany, to deny this.

Following the broadcast of the Holy Father, the German bishops issued a pastoral letter, never printed in Germany, accusing the Nazis of desiring "to destroy the Catholic Church" and "to root out Christianity." They reiterate their fidelity to their country, and declare that "for the wrong which some in our own people and our own country inflict upon us, the Fatherland must not suffer."

Since then Cardinal Innitzer has been attacked in his palace, Catholic feasts have been disturbed by hooligans, Cardinal Faulhaber has been insulted publicly. The persecution of the Jews and of outstanding Protestants, like Pastor Niemoeller, and constant attacks upon the Holy See are creating a common front against the neopagans. Tension against the neopagans increases throughout the world. Cardinal Mundelein did not mince words in his attack on the Fuehrer. More recently the Most Rev. Michael J. Curley, Archbishop of Baltimore, said:

"I denounce the madness that has taken possession of the Nazis of Germany in these days of persecution of helpless, innocent Jews. . . . The mobs in Germany are headed and dominated by a madman, Hitler, who was baptized a Catholic, but who has proven false to all the teachings of that church—false to the teachings of Jesus, our Saviour. . . . I denounce and condemn the Nazi Minister of Propaganda, the cripple-minded Goebbels. . . . Long after Hitler is dead and forgotten the Jews will still be living in Germany. At least I know the Catholic Church will be. . . ."

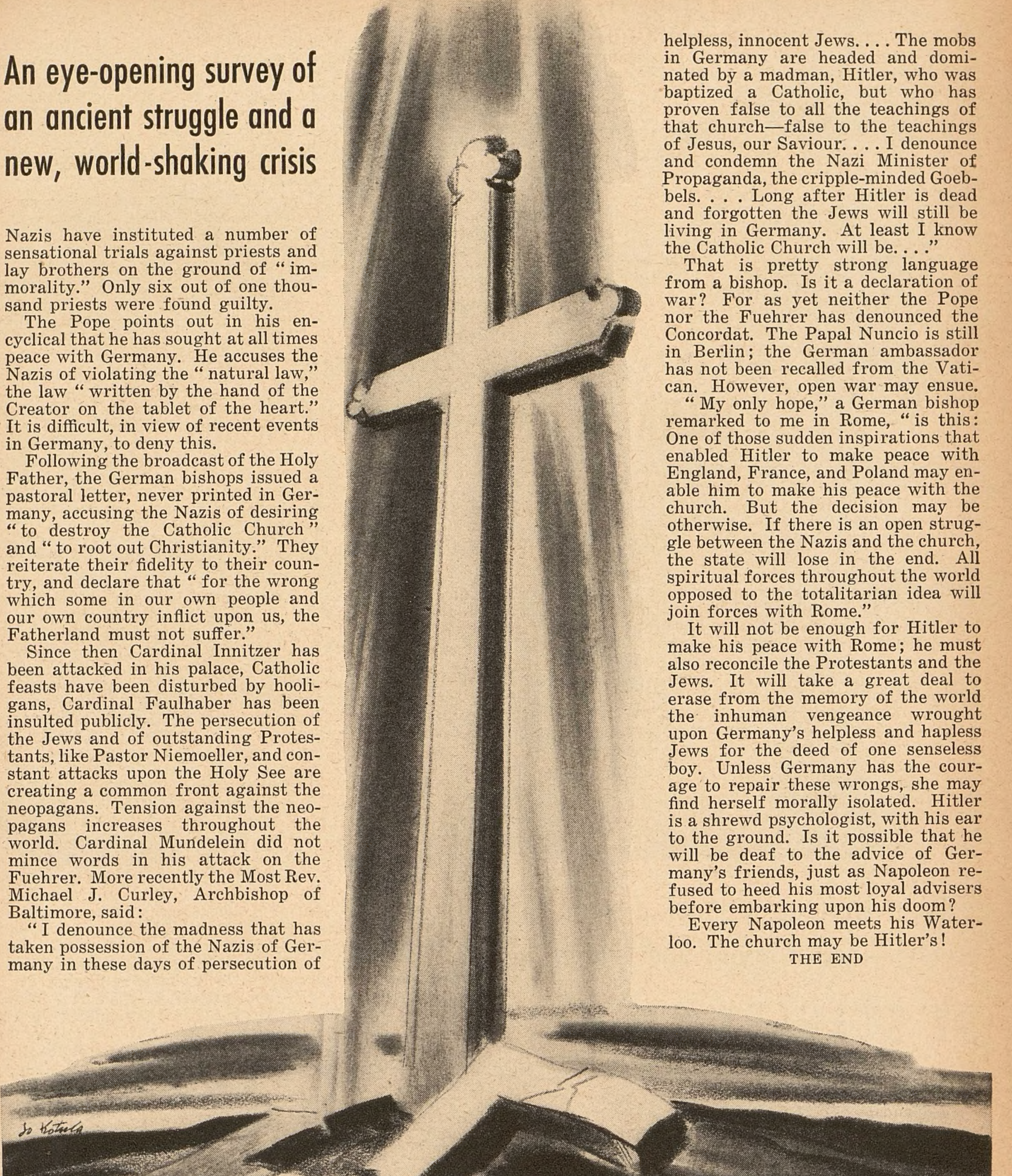
That is pretty strong language from a bishop. Is it a declaration of war? For as yet neither the Pope nor the Fuehrer has denounced the Concordat. The Papal Nuncio is still in Berlin; the German ambassador has not been recalled from the Vatican. However, open war may ensue.

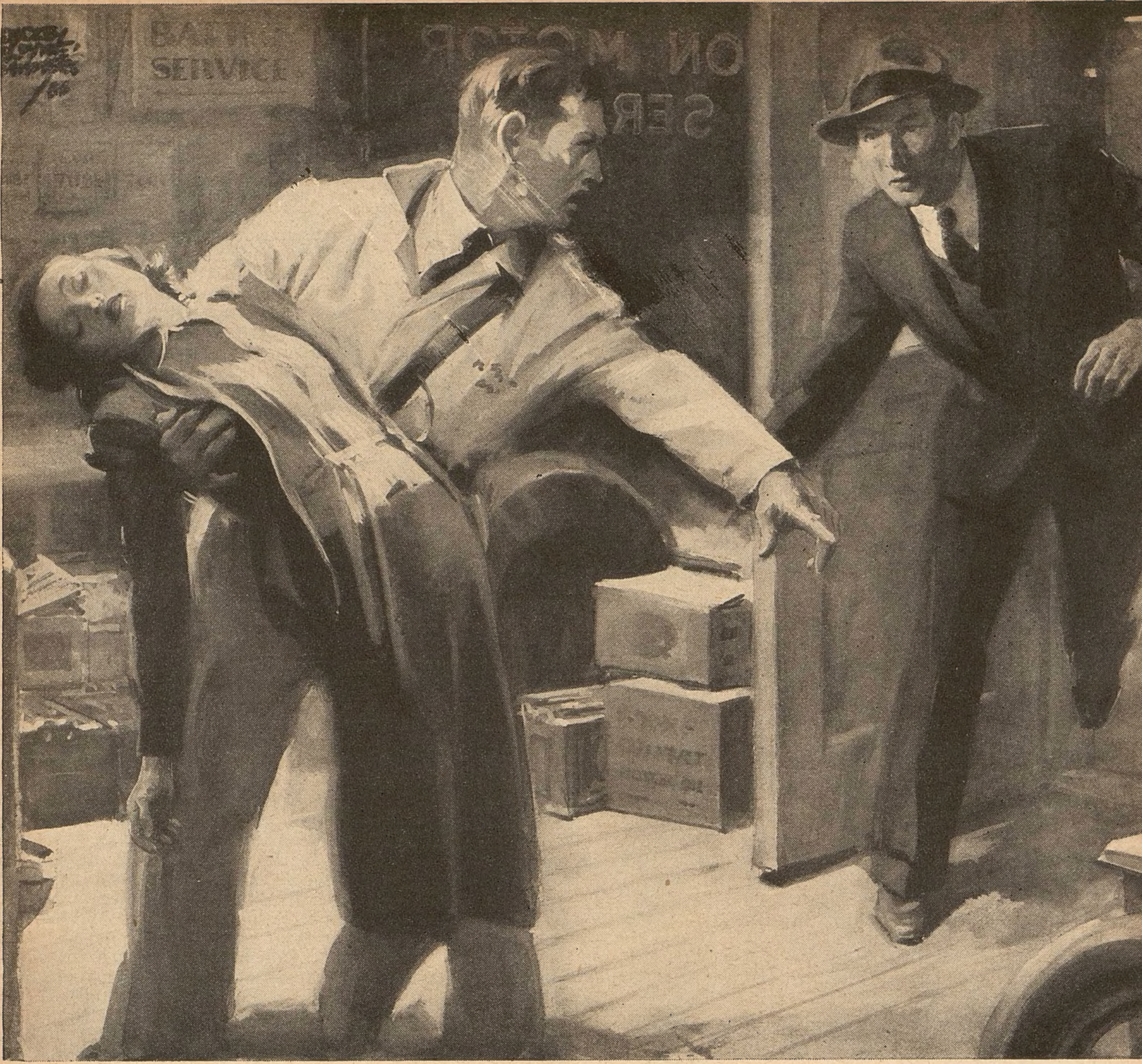
"My only hope," a German bishop remarked to me in Rome, "is this: One of those sudden inspirations that enabled Hitler to make peace with England, France, and Poland may enable him to make his peace with the church. But the decision may be otherwise. If there is an open struggle between the Nazis and the church, the state will lose in the end. All spiritual forces throughout the world opposed to the totalitarian idea will join forces with Rome."

It will not be enough for Hitler to make his peace with Rome; he must also reconcile the Protestants and the Jews. It will take a great deal to erase from the memory of the world the inhuman vengeance wrought upon Germany's helpless and hapless Jews for the deed of one senseless boy. Unless Germany has the courage to repair these wrongs, she may find herself morally isolated. Hitler is a shrewd psychologist, with his ear to the ground. Is it possible that he will be deaf to the advice of Germany's friends, just as Napoleon refused to heed his most loyal advisers before embarking upon his doom?

Every Napoleon meets his Waterloo. The church may be Hitler's!

THE END





A heart-warming tale of a man and a maid—and a bright and shining lie

BY STANLEY PAUL

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

I CAME out of the WPA headquarters at the State House in Boston without a job. I hadn't expected to get one, so that was all right. After all, I was just a road guy, even though I did own a broken-down jaloppy. And I couldn't show I was married. And I certainly didn't have kids.

That same girl was waiting there who'd been in the line with me other times. Always before she'd looked at me and then looked right away. This time, though, it was different: her deep-set, soft-looking eyes stayed right in mine.

She looked like she wanted something, and like I was the guy that she wanted it from, so I broke the ice by saying: "Any luck in there today, kid?"

"What do *you* think?" she asked me.

I just grinned. "Forget it," I said. "There's tomorrow, isn't there, baby?" Then I pulled out my last cigarette. I broke it in two and gave her half of it. She said: "Thanks," in a soft voice. I had to be pretty careful not to scorch her nice little nose.

"Come on," I said. "There's the Common. They still let us have that for nothing. Come on over and sit down with me and help me go into a hate."

"Hate what?" she asked, crossing Beacon; I saw that her chin made my neck. I always like to be taller, and I'm not such a tall guy myself. "The world," I said to her, keeping one eye out for a bench with a newspaper. After I found one, we sat down.

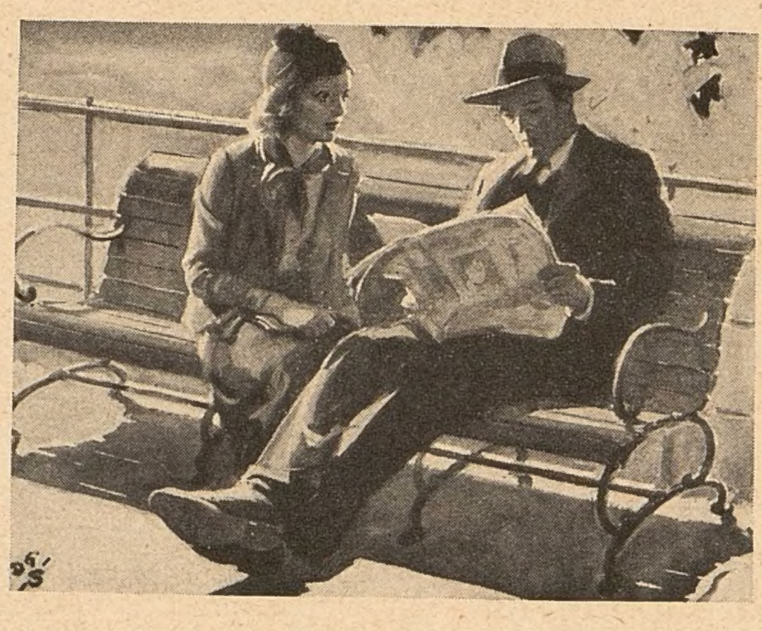
"Look at this," I said, and I pointed to the front-page picture of the abandoned kid at Children's Hospital that they'd been running now for three days. Underneath was a note scrawled out on a piece of paper and telling how its mother had had enough and was calling it off; how she wanted the baby to have a chance, so would the hospital take care of it until they could find it a home?

The headlines on it said: MOTHER! DON'T DO IT! COME BACK! THIS LITTLE FELLOW NEEDS YOU!

HELP
WANTED
SWITCHBOARD operator (plug), good stenographer-typist, experienced. "Efficient Agency," 140 West
STENOGRAPHER
rate—furni-
"Effi-

The guy yelled: "You might tell a fellow who you are! Call 343 on that phone!"

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS



"Doesn't it make you sick?" I asked her. "They turn the whole state over trying to find *its* ma, and leave a couple of people like us to sit around and starve."

She was still looking at the baby. "I'm an orphan, too," she said.

"Well, so am I," I told her. "But that doesn't make me any steaks."

"Oh, he's sweet," she said. "He's darling."

"O. K.," I said and gave up. Then: "So are you, kid," I told her. "What is your name?"

"Sally. What's yours?" she asked me.

"Jimmy. Where do you live?"

"Anywhere. Parks. Missions."

I stuck out my hand and said: "Shake!" Then I went back to the want ads, but there weren't any dishes for me. But on the business page was something. "Hey," I said, "look at this: 'The Boston and Whitney Machine Works of Westerly report they are taking on men. Mr. Whitney, vice-president, says increased orders are the thing—'" I dropped the paper and looked at her. "Cripes!" I said. "Think of that! Me with a running jaloppy! Westerly one hundred miles. Three pints of gas in the boiler. Jeepers-creepers, what's the use?"

Sally looked first at me, then at the ground. After a minute she broke it: "I got a quarter," she said.

"Aw!" I said. "And I'd *take* it!"

"Well," she said, "I'd like a ride."

For a minute there I thought she was ribbing, but then I got a good look at her face. I'd seen that look on my mother. Maybe I'd better call it trust. And I had a sudden queer feeling that this kid was grabbing a hold, wanted something to cling to, even if only for a day.

I said: "Listen, kiddo. What is it? Wanna make it two against the world?"

"Why not?" she said. "I like you. From that first time I saw you, you were nice."

I began to boil up some—you know, all happy inside. I said: "Listen, Sally. You take that quarter and eat. Meet me here in two hours; that'll be half past three. I'm going out cadging nickels. Maybe this is our break."

I made a nickel on Cornhill and another in Scollay Square, keeping my rear eye peeled for the cops. I tried a class job on Tremont and hocked a cane and a beard for a dime. I finished with a nickel on Charles Street and came back on the Common again. I walked across it, thinking that maybe this was the day when I'd say good-by forever to that hard, mean thing in people's eyes.

There she was—waiting. She said: "Well, any luck?"

I said: "Sure. We'll make twenty miles," and held out the quarter in my mitt.

She shook her head and said: "Forty!"

"Not with the carbon in *my* job."

"No. I mean *two* gallons." She gave me a quarter. "I didn't eat."

Gee, could you beat that? *Could* you? Wasn't she some *girl?*

I took the old road to Providence, staying away from the six-lane cement. Guys on old roads are softer. They don't get taken so much. And I knew that beyond Stoughton some one was in for a touch.

It was sundown now, and Canton, and we doing thirty at best. I was holding things down to the bottom to get every inch from that gas. I was holding my breath, too, and wondering which would go first, my lungs or that left rear tire. I had a big hole in the spare.

But I was thinking plenty what a girl this Sally kid was, to sit there all smiling and happy when I knew her stomach was crawling around the cage of her thin little poked-out ribs, looking for something to eat.

After the sun went it was cozy, the two of us there in the dark with only the scattered headlights, and the music when we went through the bogs, and God knew what before us, but the two of us going to see.

Beyond Easton I stopped and went out to poke the misery stick in the tank. It came out a damp nothing.

I got back in and said: "Kid, it's the old cuffo try at the next place."

We made it and rolled to the pump.

The guy came out and he put on a look that showed he knew what was on my mind. It's queer how they spot a free loader. When I said: "Mister—" he snapped: "No soap!"

I said: "How about the hoses?"

"Go ahead. Try 'em if you want."

Maybe we made three quarts from the four. It was enough to kick things to life.

"Well," I said, when we were back on the road, "we'll roll out the last sweet drop, and then we thumb it, or hit leather, or crawl."

"But we'll make it, Jimmy. You'll see!"

I said: "Don't you ever get downhearted?" Then we came around a bend in the road. There before us was a big burst of light and a high-boarded fenced-in park. Out front was another station selling gas of a different brand. DIGHTON DOG TRACK, said a neon sign. We went breezing by.

I said, when we'd left it behind us, and I didn't say it very nicely: " Kid, do you know what those pooches eat? Lamb chops and country eggs. While we—we ache inside for a ten-cent hunk of bum meat."

" Aw, Jimmy! What do we care about dog tracks? We're on our way to a job! "

Then: *Bang!* went the left rear tire.

I pulled up and swore and said: " Sure! "

" Now, Jimmy . . ."

" Cut it! " I guess I sounded tough. " What's the use? " Then I tried hard to brighten up. " Well, before we say 'uncle,' we're going back and try that station by the track."

It was just like any other time. The guy was a good guy, too. He looked at the rubber that was torn and wrapped around the rim and the hub and the spokes.

" I'm sorry, son. I can't do it. I guess you mean well, too. But you'd drive out of here and get lost somewhere and I'm hung for the price of a shoe. It's easy as pie to forget to pay. But look. Pull around by the side of the station and I'll be glad to lend you my tools."

That was a laugh, I was thinking, as we sat there beside his place where the shadows fitted the way that we felt. Tools? Tools to do what? A darning needle maybe to fix up the hole in my spare.

We sat there a while saying nothing and a shiny phaeton drove in. I heard the bell ring fifteen times and the driver ordered some oil. As he left, I saw the gas guy stow his roll in the back of his pants. Cripes! You'd have to jump over it and take three steps for a start.

ALL of a sudden I remembered something I'd forgot. I opened the dash cupboard and fished around in the rags inside. I found it. A big old army gun.

I pulled it out, I heard Sally suck in her breath. " Take it easy, kid." I patted her arm. " Look. This was my old man's. He used it at Château-Thierry and he brought it back from France. It was all he had left, that and his pants and a shirt, I guess, when he died. I bet I could get two bucks on it. I'm going to see the guy."

Sally said: " No, Jimmy! No, Jimmy! "—quick and scary and white.

" Aw, kid, it ain't loaded. It ain't been fired since the old man had it in France."

" Please! "—her voice was all shaky now. " You got no right to a gun. He'll have you pinched for carrying it."

" O. K., kid. It ain't worth the two bucks to make you like that." I dropped the gun in my lap.

A car came out of the dog track and rolled in under the shed. The guys in it were laughing and thumping each other, and the driver says: " Fill 'er up. We hit on the nose in the first race tonight, and do *we* know when to go home! Twelve to one was the pay-off. Keep it! Who wants any change? "

The car roared away up the Boston road and the gas guy went back inside. He sat down to read his paper again and I felt myself having the shakes. I said: " Look at it, would you? Those fat Magees go in and come out stinking rich! And we sit here on fire for a dime! " I knew I was blowing my top. I guess it was hunger and worry and our lousy, lousy breaks. I spit it out between my teeth: " Did I say *two* dollars, kid? " I lifted the gun. " I'm going in for that roll."

I got out and she hit the ground with me and tore around the car to my side.

" No! No! " she said. I felt her fingers digging hard in my arm. Then I guess she saw my wild mug, for she said in a different voice: " Don't be a sucker, Jimmy. Aren't you going to let me *help?* "

I snapped: " Help? " kind of quick and suspicious.

" Sure! Why, you walk in there and he'll have you nailed before you're in. Those guys carry guns, Jimmy, too. If we do it, let's do it smart."

" Hey-hey! " I said. " Now you're clicking! "

" Sure! Let me go in first. I'll ask for a drink and work him around till his back's to the door. You come in and jam the gun right where he'll feel it, hard! Then I'll pull his roll and we'll make a break."

" Good girl! " I told her. " Good girl! "

You shoulda seen her go in that door. Slow and easy and kind of weak. My hand went tight on the gun. I saw her speak and the guy look up; then he got up out of his chair and went over to where the cooler stood and started to fill up a glass. She was still talking. I could tell it. I took a couple of steps. " Please, God," I remember saying, " don't let another car come. Give us time for a fade."

Then I took two more steps and lifted the gun. It was then that Sally folded. The guy just caught her and took her and laid her out. I jammed the gun in my pants and was in there in nothing flat.

The guy looked up at me and yelled: " You might tell a fellow who you *are!* Call 343 on that phone! It'll be my wife. You tell her to hop in the car and tear down! "

You could've knocked me over with the draft from a match. You could still've done it a half hour later, when I'm walking around outside while the guy puts a shoe on the car. And he's filled it with gas. And he's put in some oil. And he's shoved me a ten-dollar bill!

Sally's inside with the gas guy's wife, getting filled up with hamburgs and java and milk. And I've had my share, and I'm walking around trying to figure this thing. It's screwy, but I'm taking and just saying thanks.

All the same, I had to get *this* off, so I walk once again to the car: " Say, listen, mister—"

" Now, son, don't you say a thing. I'd 'a' helped you right off if I'd known. Thank God your wife came in."

" Yeah," I agreed in a fog. " But look. You'll get all this back. If there's anything I can do for *you*—"

The guy looked queer and stood up. He dropped his voice: " Say! Maybe there is. I got a good hunch tonight. My wife, she don't like me to play the track, but I'd be a sucker to miss." He looked at his watch and pulled out a bill. " Your wife won't be ready to travel for another half hour or so. It's Lucky Baby in the fifth race. Would you go in and put this five down? Right on the nose. It's a sweet long shot. He'll pay off at twenty to one."

I said: " Why, sure! Lucky Baby in the fifth race," and I made quick tracks for the park.

WELL, ten minutes later am I sweating! What a fine guy I've turned out to be! For what do I do when I throw in his five but throw in the ten he's advanced.

Great big drops all over me from my collar down to my socks. I just drop my head in my hands. I don't look up. And when a shout goes up that tells me the lights on the tote board are on, I lift my head and blink my eyes and Lucky Baby is in! He pays $38.60 for every two bucks, and I am on him for ten!

When I got back to the station and handed the guy his wad, I said: " Say, look. I can't pull a crooker on you. You've been too good to us. When I made your bet, I made one of my own, and I used that ten you advanced."

The guy just laughed. " I admire a gent who knows when to shoot the works. You can pay for the stuff I've given you and the ten I advanced, if you want. The rest is yours, son. Now, don't say a word. And, believe me, your luck is turned. Trouble is over for you folks. You just go back to Boston, like you should."

Which throws me back in the fog again, but before I can grope my way out, Sally is coming with the gas guy's wife, and she's giving Sally a hug.

She says: " And after it's all straightened out, you and your husband drive down here to see us. Promise? "

" We will," says Sally. " Good-by. And thanks—"

" Tut-tut! Not another word." And the lady kisses Sally.

I waited until we'd done a couple of miles and felt sort of distant and safe, when I said to Sally: " Say, listen, kid. That couple is screwy." Then I told her about the ten and the bet. I said: " Sally, it looks like we're in! We got more than a hundred and fifty kicking around in my pants. Who wants Westerly? It's Boston, kid, and clothes and beds and food. Baby, they're rolling our way. I'll have a job just like that! " I kept on talking that way for maybe another mile until I had a queer feeling that she wasn't listening at all. " Say, look," I said, kind of mad like. " What's the matter with you? "

" That couple. They weren't so screwy. Oh, I feel so ashamed. But it was us against the world, wasn't it, Jimmy? And I would *not* let you stick that guy up. That's why I pulled the faint on him."

"What are you talking about, baby?"

"That's it. It's a baby," she said. "That's what I told him when I went in his place—that I wanted to get back to my baby. It was rotten, but Jimmy, a stick-up would 'a' been prison for us both."

I whistled and said a couple of "Cripes! Are they *that* nuts about kids?"

Sally said: "You don't get it, Jimmy. Don't you remember the papers, and the kid that was left on the steps?"

It began to click. "You told them that *you*—"

"No! They thought that themselves. And I let them go on thinking it. Oh, I feel so ashamed!"

I drove a mile saying nothing. Then: "Listen, Sally," I said. "There's nothing to worry about; nothing! The guy was paid for his stuff. We're gone and forgotten by this time. So let's forget it, too. We're sitting right and pretty—"

Then I heard the siren behind. I'd hate to say what it did to me. I said out loud: "It's not us—"

But it was, and they forced me over and a cop leaned out and yelled, "Stop!" It was a state police patrol car with two cops sitting inside. One got out and came running back. "Is that the best speed in that hack? Jump out, folks, and get in our car. Don't worry. I'll drive yours in. Hey, Jerry!"—he had us running—"Rush these folks all the way. Get in, please, missus. You too, old man"—he boosted us in the back. Before we knew it we were humming along.

"Comfortable, folks?" asked this Jerry. "We'll be there in no time at all. Gee! Am I glad that we stopped for a smoke in Harmon's place, by the track. He told us all about you and how he nearly let you get away. Don't worry there, missus. The kid's all right. He just sorta needs you, that's all."

"You may turn the heater on again, James!"

I started to peep, but Sally's cool hand came over and closed my big mouth.

She said: "Have you got a paper? I'd like to look at the picture they took." Then low, to me: "What's your last name? Quick!"

"Mulvaney," I said through my teeth.

"Sure," said the cop, and handed one back. "There's a light by your elbow there. Look at him all you like."

She did, all the way into Boston. At the kid and that scrawled-out note. She didn't stop looking till they had us out and up to the hospital room.

I'll never forget it, the crowd that was there—reporters and nurses and docs. And the way that one nurse took the kid from its crib and put it in Sally's arms.

And Sally? She held him close to her breast and looked down into his face. I forgot the people. I walked over and looked down too. What a funny little face. Then he opened his eyes and blinked them until he saw Sally. He kept on looking at her. He seemed to give the littlest sigh, then a smile played around his mouth. Honest! You could *see* it!

Me? Well, I choked all up. And it wasn't because she'd saved me from doing a rotten job. And it wasn't because she'd seen me through the toughest day of my life. It was both of them, she and the baby, and . . . well, just the way they looked.

I cried. So what of it? Somebody patted my back and said: "Go on, cry, kid, Nobody's going to laugh."

Then a gray-haired gent stepped forward. He said: "There's only one thing." He held out a pencil to Sally. "Would you write that note once again?"

You should have seen her. She sat right down and held the kid with her left arm and without a skip went to work with her right and wrote out another note. Now I knew why she'd stared at that thing for the last half hour or so. Some lady, huh? She fooled 'em all. They said it was her, all right.

I said: "Say, listen, folks. We're sorry—see?—for what we did. And for what we were going to do. We'll never, never give up again." Then I took out my old man's gun. I tossed it out on a table. "There's the answer to that! Now look. Things have turned for the better. I ran into a pal tonight and he owed me some money, and—well, he paid, so we aren't as badly off as we were." Then I said: "It'll take us a little time to set up a place again, you know, a nice place for Jimmy; so what I was wondering was this: Could we leave him with you, where he'll get good care, until we're ready and set? His mother'll be over to see him almost every day." That "almost" was put in on purpose. We had to have *some* free time.

Why, of course, they all said, and yes indeed; that was the thing to do.

Then a doc put his hand on my shoulder. I knew he was a doc by his smell, nice and clean, you know how they are. "Come on out with me to the hall.

"Have you got a job, son?" he asked me.

"Well, no . . . but I'll have one soon."

"What can you do?"

"Machinist by trade. But I'm pretty good around cars."

"*Are* you? Well, after you're straightened out, you come back here and ask for me. There may be a place in the maintenance shed, keeping our rolling stock tuned. Besides"—and he put a nice smile on—"I'd like to keep in touch with that son of yours."

Well, I had my first fight with Sally after we'd shaken the press. They were all for putting us up at the Copley Plaza Hotel. I said no, we were furnished-room folks, and that was the way we would stay.

So in the taxi, Sally said: "Jimmy Mulvaney, you dope! If you'd kept your great big mouth shut I'd have that baby right now. I'll be over to see him *almost* every day—"

I said: "I'm thinking. Shut up! Some small town in New Hampshire's the place—"

"Did you see his cute little smile?"

"Yeah. Keep quiet. I heard of a guy who did it in Concord quick."

"Did *what?* Jimmy, haven't you any sentiment? Aren't you fond of that kid?"

"Sure," I said, "and if you are, too, you'll help me figure this thing. A nice little kid like—"

"We'll call him Jimmy!" she said.

"Shut up!" I yelled. "Listen to me. A nice little kid like Jimmy has got to be respectable, see? I'm figuring a quick way to get married."

"Oh," said Sally, and shut.

Thank God for all the Mulvaneys. We got away with it neat. One more Mulvaney taking a wife doesn't cut any ice in the press. But, say, would you like a laugh? Days off we drive down to the Harmons' place and, yes, I keep out of the track—but the Harmons both swear that that baby of ours is the spitting image of *me!*

THE END

WHAT ROOSEVELT WANT

BY WALTER KARIG

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

UP on the left bank of the Hudson River, not far from Poughkeepsie, is a rambling stone house old in architecture but still pungent with the smell of fresh paint and plaster. Its owner calls it a Dream House, not so much because it represents a dream come true as because it means the setting of dreams unfulfilled.

It is a spring day in 1941. The warm sun slants through tall windows to make bright a spacious book-lined sitting room. A half-spent fire glows on the broad hearth, trying to match the colors of the forsythia and rosy dogwood gleaming just beyond the wide flagged terrace the house embraces.

The sole occupant of the room puts aside the morning newspapers which tell of the troubles the new President of the United States is having with Congress. The man turns his back upon the spring that beckons to him through the windows, draws a typewriter toward him, slips a sheet of paper between the rollers.

Slowly he taps out, in the upper right-hand corner, the cryptic line, " Day Press Rate Collect." He gives the space bar a few jerks, and then writes:

" By Franklin D. Roosevelt "

Franklin D. Roosevelt, newspaper columnist and magazine writer; that is what the President's real ambition for 1941 is revealed to be. Wistfully he has imparted that wish to a few intimate friends.

President Roosevelt wants no third term—at least, not beginning in 1941. A third term following 1944's election is nearer his idea of possibility.

He is utterly opposed to a third-party movement.

He wants, above all things, to see the New Deal continued by a sympathetic successor and a co-operative Congress in 1941. To that end he is going to start in earnest to train a couple of likely lads to qualify as his political heirs. They are Harry Hopkins and Robert H. Jackson.

Mr. Roosevelt believes in the two-party system; he does not have faith in the two-party system which exists in the United States today. He would like to see all the conservatives driven out of the Democratic Party, and all the liberals remaining in the Republican Party lured to his side of the fence, together with the Laborites, the Progressives, and the Socialists. He is going to put a lot of effort toward accomplishing that, too, in the next eighteen months.

He is a sentimentalist, is Franklin D. Roosevelt, and an idealist. He is also a canny, practical politician. It is within his understanding that his aims may have to be achieved through adversity. The sovereign public is fickle. A Republican might be elected President in 1940, acknowledges realist Roosevelt in private. But the sentimental and idealistic Roosevelt allows that the public would regret a return to conservatism and demand a bigger and better New Deal in 1944. As the Romans recalled Cincinnatus from his plow, the Americans may recall Roosevelt from his typewriter.

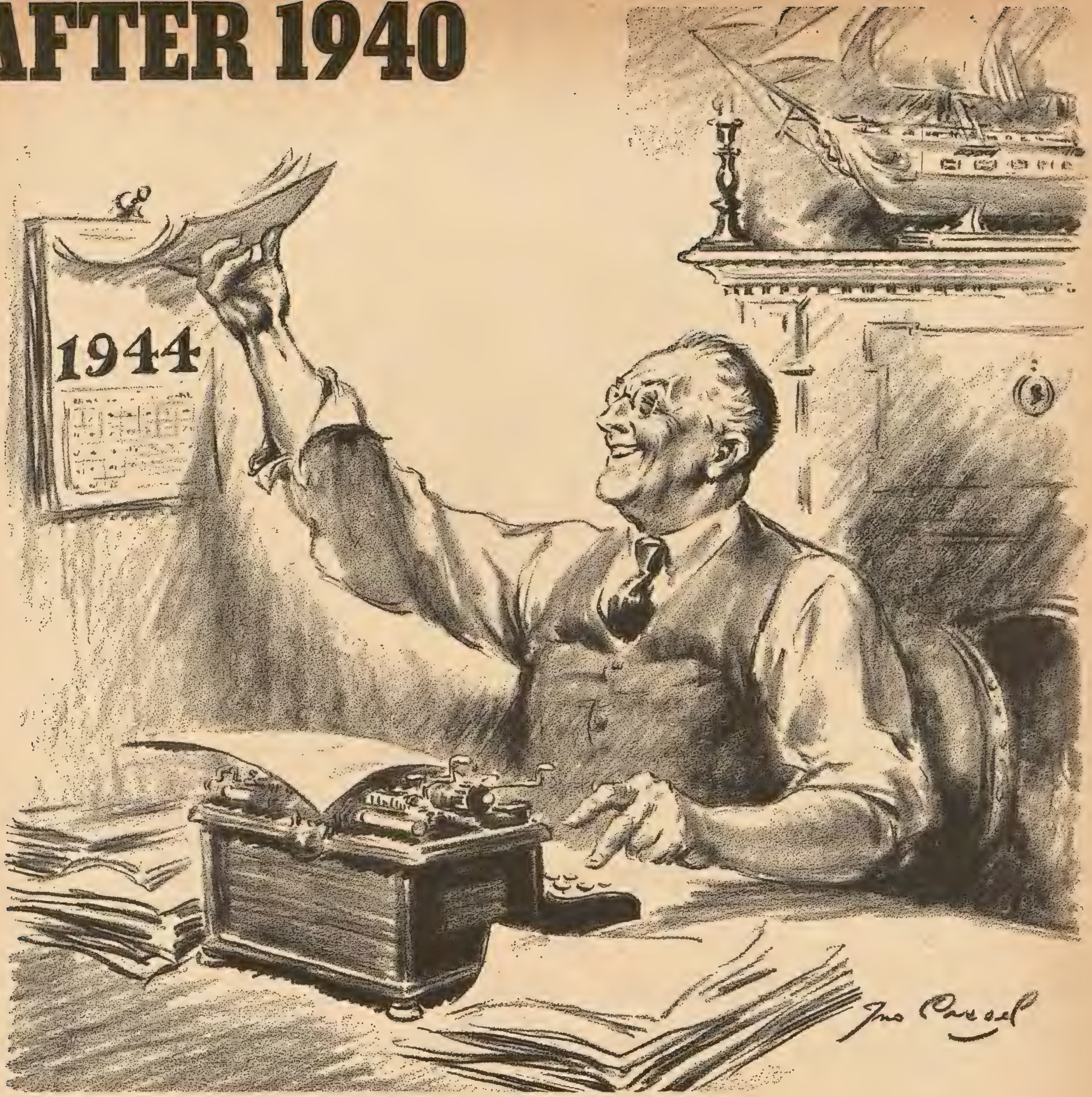
Perhaps, Roosevelt allows, the Democratic sheep and goats cannot be separated by June, 1940, and the factions will have to compromise on a candidate acceptable to the conservatives and the New Dealers. Secretary of State Cordell Hull is the most mentioned compromise candidate. He would be seventy-three at the end of his first Presidential term. The year 1944, when Roosevelt would be only sixty-two, still looks promising from that different viewpoint; 1948, even, should find a hale and chipper Roosevelt ready to leave retirement.

Thus (say his intimates) muses the President, perhaps half facetiously. At fireside chats where no microphone intrudes, he lays his plans to enter a writing career, complete with typewriter, telegraph " collect " cards, and a Social Security number. He does not want to seek reelection in 1940, and positively not as the nominee of a third party. He told defeated Governor Frank Murphy of Michigan and defeated Representative Maury Maverick of Texas, both the victims of Democrats who voted in the opposition columns, that when one party splits, the other one is always the beneficiary. The liberals are always at a disadvantage, the President believes, because they scatter their shots. Hence his ambition to see all the factions from the middle-roaders to the radicals (Communists excepted, emphatically) united upon one Presidential candidate to provide a sympathetic administration within whose framework the liberal sects could work out a legislative program.

As a newspaper columnist and magazine commentator, ex-President Roosevelt could and would direct such a consolidation of liberals more effectively than he could from the White House. Don't think that Franklin D. Roosevelt's plans for a writing career mean retirement. Quite the contrary!

With Ambassador Bullitt, Nathan Straus, and other distinguished guests, the President looks over his " Dream House " at Hyde Park.

AFTER 1940



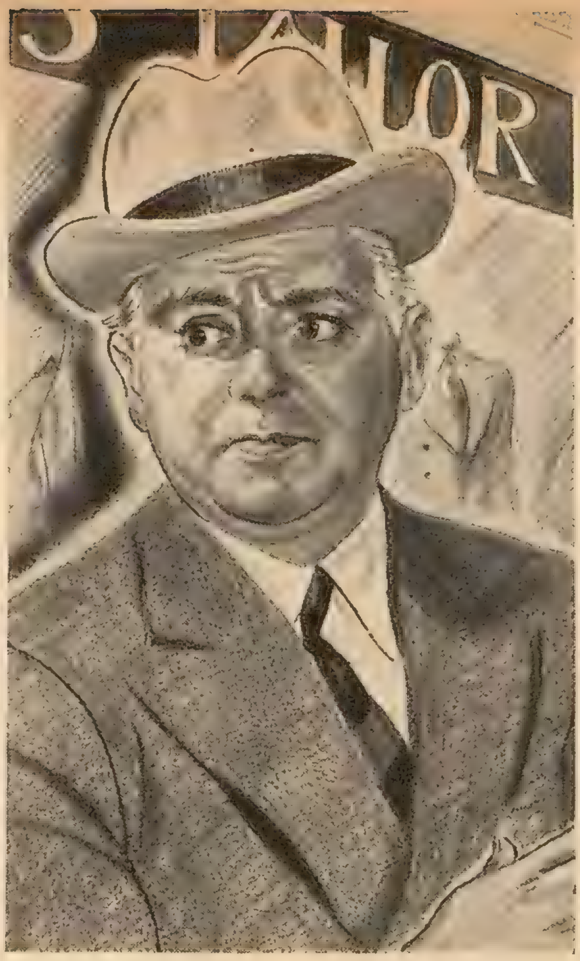
Will he turn columnist, and maybe go back to the White House in '44? . . . Here is an illuminating, authoritative revelation

Then why, you may ask, does not the President stop all this disquieting speculation over the issue of 1940 by declaring publicly he does not intend to be a candidate for renomination and a third term? Either he has made up his mind or he hasn't, you say.

The answer is that it would be bad politics and worse government. If the President announced at his next press conference what he has confided to his friends, there would be chaos in Congress. It would stop paying any attention to the man who had announced he was through with the Presidency, and become snarled in a hopeless tangle of ambitions, sectionalism, and demagoguery. Roosevelt will have to fight throughout 1939 and the first half of 1940 to keep his New Deal accomplishments from political raids and crippling amendments. He has the endlessly complicated national defense program, entailing a whole new foreign policy, to push through Congress. He has his designated political heirs to coach, so he can give them the advantages they would not have in open competition against the whole field of ambitious Democrats. Once the President removed himself as a factor in the next term, he might as well resign and look for a reporter's job at once—and he wouldn't get as good an assignment as if he had waited until the conventions were over.

Besides, the President is not positive about his plans for 1940. So far they are not plans, only wishes, and wishes based on the impermanent foundations of the immediate and unstable present.

THE END



MR. MILLIKEN THINKS IT OVER

Liberty's Short Short

BY JAY WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM FIX

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 36 SECONDS

MR. MILLIKEN tried to grasp the situation. How was one supposed to feel, after thirty years with one firm, when suddenly one was out of a job? Did the ground open and drop one into a black bottomless pit? Mr. Milliken found the city sidewalk firm under his feet. The sun was bright that midmorning, and Mr. Milliken could see in the faces of all those who passed him that, as far as the world was concerned, he was just a pink-cheeked elderly little gentleman without a care for the morrow or many morrows to come.

Mr. Milliken felt an uneasy stirring within him. In the plant he had once seen a workman lose a hand in the machinery. At first there had been no expression of pain on the man's face. Just blank astonishment. The pain had come later. Maybe losing a lifetime job was like that. Jones, for instance, that morning had walked to his desk with that same blank expression after the ax had swung and cut the firm's pay roll. And Jones, along with Mr. Milliken, had been with the firm thirty years.

He remembered how changed Jones' face had been as the shock wore off and realization came. White and drawn and haunted by something the old man saw. Mr. Milliken wondered what it was.

Mr. Milliken walked a little faster. There was nothing personal about the firm's action, he told himself. It was just that times were hard. But there were always firms that were doing well and hiring people. One had only to square one's shoulders and go out and find such a firm. Experience was a help in getting a job.

Mr. Milliken's steps became slower.

At a costume tailor's window he paused to consider a light-gray suit. Only the day before, Molly . . . Mrs. Milliken . . . had said something about his needing a new suit. This one in the window would please Molly. She liked to see him smartly dressed. She liked to hear people tell him he was a gay old dog. Things like that kept people feeling young, and when one felt young . . .

Mr. Milliken, about to enter the shop, stopped.

A man out of work, if he had to buy a suit, would walk up a flight of stairs somewhere and get something darker and cheaper off a pipe rack. He might even haggle about the price. Mr. Milliken shuddered and walked across the small park.

He bought a newspaper and found an empty bench. For a while he sat there in more or less vacant contemplation of a shabby man feeding some pigeons. But slowly that uneasy stirring within him reminded him that he was trying to grasp a situation; that there were certain facts to be appreciated and faced.

Such as light-gray suits that one wanted but could not purchase. And other economies that an old man out of work would have to enforce. A home, for instance, in the suburbs. Could that be maintained? One established one's self in a community. One made friends and sent down roots. A young tree could stand transplanting, but could an old one?

Mr. Milliken thought of Molly and his throat tightened. Molly had her garden and her flowers out there in Holmdale. They had built their home, Molly and he, and paid for it, and added to it. Life had come into it and life had gone out in it. There had been joy and pain. Now there was content. Molly had her bridge club and she was active in church affairs. And there was the old foursome with whom he played around the Holmdale course every Sunday it was pleasant. They kidded each other about their slices and hooks and had an extra drink when one of them broke a hundred.

After thirty years, did those little niceties and pleasant vanities and luxuries constitute no more than the surface of life? Were three meals a day and a roof all one needed? Of course, if it were, then an old man who had been careful could probably carry himself and his wife in a furnished room until . . . until . . .

Mr. Milliken found that the pigeons the shabby man was feeding had become indistinct gray blurs before his eyes. He reached for a handkerchief and blew his nose hard. Even a hobo wanted more out of life than just enough to exist. And after thirty years . . . one's own home . . . and friends . . . and pride . . .

Mr. Milliken opened the paper with savage suddenness. He folded it to the Help Wanted section and began to read.

Somewhere in that whole page of fine print there *had* to be a place for an old man who wanted nothing more than a chance to keep together all the things he had built in thirty years.

He read: "Wanted, neat young man . . . Wanted, energetic young man for sales promotion work with executive opening in the future . . . Wanted, two young men free to travel . . . Excellent opening for college graduate not over thirty-five . . . Opportunity for brisk young house-to-house canvasser . . ."

The paper dropped from Mr. Milliken's fingers.

Nothing . . . nothing at all . . . for an old man who had given his best to a firm that had . . . The lump swelled in Mr. Milliken's throat. Nothing at all for an old man!

He rose slowly from the bench and walked out of the park. He crossed the street and entered a cigar store. Before a telephone booth he squared his shoulders. Then he went in.

"Hello? . . . Milliken Co.? Miss Gordon? Give me Jones. . . . Hello? Jones? This is Milliken. Listen. . . . Hello? Well, speak up, confound it! What? . . . No, darn it! You're *not* fired! . . . What? . . . Oh, shut up, you old jackass!"

A moment later Mr. Milliken, whistling softly, walked into the costume tailor's shop.

THE END

ON THE AIR!

Liberty stories are on the air. You can hear two dramatizations each week over the following stations: WOR, New York; WJZ, New York; WENR, Chicago; WBBM, Chicago; WKRC, Cincinnati; WCCO, Minneapolis; KMOX, St. Louis; WEEI, Boston; WBT, Charlotte; KNX, Los Angeles. Please consult local papers for broadcast time.

TUNE IN!

▲

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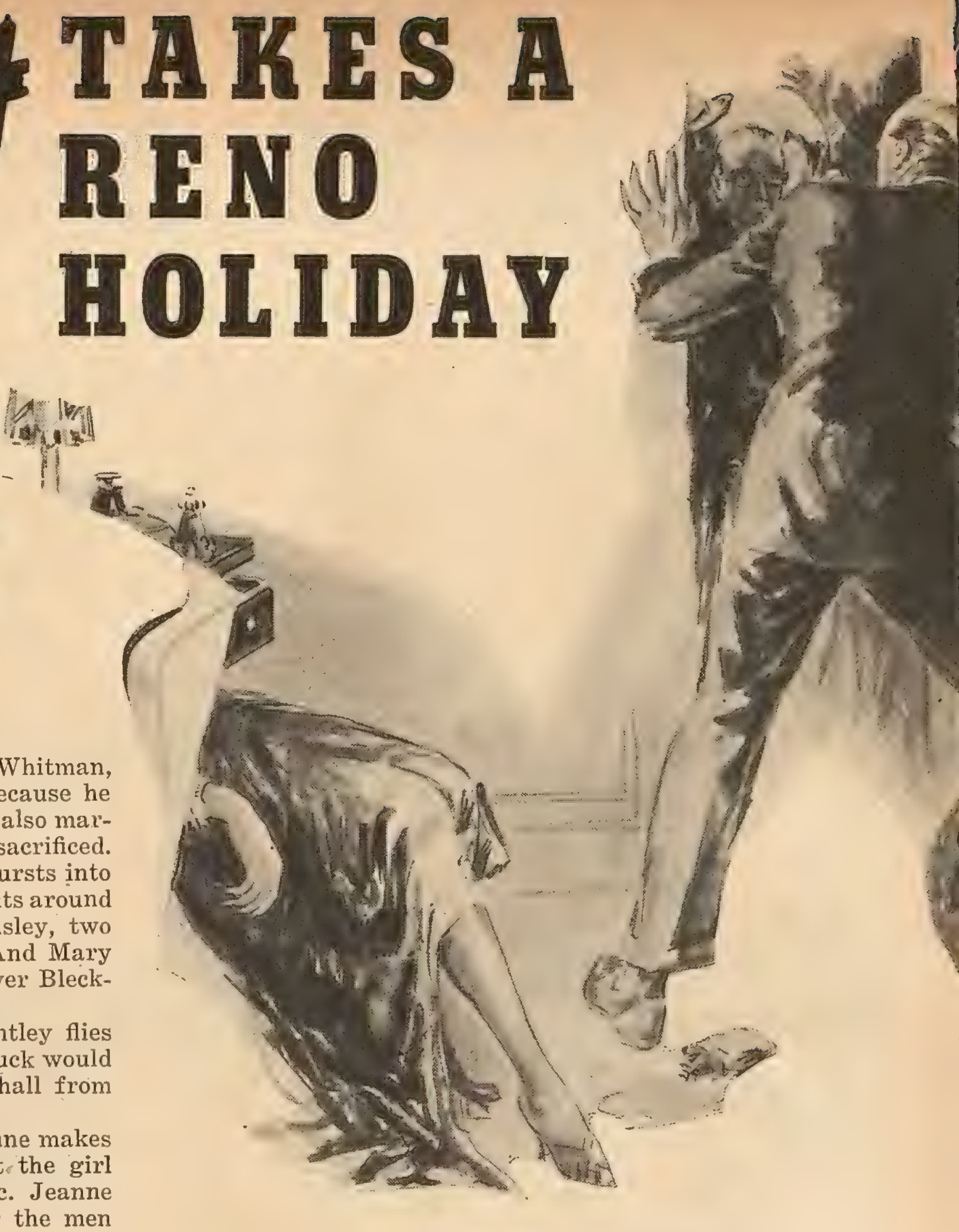
Inspired by Rudyard Kipling's Poem

Pandro S. Berman, in charge of Production—Produced and directed by George Stevens.

DEATH TAKES A RENO HOLIDAY

Now, swiftly, stark tragedy sets the stage in a strange, thrilling drama of mystery and romance

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 18 SECONDS



" Did you kill Jeanne, Mary? " It was asked quietly, so that nobody else could hear.

WHILE still adoring her husband, Curtis Whitman, Mary leaves New York for a Reno divorce because he has become infatuated with Jeanne Bentley, who is also married and whose husband, Bill, must be likewise sacrificed. Arrived at the Sierra-Plaza Hotel in Reno, Mary bursts into tears at the prospect ahead. Nor do the marital misfits around her afford much comfort—a middle-aged Dr. Ansley, two women named Josephine and Artis, and others. And Mary loathes the trumped-up charges of cruelty that lawyer Bleckney requires her to make against her beloved Curt.

Then, to complete her unhappiness, Jeanne Bentley flies to Reno and registers at the Sierra-Plaza, and, as luck would have it, she is given a suite directly across the hall from Mary's!

It is impossible for the two not to meet, and Jeanne makes the most of every opportunity to mock and hurt the girl whose husband she is taking. This is characteristic. Jeanne is hateful to her own sex, though she bowls over the men with her beauty and wiles.

One of these fascinated men, Wally Burke, follows her to Reno, and Jeanne gives him a scathing tongue-lashing for his pains. Another unexpected visitor is Marjorie Bentley, sister-in-law of Jeanne, who openly despises that breaker of hearts. She tells Mary that her brother's former wife, now Mrs. Alice Williamson, lives in the neighborhood; that Jeanne originally eloped with Bill Bentley, who was then divorced by the deceived Alice.

Mulling over these events of her first few days in Reno, and reading far into the night, Mary is suddenly startled by a blood-curdling scream in the quiet Sierra-Plaza.

PART TWO—MURDER . . AND SUSPICION

IT was unearthly—and explicit. It was not a scream of pain. Or of fear. It was horror. Pure, vocal, tangible horror. A woman.

Mary threw open her door. The hall was empty. The scream was repeated.

She looked across the hall. The door next to 318 was open. But the scream had come from 318 itself. Then the knob of 318 turned. Mary was riveted where she stood. If Death himself had stepped out, she could have been no more desperately fearful.

But it was the chambermaid—backing out stiffly and slowly, looking at something, panting. The maid turned. Seeing Mary in her door brought another scream to her lips—and she fled—down the corridor and around the corner.

Mary still stood there. The door to Jeanne's room was wide open now. Her eyes traveled through it and into the lighted bedroom beyond. She saw a table and a divan —and then—bare legs and feet in mules, stretched forward on the floor. It was only two steps across the hall—and Mary knew that she was going to take them. That she was going to look. To see—what the chambermaid had seen.

She went in, catching her breath. There was a little foyer. Beyond it, a bedroom much like her own. Jeanne had been sitting on an ottoman in the corner of the room, in front of her vanity—but facing away from it. She had fallen backward—into her cold creams and perfume. She lay there now—on the vanity and the ottoman, her feet out, her face grayish, her body stiff and chalky. Under her, between the ottoman and the vanity, there was a red pool. Jeanne was dead.

Mary stared for a moment. Dead, she thought. Jeanne's dead. Then—Curtis will be free!

She looked slowly, numbly around the room. Jeanne had undressed and put on that negligee. There were strips of newspapers on the floor. She'd been cutting something out. Then Mary saw what. On the glass-covered center table were an album and a pot of paste and a stack of newspapers. She walked over and picked up a clipping from the table. Jeanne's own face looked up from it—over a caption in bold type: Jeanne Bentley, New York Society Matron, Arrives in Reno Seeking Divorce.

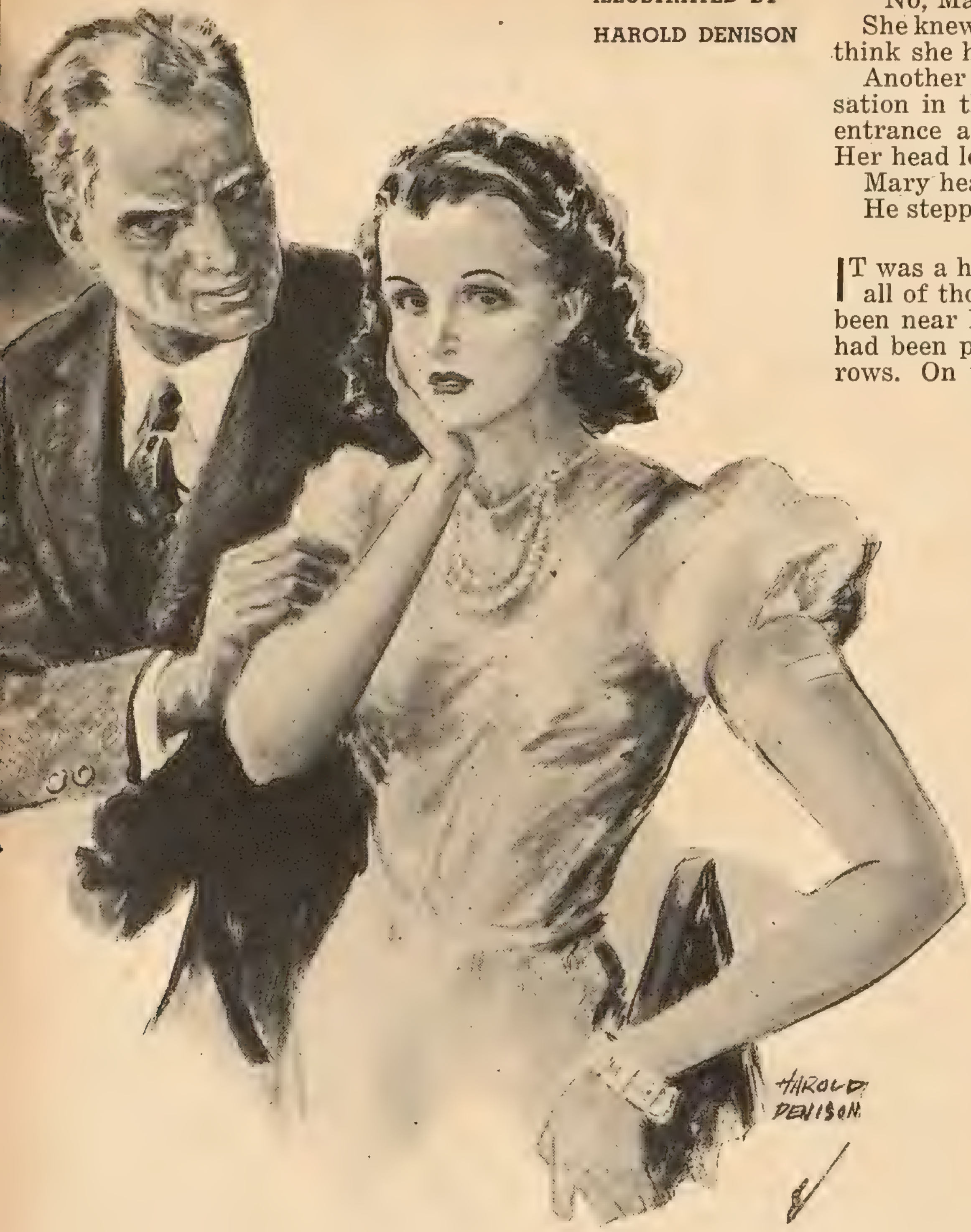
That, Mary thought, was like her. She kept an album of her own press clippings. She looked at Jeanne again. Her fall had knocked over a bottle of hand lotion and it had run out and soaked deeply into the carpet. The edges of the stain were dry. She'd been sitting there on the ottoman—talking to somebody—and that person had leaned over her—and stabbed her.

There were feet running now.

Mary's eyes returned to Jeanne Bentley's face. It

BY PHILIP WYLIE

ILLUSTRATED BY
HAROLD DENISON



was calm, expressionless. Nothing there. Just death.

The mob reached 318.

The first person was Josephine. She rushed in, calling, "What's the matter?" Her hair was in curlers. She saw Jeanne. Her knees sagged. She leaned against the wall. Wally was on her heels. "Mary—what—?" He also saw. He stood stiffly for an instant. Then he threw himself down beside Jeanne. When he touched her, he recoiled. After that there were dozens of people. The manager arrived, and kept shouting hysterically for every one to leave. Somebody called the police station. And Dr. Ansley was almost the last to appear.

He came in slowly and knelt beside the body. He avoided touching it. When he got up, he came to Mary's side.

"Stabbed. Right through the heart. Looks as if the shock—put her out before she knew what happened. She probably didn't stir. Whatever did it—is gone. Knife—but not a broad one."

She spoke—for the first time since she had entered that room: "I—can't help feeling— I mean—"

His eyes were on her and they seemed suddenly sharp. "When did you get here?"

"After—she screamed. The chambermaid. My room's right across the hall."

"Is it? I didn't know that. You were alone?"

"Yes. Reading. That scream!" Mary shuddered.

"Did you kill Jeanne, Mary?" It was asked quietly, so that nobody else could hear.

"I didn't," she whispered. "Dr. Ansley, you can't believe I did it?"

"No, Mary. *I* don't."

She knew what he meant. There were others who might think she had done it.

Another scream punctuated the movement and conversation in the room. Celeste had just come through the entrance and seen her mistress' body. She staggered. Her head lolled.

Mary heard the doctor mutter, "Watch out!"

He stepped across the room and caught her.

IT was a half hour later. They sat in the dining room—all of those who had known Jeanne and those who had been near her room that night. The dining-room tables had been pushed back and the chairs were arranged in rows. On the dais where the orchestra played sat two policemen. One was Captain King—a bald-headed fat man with small hands and feet and quick-shifting eyes. The other was Sergeant Foster—an older man, bent and wizened.

King and Foster had alternately conducted the investigation. The officers and their involuntary audience had been in the dining room for a quarter of an hour. Identities and relationships had first been established. Mary sat by the side of the doctor. She had noticed one fact which had not yet been drawn to the attention of the police: Marjorie Bentley was not present.

The police had no system. They went from one person to another—sometimes consulting notes they had made on sheets of hotel stationery.

King looked up from his records. "Mr. Wallace Burke?"

"Yes, sir." Wally sounded frightened, Mary thought.

"You say that you went to your rooms about nine o'clock?"

"Yes, sir."

"They're on the third floor?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you remained there until about midnight, when you heard the chambermaid scream?"

"I did."

"What were you doing in the three-hour interval?"

Mary could see him flush. "Nothing."

"What do you mean, nothing?"

His flush grew deeper. "I mean, nothing. I went into my room and shut the door and made a highball and sat down. And I just sat there."

"You mean you just *sat* for three hours?"

"I often do."

Some people laughed. King scowled. "Mrs. Whitman says it took you thirty seconds—maybe a minute—after the scream to get a few doors down the hall. Why?"

"I'd taken off my coat and waistcoat and trousers. I put my trousers back on."

The people who had laughed before laughed again. King grunted. "What is your business in Reno, Mr. Burke?"

Wally was silent. Mary heard the doctor clear his throat. He said aloud, but almost as if to himself, "Of course nobody here need answer any questions without consulting a lawyer!"

King whirled angrily. "Is that so, doctor? You might change your mind about that around these parts in time! Go ahead, Mr. Burke; I asked you a question."

It seemed to Mary that Wally summoned an unsuspected inner resource. He looked directly at the captain. "I might as well tell you. Everybody knows anyway. I followed Jeanne Bentley here. I'm—was—in love with her. She didn't want me here, but I stayed."

King nodded and turned to Foster. "You've got a man going through his rooms?"

"You bet!"

They fixed their attention next upon Dr. Ansley. His testimony was delivered with an icy precision which was meant to be irritating to the two officers—and which succeeded in that intent.

Celeste behaved better than Mary had imagined she might. There was fear in her black eyes. Her answers were vehement, but she didn't break down.

She had worked for Mrs. Bentley for two years. Mrs. Bentley had always treated her well enough. By well enough she meant that Mrs. Bentley was hard to please. She had been let off after dinner to go to the cinema. She had departed about a quarter of nine. When she left, Mrs. Bentley was in a negligee, buffing her nails. That was all she knew. She had gone to the picture, and stopped on the way back for a so delicious American ice-cream sundae. As far as she knew, Mrs. Bentley was expecting nobody to call that evening.

Sergeant Foster peered at her from under shaggy brows. "Another thing, miss. Did Mrs. Bentley have any money in her rooms?"

"Oh, yes, m'sieu'. She always had money. A good deal of money. She had gambled frequently, you know. She was, besides, very rich."

"How much money?"

Celeste shrugged one shoulder. "I could not be sure. Five hundred dollars. Maybe six. Perhaps more. She went to the bank only yesterday for a thousand dollars. She told me she had lost three hundred gambling in the afternoon. She paid my wages—forty dollars—and she bought some things—shoes, stockings—"

Foster looked at King—and Mary was shocked. It was meant to be a veiled glance. The lift of King's eyebrows was also intended to be inscrutable. But it was perfectly clear to Mary that the five or six hundred dollars had not been found in Jeanne's room.

At that point Marjorie entered the dining room. She came through the drawn portieres from the lobby, and she said, "Hello, everybody," quietly, so that people drew around in their chairs and the policemen looked up.

King greeted her arrival with a sharp "Well—what do *you* want?"

She told him who she was, and murmured as she walked past Mary and the doctor, "This is pretty lousy, isn't it?"

SHE received the full attention of King and Foster for the next ten minutes. She sat in a chair in the brightest place in the room. Her voice was dry and faintly humorous—as always. She dropped one arm over the back of her chair, facing her inquisitors, and in answer to the question, "Where have you been since eight thirty?" she told her story:

"I've been to see Alice Williamson. She lives at 123 Purgny Street. She's the first wife of William Bentley—the dead woman's husband, my brother. I gathered this evening that Jeanne Bentley intended to call on Alice just for the fun of being a nuisance. Tonight, after dinner, I decided to phone Alice and warn her. I called her up. She was asleep. When I heard her voice I decided I'd like to see her, so I changed my clothes and walked over. I've been there ever since, talking about old times."

Foster stared at her. "At what time did you leave for her house?"

Marjorie shrugged. "I didn't know there was going to be a murder, so I didn't look at my watch."

Foster disliked that reply. His voice was angry. "Well, what time did you go upstairs?"

"About half past eight."

"And you called right away?"

"No; I called, say, about half an hour later, maybe more. And I left the hotel about twenty minutes after that. Maybe Mr. Beaton"—she pointed to the small-eyed, redheaded clerk—"could tell you when I went out."

"It was just at nine thirty," Mr. Beaton said. "I remember because I was getting the air mail ready."

King put in a question: "What was your feeling about the deceased, Miss Bentley?"

The response was almost cheerful: "I detested her!"

Foster hit the table. "Explain that!" he snapped.

Marjorie's eyes moved to him. They were blue and wide. "You mean you don't understand the word 'detest,' sergeant? I used it to imply that I loathed her. I came here to Reno for the sole purpose of making sure that she would get divorced from my brother. I'm relieved that I won't have to spend another month here. Jeanne Bentley was mean, vain, selfish, ruthless, cruel, and despicable! Does that explain my statement?"

Mary saw the doctor's face widen in a faint grin.

But Foster was not grinning. "You *may* leave Reno, Miss Bentley—and then again you may be asked to stay. You've made a fairly incriminating statement."

"Have I?" She studied the detective contemptuously. "Then I'll make another. At least half a dozen people in this room right now heard me say earlier in the evening that I'd like to bash Jeanne's head in with a mashie!"

FOSTER stared angrily at her. But Mary was alarmed. She shouldn't say such things. Probably Marjorie believed that Jeanne had been stabbed in the last hour or two, so that she had a perfect alibi. Then her own name was spoken by King:

"Mrs. Whitman. One or two other questions, please. You say you were alone in your room across the hall all evening. Didn't you hear anybody coming in or out of Mrs. Bentley's room?"

"I don't know. I heard doors opening and closing—people talking—people coming and going. I couldn't say who they were. I didn't pay any attention."

King pored over his notes. He looked up craftily. "You knew Mrs. Bentley in New York?"

"Yes."

He cleared his throat. "Isn't it true that you were getting a divorce, and she was, so that she could marry your husband?"

Mary could hear the silence in the room. She could feel blood bumping through her arteries. And while she was floundering in her mind, Dr. Ansley stood up. "Captain, I protest this whole procedure! Mrs. Whitman has every right to counsel before she answers that question, or any other such question!"

The captain snorted. People began to talk to each other. A policeman hurried in and bent over his superiors. When he spoke, an instant silence fell and his hoarse whisper carried across the dining room: "We've searched everything, Chief, and we ain't found a thing! Not the dough, or the weapon, or any sign of blood spots!"

King addressed Mary: "Very well. I withdraw the question I just asked—for the time being. Easy enough to check it, anyhow. Now, Mrs. Whitman. You heard a scream. You crossed the hall. The chambermaid don't seem to remember seeing you."

Mary interrupted: "She did. She was hysterical."

"That's as may be. You weren't by chance *in* Mrs. Bentley's room when the maid came to turn down the beds? You didn't by chance hide there? That couldn't be why—the others found you there?"

"I did not," Mary replied coldly. "And—anyway—Jeanne—Mrs. Bentley—had been dead for some time."

Foster's eyes narrowed. "Oh. You know that, eh? Maybe you studied medicine? Maybe you're an expert in these matters? Or maybe you have particular reasons for knowing that she'd been dead a long time!" His deep-set eyes shone with admiration of himself.

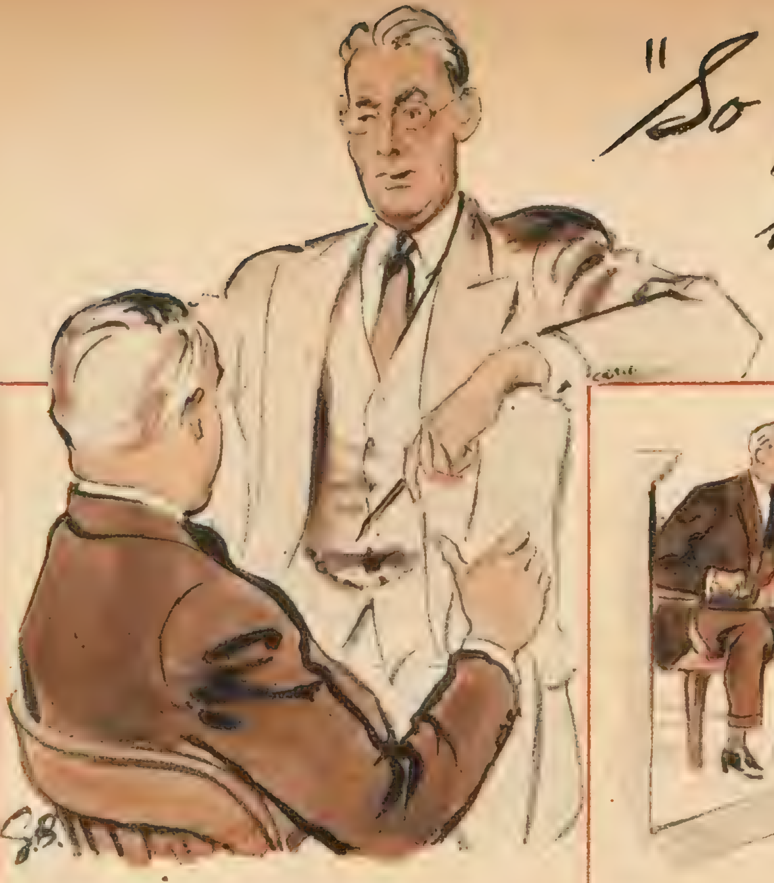
And Mary looked away. She swallowed. She did know that Jeanne had been dead for some time when she saw her. But she didn't know *how* she knew.

"I had that impression," she said—still coldly. "It was my impression that Mrs. Bentley fell back on to her vanity. That in doing so she knocked over a bottle of hand lotion. And I noticed that the lotion had soaked into the carpet pretty much—and was beginning to dry around the edges. That takes quite a long time. Anybody could see that. I didn't think—I just *felt* that lotion had been on the floor for a while—hours, probably."

By the faces of the two officers it could be seen that they had not as yet considered the lotion.

Finally King addressed *(Continued on page 20)*

"So you claim to be a whiskey expert, do you?"



WITNESS: I don't just claim to be a whiskey expert—I *am.*

LAWYER: *Oh-ho—pretty confident, aren't you? Well, we shall see . . .*

LAWYER: *Does the date 1865 mean anything to you?*

WITNESS: I should say it does. That's the year Paul Jones Whiskey made its appearance.

LAWYER: *Paul Jones Whiskey, eh? Do you know that liquor by any other name?*

WITNESS: Not by another *name.* But I also know it as "A Gentleman's Whiskey since 1865" . . . everyone knows *that.*

LAWYER: *But just* why *does this Paul Jones Whiskey happen to be fixed so clearly in your mind?*

WITNESS: Because of its delightful DRYNESS. Paul Jones is full-flavored—but without the slightest *trace* of sweetness.

LAWYER: *Hmmm—and what makes you think this* DRY *quality is of any importance to people?*

WITNESS: It's the quality to look for in champagne and sherry. So naturally, we connoisseurs favor Paul Jones for its DRYNESS, too.

LAWYER: *Ah-ha—then you* admit *to being prejudiced?*

WITNESS: You bet I do—in favor of Paul Jones! And that goes whether I'm going to enjoy its brisk DRYNESS in a highball, cocktail, or straight!

LAWYER: *And when would be the most propitious time to test the truth of your testimony, sir?*

WITNESS: Right *now.* Paul Jones is moderately priced. You can get this grand DRY whiskey at any good bar or liquor store.

LAWYER: *An excellent suggestion, witness. Court couldn't adjourn at a better time!*

Paul Jones
IT'S DRY

DRY means: not sweet

Paul Jones
A Blend of Straight Whiskies

Every drop is whiskey
A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

(Continued from page 18) every one in general: "That'll be all for the present. You can go. But I warn you, nobody is to leave town."

The people rose and filed out of the dining room. Dr. Ansley and Marjorie overtook Mary. "We'll go up to your room and sit with you awhile—if you like?"

"I would like it."

They walked down the hall. The door marked 318 was ajar. Inside, men were talking. Flash bulbs burst into noiseless glare. The routine of photographing and fingerprinting. Mary opened her door. She stared. Ansley swore softly.

Every drawer had been dumped on the floor. The things from the coat closet were piled on the rug—pockets turned inside out. She crossed to the bedroom and switched on the light. It was worse there. Her clothes were heaped on the bed. Her wardrobe trunk had been summarily emptied in a corner.

Ansley sat down and lighted cigarettes, first for Marjorie and then for Mary.

"Who do you think killed Jeanne?" said Mary.

Marjorie spread out her hands. "Why—Mary—we all did it! Jeanne was a rat!"

Mary dropped abruptly into a chair—her face pale and her eyes wide.

"What's the matter?" Ansley was at her side.

She shook her head slowly. "I just—realized—that I ought to call—Curt. Right away. So much has happened in the last hour or two—it didn't dawn on me—"

"It ought to be a call of not unrelieved grimness," Marjorie said dryly.

Mary stared at her. "Curt—loved—her!"

Marjorie flushed. "There I go again! Putting my foot in—"

Then Ansley said, "Mary—maybe you'd like to be alone while you make that call?"

"Do you mind?"

She pushed things back on her bed. She saw her face in the mirror. It was pasty. Her hand shook so she could hardly hold the telephone. "Long distance? I want to call New York. Plaza—" For a moment she could not recall her own number. Then she did. And she waited.

Curt's voice—overwhelmingly familiar—was sleepy and annoyed. It was early morning in New York—but she hadn't thought of that, either. She felt her heart stop—and she bit her cheeks hard. "Curt. This is Mary—"

A pause. A hollow unhappy response: "Mary. Didn't we agree—not to call—even in the loneliest and toughest spots?"

"Curt! Jeanne's dead. Murdered."

There was nothing for a long time.

"Curt!" she called. "Are you listening?"

His voice was glacial—infinitely remote: "Go on."

"That's all. I suppose you know she came here. She—"

"I know it."

"Oh, Curt—I hate to be the one to tell you this. But I had to! You—you loved her and you had to know."

"Thanks," he said.

Then he hung up. She heard the click. The wire was dead. She threw herself on the bed in an agony of weeping.

MARJORIE was in the dining room with another woman. The woman was thin and faded and older in appearance than her probable true age. The tables had been put back, and bright sunlight poured through the Venetian blinds. Marjorie beckoned and Mary walked over.

"This is Mrs. Williamson—my former sister-in-law." Mary had an impression of a sensitive face, intelligent and proud, and of dark, studious eyes. Alice Williamson was more of a person than her wan exterior had suggested at a distance. Marjorie went on talking: "Lord—the knothole you pulled yourself through last night must have been positively minute! You look dreadful!"

Mary smiled.

Marjorie regarded her thoughtfully. "I gathered that your Curt lived up to his name. Well, you're in a jam! We all are."

Mary glanced around the room. There were other people breakfasting—but they seemed safely out of earshot. "I'm supposed to go to the police station in half an hour. They sent word to my room. I—dread it."

"We've already been," Mrs. Williamson said. "I know Captain King slightly. You see—I've lived here for some years. He's—he's supposed to be a pretty good officer—though he's rude—"

"Very." Marjorie's voice was wry. "We went to get last night's doings checked. It's lucky I woke Alice when I called—or they'd have her—over here doing murder—the way they have me."

The waiter came. Mary ordered. Marjorie and Mrs. Williamson went on eating. But, although Mrs. Williamson looked up and said, "You'd think they'd try *not* to find out who killed a woman like that," it didn't help Mary's appetite any. She ate a few mouthfuls and drank two cups of coffee and left them. . . .

When she came out of the police station she was crying. She had a feeling that somebody who had been sitting on a bench got up and followed her—but she didn't bother to make sure. King had tried to browbeat her into a confession—or, at least, into an incriminating statement. She'd said many damaging things—but none, as far as she could remember, that were susceptible of being twisted into proof that she had done anything.

She stopped at a newsstand and bought a paper. She realized that her supply of cash was low and she decided to change a traveler's check at the bank. The hotel would do it—but she wanted to avoid a conversation with Mr. Beaton.

SHE entered the bank and unfolded her checks. She picked up a pen. And she saw a familiar back at one of the tellers' windows. Wally Burke. She was vaguely surprised. He'd said he was broke—living on credit. She picked up her checks and walked to the window behind Wally. The teller was counting bills. Five hundred-dollar bills. He examined them and then said, "How do you want it?"

"Fives and tens."

The teller made the change. Wally put the money in his pocket and went out—paying no attention to the people around him.

She thought hard. Wally had been broke. And then—he had cashed five hundred-dollar bills. If she could ascertain—

Returning to the hotel, she stopped at the desk. "Anything for me?"

"No, Mrs. Whitman."

She wondered where Curt was then, and what he was doing. She'd hoped, and still hoped, that he would come. As her friend—if not as her husband. For Mary needed a friend sorely.

But there was no news.

She went to her room. She looked out on the street. The man in the ten-gallon black hat who had been following her was sitting in the back of a parked taxicab. She pulled down the blind and rubbed her hand across her forehead, and realized that she was very tired.

She took off her shoes and her dress and lay down on the bed. It was dark when she woke. Six fifteen. She bathed, then, and dressed again. As she went into the hall she saw Celeste coming out of her room. The French girl was nervous and pallid.

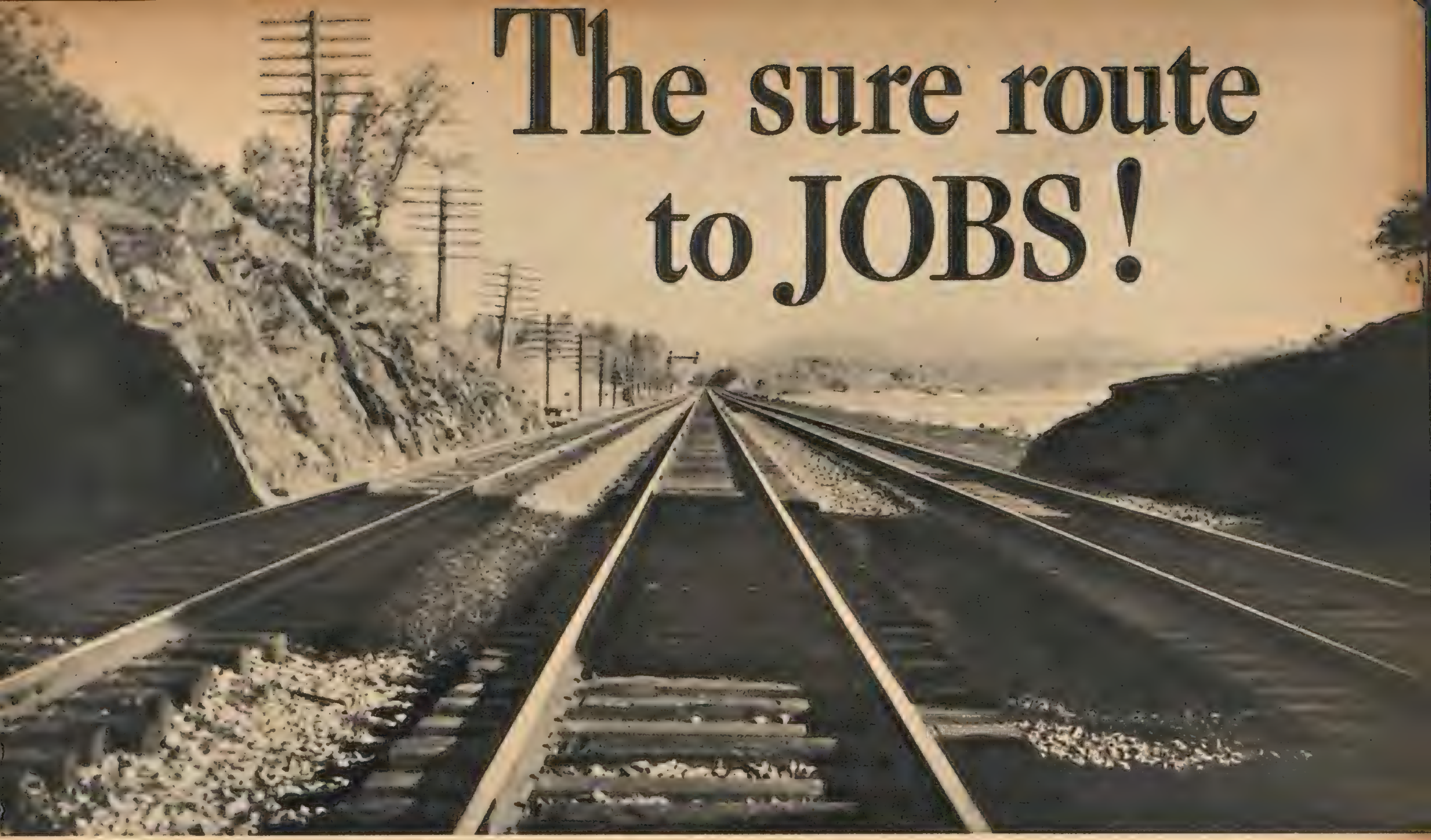
"Oh, madame," she said softly, "I am relieved to see you—to see anybody. I am so frightened. This afternoon—the police—"

She covered her face with her hands and began to cry. Mary had wanted to see Celeste. The opportunity was ideal. She patted the girl's shoulder. "Maybe you'd like to come in and talk to me a moment? You must be lonesome—"

Celeste sat down in Mary's room and presently stopped crying. They chatted for ten minutes. Mary slipped in her question idly enough: "I was surprised that Jeanne was foolish enough to carry around so much money. Did she keep it in big bills—or little ones?"

"Always in hundred-dollar bills." Quite suddenly, quite dramatically, Celeste moved in her chair and seized Mary's arm and gazed passionately at her. "Mrs. Whitman! You do not believe I killed her?"

"Good heavens! Why— *(Continued on page 22)*



The sure route to JOBS!

LET'S lift up our eyes from the short range view of America.

All of us have been living through difficult times, but anyone who knows the spirit that built America knows that these times must pass.

And just as transportation originally built America, so railroads, as the nation's basic transportation system today, must be ready to carry the banner of future advance.

As all experience shows, *a railroad is never finished.* To keep its service abreast of the times—to step up its schedules with safety—to keep the cost of transportation low—it needs continuously to replace the old with the new.

What that can mean in jobs and purchases will be seen by such a modest estimate as this:

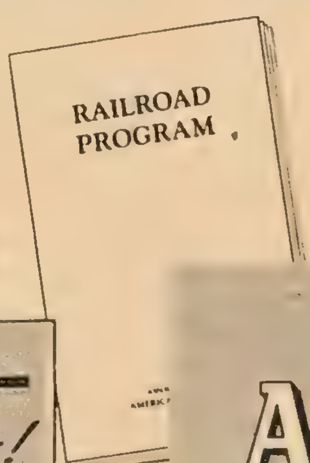
To replace 5% of the freight cars in service would call for 88,326 new freight cars every year, and to build one freight car provides 1,987 man-hours of work.

To replace 5% of all locomotives in service would call for 2,234 locomotives—each providing work for 50 men for one year.

To continue the work of reducing grades, straightening curves, building stronger track, installing safety signals, and the like, at the same rate as in the years from 1926 to 1936, would call for somewhat more than $300,000,000 a year.

Here is a rebuilding program which would set axes ringing in the forests and coal and ore rolling from the mines, which would keep men busy in the ruddy glow of the steel mills—a program which would help farmers, labor, shippers, and be a real contribution to national defense.

The American railroads are ready to press forward with this program, if they can get the means—with the same spirit that has brought such tremendous strides in the past, and now provides the finest transportation in the world.



SAFETY FIRST—
friendliness too!

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

(Continued from page 20) nobody believes that, Celeste!"

"I am so afraid! Afraid of the police! And I have a great worry— I must say it to somebody. It is tearing me to pieces! I"—she shuddered—"I was in the hotel at nine o'clock last night!"

"Celeste!"

Words came in a torrent: "I did not go to the cinema. When I saw the sign—it was a picture I had gone to before. I went to play roulette—for one cent. Then I played for twenty-five cents. And soon I had no money. So I came back home and into the hotel by the back door, and up the service stairs, and I took some of my wages, and I went out again and lost that. I let no one see me. I did not wish Madame Bentley to learn how foolish I was. But I played in many places—hoping to change my luck—and I'm afraid some one will remember, and tell the police—"

She began to cry again.

Mary comforted her. It looked like truth and simple panic. And yet—

Mary sent her away finally. But the picture of the French maid, enraged beyond endurance, killing on the spur of the moment, set Mary's thoughts on a new tangent. With *what* had Jeanne been killed? King and Foster were looking for a "fairly long thin-bladed knife—perhaps even a paper knife." Celeste would have picked up a paper knife, then, from the glass-topped table where the album and the clippings were—and stabbed frenziedly—

Mary remembered the clippings vividly. They had straight smooth edges, with only an occasional jog in them. A razor blade would have wavered as it cut—and she hadn't seen a razor blade. Small scissors would have made many jogs in the edges. A paper cutter would have left a deckled edge. Only long shears would have made those straight lines. Long desk shears, such as people had for that very purpose. They were thin. Snatched up—in a moment of wild fury—they would have made just such a wound as Dr. Ansley had described.

Afterward the murderer, to conceal fingerprints perhaps, would have withdrawn the weapon—and hidden it.

Hidden it. Certainly that. To be found with such scissors would be fatal. Mary had thought that far when she rang the elevator bell.

Nearly every one was in the bar. Wally was very drunk—crimson-faced and weeping. His words, when he spoke, were almost inarticulate. But Mary heard "My Jeanne—my dear, dear Jeanne!" Ansley was trying to persuade him to go to bed.

Marjorie saw Mary as she came up to their table. "Come on—join the wake!" Later she found an opportunity to say privately, "I phoned Bill late last night. He'll be in tomorrow."

And the evening passed—somehow.

SO did the next day. There was a coroner's inquest—routine and repetitive—with the stock conclusion, "Person or persons unknown."

But the police did not bother them. "Giving us all rope," Marjorie said.

William Bentley appeared before lunch. Mary knew him fairly well. He drove up from the airport in a taxi and heaved out his own single large leather bag.

Mary saw him arrive—because she was waiting for the mail. He registered and phoned up to his sister. He took the elevator.

Mary reflected that he was saved one pang. He had long since stopped loving Jeanne. He was—doing his duty now. Doing it manfully and decently.

Later in the afternoon she saw him again—with Marjorie. He smiled across the lobby at her and invited her to have a drink. She refused.

"I'll be here a couple of days. Can't get a release—yet—for Jeanne."

Even if he didn't love her—all this must have hurt. There was mail that afternoon—and for her. But nothing from Curt. Letters from women friends in New York.

She sat there, in a red plush chair, with the letters in her lap—unmindful of Mr. Beaton's insectivorous eyes. And while she sat, two men walked from the bar—talking. What she overheard did not register until long after they had swished through the revolving door and gone down the street.

"Yeah," one said. "The guy in the gray suit. That's her husband. Tough."

"Know him?"

"Naw. He was in the plane coming over from Frisco this morning. Recognized him from his pictures in the paper."

Mary heard that—and it was a minute before she started. Bill on the plane from Frisco? But he'd said—or, rather, every one assumed—that he'd been in New York; that he'd flown from New York. If he had been in San Francisco, less than two hours away by air, then—he could conceivably have been in Reno two days before—and gone back to Frisco—and come to Reno again at noon. And what did that possibility mean? She sighed and shook her head. Anything—and nothing.

She gathered up her letters and went to her room.

TOWARD dark, to Mary's surprise, Alice Williamson telephoned to her. "I don't want you to think I'm being presuming, Mrs. Whitman—but I know it must be pretty dreadful over there at the hotel—and I thought you might like to get away for a bit. I'm alone—and I'm a good cook. That means something here in Reno. And I thought it was just possible—perhaps for dinner—"

"That's sweet of you," said Mary. "And thoughtful. You know—I'd love it."

She hadn't been in Mrs. Williamson's house for long before she learned the reason—or a reason—behind the invitation. It was a pleasant house, with a log fire going, and a smell of roasting. Mrs. Williamson alternated between her guest and the kitchen, and said quite idly, after she had "put the supper on," "You probably saw Bill—Mr. Bentley—today?"

Mary knew by her eyes—and she felt sorry for her. "I did—yes."

"How was he? How'd he look? You know, I haven't seen him since the day I rode out of Grand Central five years ago—"

That brought a lump of self-pity in Mary's throat. She swallowed it. She talked for a long time about Bill Bentley, and how well he looked, and how courageously he was taking it.

It became—after the meal—quite a session. Mary found herself wondering if she too, in a few years, would hang hungrily on such trifles about Curt. She shed a tear, and Alice did. Only when Jeanne's name came up did Alice's face harden. Mary quickly apologized. And Alice said, with a taut smile: "I guess I still hate her—the way you must."

That was the sole shadow in the evening. When Mary left, she felt relieved and restored.

"This was terribly nice of you—Alice."

The other woman smiled. "Well—we've got a bond. And look—come any time you like. Bring anybody you like. I've been a sort of mother confessor to scads of divorcees in this town of ours. I'd ask Bill—if I had the nerve. Though I don't know what Henry would think about it. And of course—Marj will be here. I've always been crazy about Marj—she's a sort of superwoman. Knows what she wants and gets it. Well—good night."

"Good night."

The door closed. Mary started down the street. Somewhere in the gloom behind her were the hard footsteps of her follower. They made her walk more quickly.

She didn't even look into the bar. Laughter and music came from it. She felt as if she could sleep, and there was no mail in her box—so she stepped into the elevator.

She smelled fresh cigarette smoke before she had the door of her suite fully open. It startled her. She stepped down the short hall. Curt was sitting in the largest armchair with a magazine on his lap and a cigarette in his hand.

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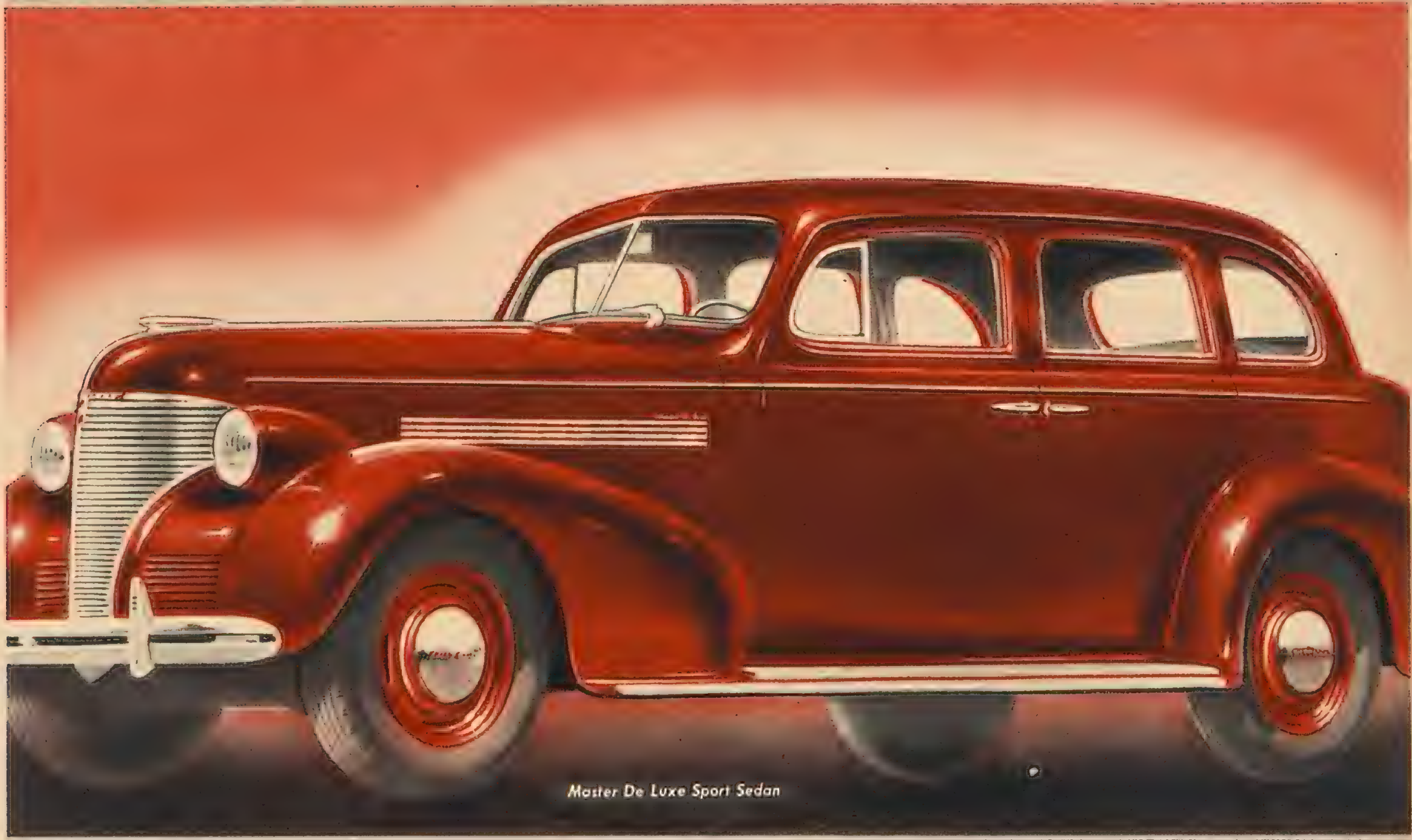

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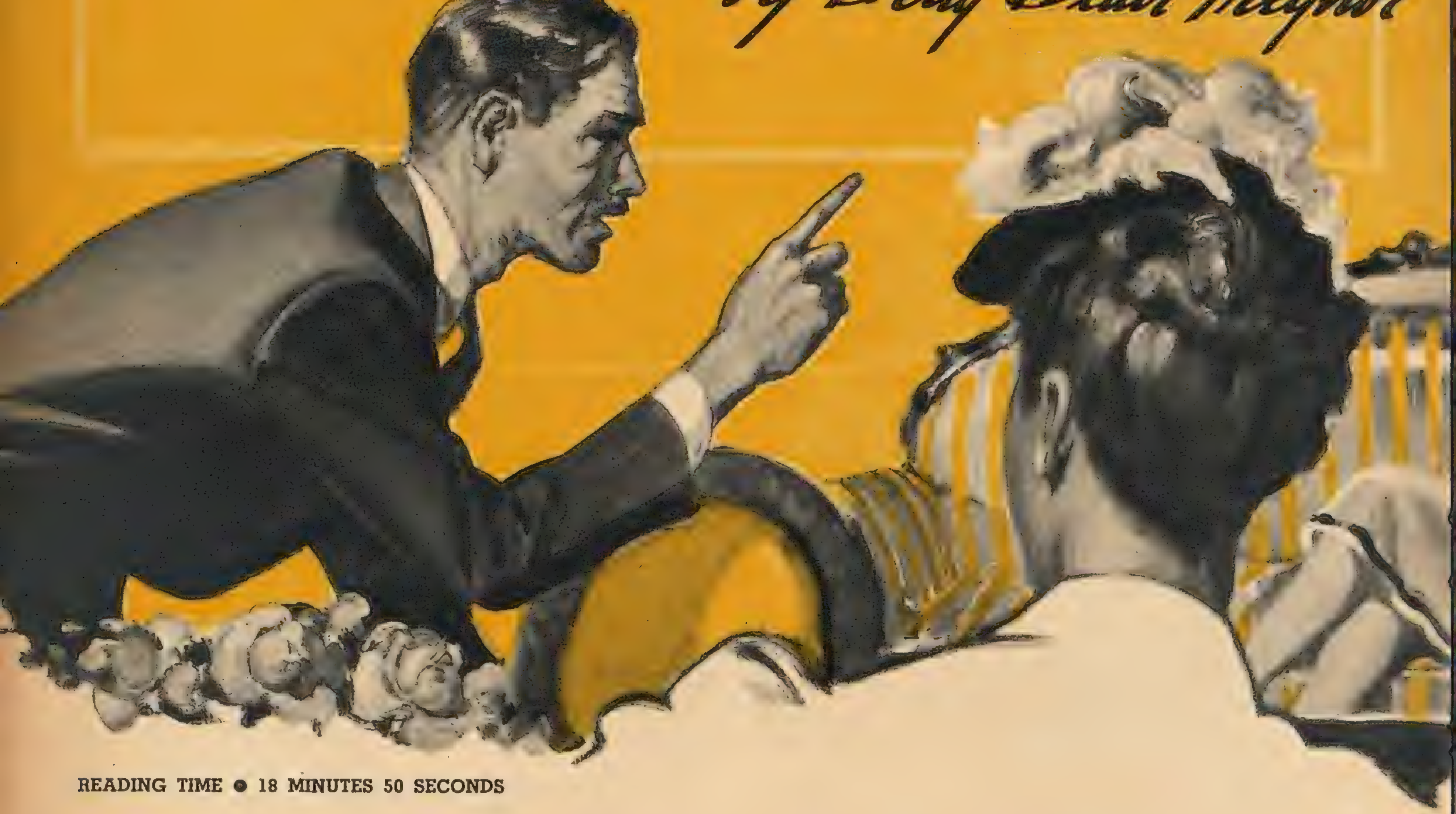
REBELLION IN EDEN

by Betty Blair Treynor



READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

PAULINE was coming out of the bank as I went in. "H'yah, kid," I said. "Just going in to see your old man."

I liked Pauline. Not like the rest of the screwy dames Mimi dashed around with.

"Hello, Don! I'm on my way up to your house for bridge. Tuesday Club."

"Well, take 'em over," I said, and went on in to see L. J.

Chet Wyndham waved to me from the teller's cage. Poor Chet—can't have much fun on a teller's salary.

I went on back to L. J.'s office. "I just stopped in to get that note renewed," I told him.

L. J. began fiddling with some papers. It always makes me uneasy when a banker begins fiddling with papers.

"I've been wanting to talk to you about that," he said.

He didn't smile, and my blood pressure went up about twenty points. Good Lord, they couldn't be thinking of calling that loan?

But they were.

"I can't understand it," I told L. J. "It's the slack season. I can't raise that much money now."

L. J. looked embarrassed. He wasn't enjoying this any better than I was. "The directors aren't satisfied with your statement, Don," he said. "You have a fine plant. You ought to be out of the red."

"Well," I said, "my expenses are pretty heavy—"

"That's it." He was folding and unfolding a piece of paper. "Your business is being milked dry. For what?"

"Well," I countered, "you know Mimi."

"Yes, I know Mimi," he replied without enthusiasm. "And Mimi isn't the only one. That whole Crescent Park crowd are all alike."

"Just a lot of bighearted playgirls," I said. "They vote themselves more bonuses than a special session of Congress."

L. J. smoothed out the piece of paper and laid it on the desk. "I did what I could for you, Don."

"Thanks," I said mechanically, and got up. "Well, so long! I'll be seeing you in the poorhouse."

L. J. walked to the door with me. I could see he felt lousy.

I didn't feel like going back to the office, so I drove on out the boulevard toward the Park. I kept thinking about the way L. J. said "Yes, I know Mimi." And I began to get sore. But not at L. J.

When Mamie Hill said she'd marry me, back in '31, she was just about the grandest person I'd ever known. But Mimi—that was a dish of something else.

Mamie had said, back in '32: "Now, you're not to worry, Don. Things are tough, but we'll win out. Together we can lick the world." But Mimi was always saying: "We have a position to maintain! I can't be Queen of the Bargain Basement when Bess and Amy and the rest of the girls are wearing Lanvins and Schiaparellis."

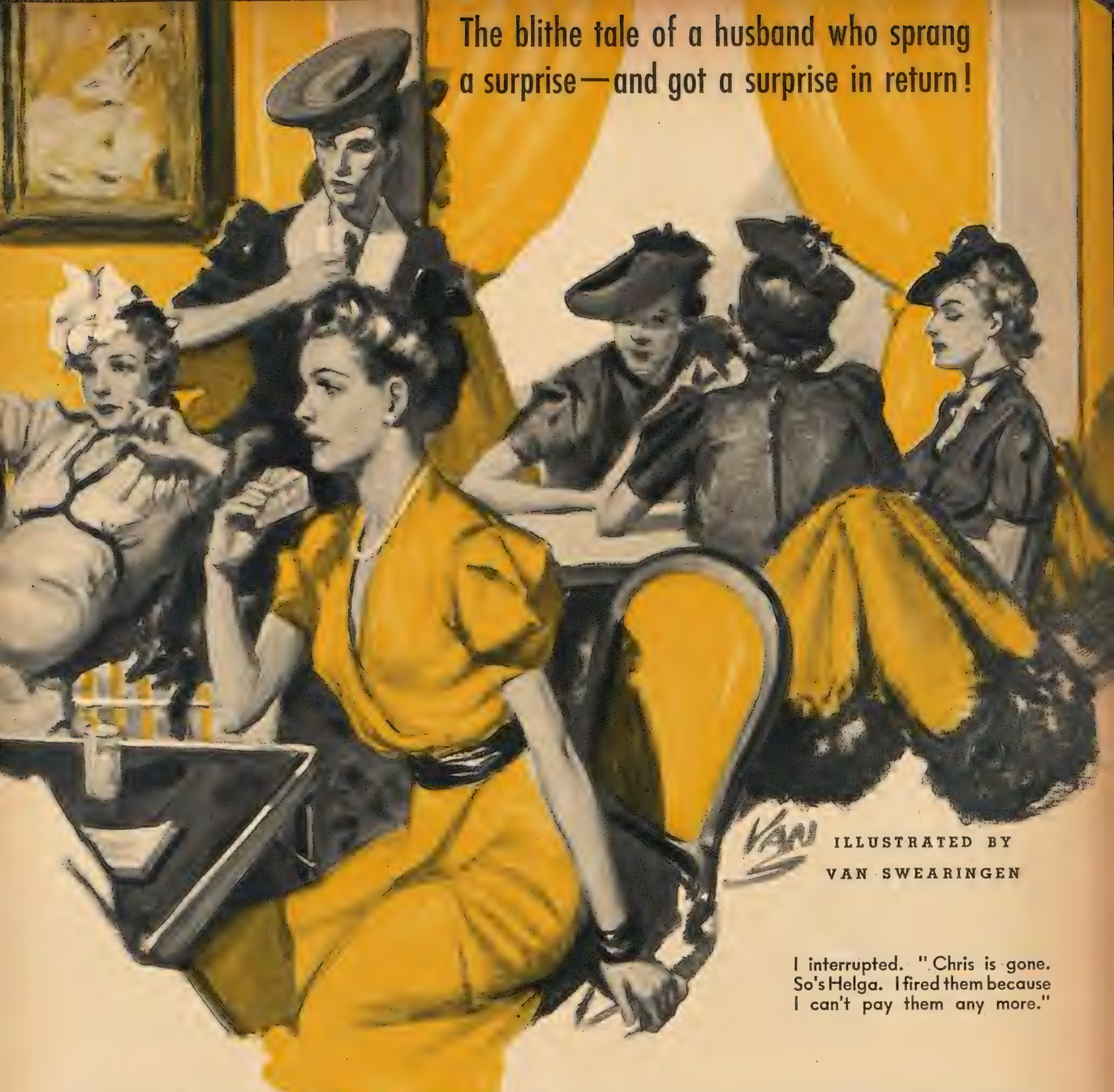
Driving inexpensive cars, going to the lake for the summer instead of Bar Harbor or Banff, getting to bed early once in a while—those were all things that weren't being done. Nuts!

I slowed up for the signal at Westmore Drive. Perry Westmore's house—the one he built—was on the corner. A modernistic affair of planes and sun decks, colored umbrellas and chromium railings, set back from the street in a Hollywood setting. Perry had never liked it, but Kit wanted the last word, and damn the expense. Well, Perry had gone bust, Kit had walked out on him, and somebody else was living there now.

The light turned green and I slipped her into gear. Mimi'd be the next one to get Reno-vated. Fat chance of her saying, "Times are tough, but we'll win out."

I'd forgotten about the Tuesday Club, and when I drew up at the house the street was full of cars—Pauline

The blithe tale of a husband who sprang a surprise—and got a surprise in return!



ILLUSTRATED BY VAN SWEARINGEN

I interrupted. "Chris is gone. So's Helga. I fired them because I can't pay them any more."

Chase's and Kit Devlin's (Kit Westmore that was), and Nan Bennett's, and that murderous sports job of Nell Murray's that she drives around at ninety per. The insurance companies won't touch it any more. Then there were Gwen Austin's and Amy Gibson's—the Tuesday Club were all there, in mink and silver fox and Cartier bracelets, slathered with *Fleurs de Rocaille* and *Infanta* and *Mon Boudoir*. Mon boudoir! Mon bushwah!

I thought of how Bill Murray had been trying for three years to get that new press he needs and couldn't because Nell keeps him paying out fines and damages. I thought of the time Andy Bennett had to borrow a grand from me to keep some landscape gardener from suing him—he hasn't paid it back, either. And I recalled the morning we found poor old Jess Gibson crumpled up in his car in the garage with the engine still running, because he just couldn't face another day of listening to Amy beef about the alimony his ex-wife was holding him up for. And I began to boil.

I was about to turn around and go back to town when an idea hit me. And I almost laughed out loud. I might be on my way out, but I'd give these female racketeers something to remember me by. Not Pauline—I always liked Pauline.

I went in the back way. Helga was busy as Zane Grey with a swordfish. She was making hors d'oeuvres. I watched her for a few minutes, and then I walked into the pantry. Chris was making champagne cocktails.

"Hello, Chris," I said. "How about buying me a drink?"

He looked at me with that dead pan of his. "The madam only gave me two bottles of wine, sir. I doubt if there'll be more than enough for the ladies."

"That's tough," I said. I eased the pitcher out of his hand and filled a highball glass. It tasted swell. Then I took out my checkbook and wrote a check.

I handed it to Chris. "This will pay you and Helga to the end of the month. How long will it take you to get out?"

"You mean you are discharging us, sir?"

"That's the gist of it." I never had liked Chris.

"But we couldn't leave the madam like this, with a party on. She wouldn't give us a recommendation."

"Suit yourself," I told him. "But if you expect to cash that check you'd better get it down to the bank today, because tomorrow it may not be any good."

They went.

I had another double cocktail, and it was better than the first. Then I went back in the kitchen. I ate a couple of hors d'oeuvres and put the rest out of the way on a shelf. I opened the icebox, and it was something to look at. Full of squabs *en gelée*, and platters of sturgeon, and stuffed thingumabobs and whatnots. Whew! They did themselves well, these dames. I finally found what I was looking for—some lemons.

I couldn't locate the squeezer, so I did them by hand, in a glass pitcher, and added sugar and ice water. Then I went through the cakebox, but that was full of *petits fours* and French pastry, so I passed that up. I was stumped for a moment, but I unearthed a tin of graham crackers, and put some on a tray with glasses and the pitcher of lemonade, and carried it into the living room.

The gals were playing duplicate. They were just scoring a round with the usual accompaniment of "Why didn't you mention your spades?" and "How *could* you leave me in four no trump? You *can't* do that!"

"Surprise!" I called. "Papa's home!" I parked the tray on a table.

Mimi wasn't any too pleased. "How come?" she asked.

"I thought you might want some refreshments." I started pouring the lemonade. She looked keen. She was wearing that new Paris model, and it did things for her.

WHAT you got there, Don?" called Nell Murray. She was being bawled out, as usual, and was glad of a chance to change the subject.

"Lemonade and crackers," I told her. "That's what my mother used to serve the Ladies' Auxiliary, and my father had money in the bank when he died."

Mimi shot me a poisonous look. "Fun-loving Don," she drawled.

Kit Devlin took a sip of my concoction and let out a scream. "My gosh," she yelled, "it *is* lemonade!"

They thought it was a gag.

"Don is too devastating!" shrilled Nan Bennett.

"But definitely!" cried Bess Evans in that affected voice of hers.

Mimi reached for the bell to ring for Chris.

I filled a glass for myself; but I didn't want to spoil the effect of all that good liquor, so I set it down.

"Of course," I told them, "mother usually had angel cake, but I'm afraid Mimi's been getting behind on her baking."

Nell Murray set her glass down. "Your lemonade may be O. K., Don, but you're not going to fill me up with it. I feel the need of a little drinkie."

"Why don't you lay off the little drinkies for once," I said, "and give the pedestrians a break?"

Amy Gibson snickered. "That has all the earmarks, Nell," she cackled.

"But definitely," said Bess again.

"But nuts!" I snorted.

"Skip it, Don!" Mimi was good and mad now, and was pushing the bell viciously. "If that's your idea of nice, clean fun—"

"If you're pushing that bell for Chris," I interrupted, "you're wasting a lot of energy. Chris is gone. So's Helga. I fired 'em."

Mimi stood up and faced me. "May I ask why you took it upon yourself to discharge the best servants we ever had?"

"Sure you may ask. And what's more, I'll tell you." I settled myself comfortably in my chair. "I fired them because I can't pay them any more."

Mimi turned white and put a hand on the table behind her for support. Somehow I couldn't bear to look at her. I turned and faced the room.

"I found out this morning that I'm washed up at the bank. That means I'm through. Clean as a whistle. So, you see, lemonade and crackers will be about my speed from now on. But at least," I went on, "you can be sure the grocer who sells them to me won't have to go into bankruptcy on my account, like the poor guy at the Peerless Market. It was you, my fine feathered friends, and some more like you, who kept him waiting so long for his dough that his jobbers wouldn't carry him any more."

I was watching Mimi out of the corner of my eye. She was standing there, not moving—not breathing—but you've got to hand it to her. She's got nerve.

"See here, Don," snapped Nan Bennett. "I'm sorry if you've had bad luck, but you have no right to talk to us like this!"

"Of course I have a right," I answered. "Haven't I given you the best years of my life?"

There was an uneasy stir in the room. "Why, the man's demented," some one said.

"I mean just that." I wasn't clowning now. "For years I've been working and driving myself—for what? So I could build this white elephant of a house to receive you in—a house as big as the Coliseum, but more expensive to heat—and hire a ritzy decorator to turn handsprings all over the place so you could 'Oh' and 'Ah' when you came in. So I could buy star sapphires for Bess Evans to coo, 'How too, too divine!' and then go home and bedevil Jerry until he bought her bigger ones. I have men and women working for me that have families to support, and I've spent as much as they'll all make in a month for a chinchilla wrap so that Nan Bennett's mink would look cheesy beside it. I've paid for ritzy cars to park at your doors, and butlers to let you in when you call, and I've had carpets woven specially for you to plant your number nines on. And what do I get out of it?"

They were on their feet now, and they wanted to go; but I blocked the doorway, and I think they were afraid to pass me. They thought I'd really gone screwy, and they weren't sure of what I would do. All except Pauline. She was sitting drinking her lemonade, not saying a word.

"Kit Devlin can tell you all about it," I said. "She put the skids under Perry, and then ditched him for a stuffed shirt with plenty of jack and a yen for French post cards and washed-out blondes."

"I'm damned if I stand any more of this!" blazed Kit. She walked over to Mimi and put an arm around her. "Come on, honey," she said. "Get your things on and come home with me. I don't want to leave you alone with this maniac."

"No," said Mimi. I wanted to look at her, but I just couldn't.

"You'd better," Kit urged. "You can't tell what he'll do."

"No," Mimi said. "I'm not afraid of him."

THAT broke the spell, and they all poured out of the room to get their wraps.

I stole a glance at Mimi. I couldn't tell what she was thinking, but any one could see she had told the truth when she said she wasn't afraid of me. And she wasn't afraid of them, either. She showed them out as easily and naturally as though the afternoon had ended in the usual way.

Pauline was the last to go, and I walked with her to her car. We could hear the rest of them, gathered in knots, yapping like a lot of little feists in a pound.

"Heels!" I muttered. "Female heels!"

"You told 'em," Pauline said, and laughed. "It might be a good thing, if it would do them any good. But it won't."

"No," I said. "It won't do them any good."

Pauline slid into the seat and fumbled in her purse for the key.

"I feel terrible about this business at the bank," she said.

"Oh, rats!" I told her. "I can take it."

"L. J. did everything he could."

"Sure. I know that."

She slipped the key in the lock and turned on the ignition. "You'd better go in and square yourself with Mimi."

"Swell chance," I laughed. "Anyhow, she'll have something to tell the girls in Reno."

Mimi was waiting for me in the foyer. "That was a swell act you put on. Just ducky!"

"Strictly for laughs, my dear," I told her.

"You're as funny as Frances Perkins," she snapped. "And just about as popular."

"A fat lot you know about Frances Perkins. Emily Post is more your speed."

"A little Emily Post would do you no harm, my pet!" She fairly crackled.

I brushed by her into the kitchen. The drinks had begun to wear off, and I needed a pick-me-up bad.

I could hear Mimi go up the stairs. Then I heard her in her bedroom, opening bureau drawers. And I began to feel funny.

Maybe I shouldn't have been quite so rough. I had meant to give Mimi an out, but not such a good one. Perhaps if I had pulled my punches she might have stuck around for a while—at least until she found out whether I could produce again.

I tried to imagine what she was doing up there, as I started in on a highball. That was the closet door—getting out her clothes, of course. She walked out into the hall—that would be for her bag. I wondered if she was taking the fitted one, and if she'd remember when she had opened it last Christmas. It had set me back plenty, that bag.

My knees felt a little weak, so I sat down by the kitchen table to nurse my drink. I was thinking of our first Christmas in the little flat on Chestnut Street. We'd had a funny little tree with nothing on it but one light and one blue ball and a sign on the top: "Depression." And I had given her a bracelet from the ten-cent store with a card: "Promise of things to come."

Well, she'd cashed in on that promise—plenty! Still and all, we had had our moments. Only—

MIMI stalked into the kitchen and slammed down a tray of soiled glasses on the sink. She had on a pair of slacks and a striped sweater.

"Is that the latest thing in going-away gowns?" I asked.

"Going away hell!" Boy, she was burning up. "Why should I go away?"

My hand began to shake so I had to put my glass down on the table to steady it. "You don't understand," I said. "I'm broke—through—finished. No more dough—no more business—no more nothing!"

"So what?" said Mimi. "What kind of a rat do you think I am, you rat?"

I took hold of her arm and spun her around to face me. I had to be sure about this.

"You mean," I asked her in a voice that wasn't quite steady—"you mean you're going to stick and see this through?"

"Don," she said, and began to cry, "how could you insult me by thinking anything else?"

In that instant my arms went round her, and she was blubbering on my tie, and there was a warm glow in my heart as I thought, Here, in the compass of my arms, is the one thing no

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WELL, YOU'VE GOT COMPANY, CHUBBINS— THERE GOES ANOTHER SPILL, OVER THERE
HERE ARE YOUR HAT, GLASSES, AND PIPE, SIR. I THINK THAT'S ALL YOU DROPPED
GOODNESS, NO! YOU'VE MISSED THE MOST IMPOR—
HERE IT IS, SIR— YOUR PRINCE ALBERT. I KNOW HOW YOU'D FEEL TO LOSE IT
PRINCE ALBERT
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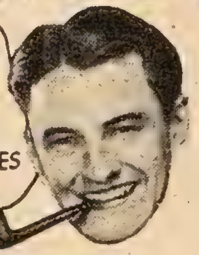

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COLGATE
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bank can ever take away from me—my girl, my Mamie.

She had her cry out, and by and by we came up for air and started to haul things out of the icebox. All those platters that Helga had garnished with sculptured radishes and thissas and thattas, and enough food to founder ten guys our size. And, believe me, you've never tasted squab until you've picked the bones clean at a kitchen table.

“What I can't figure out,” said Mimi, “is why you didn't tell me like a human being that you were in difficulties.”

“But, Mimi, I've told you so often we had to cut down—”

“Oh, that,” said Mimi negligently. “All husbands talk like that. I thought you were just crabbing. I didn't know it was on the level.”

“It was on the level all right,” I said grimly.

“I'll tell you,” she said. “My Uncle John had a fig tree back in California. He used to prune it every year, snipping off a twig or a branch where he thought it needed it. And that fig tree never did a darned thing. But one year he hacked off all the branches right back to the trunk, and boy, did he have figs! Well, that's the way I look at things. I never could get interested in pinching a little here and saving a few pennies there—”

“I noticed that,” I grinned.

“Shut up,” she said amiably, and went on: “It's easier for me to start from scratch. In a way, I'll get a kick out of it. It's an adventure! I can face big things. It's the little things get me down.”

I COULD understand that. There are reserve forces you can call on to meet an emergency that aren't always there twenty-four hours a day and seven days a week.

“And now,” said Mimi, “just how much do we owe, and what have we got? We might be able to squeeze through yet.”

I took an envelope out of my pocket and drew a line down the center of it—one column for assets, the other for liabilities. And I began to figure.

“Let's see—we ought to be able to get about ten thousand on the house, over and above that handsome mortgage I slapped on it last winter. And we won't need the two big cars—I don't know just what we can realize on them. Of course I have my pay roll to meet—”

“Here's something to sweeten the pot,” said Mimi. She drew off her rings and laid them on the table—the flawless square-cut diamond and the sapphire with the star gleaming secretively beneath its icy blue surface. “We should never have bought them, Don. And no matter how things turn out, I don't want any more of them.”

“No,” I said; “we won't make that mistake again.” I took her ringless hand in mine and kissed the fingers. “Do you mind terribly?”

“Not too terribly,” she answered. “Not at all, really.” She pushed the rings away from her, across the table.

And with that gesture, it seemed to me, she put away all the folly, all the callous indifference that had come so close to wrecking what was best in both of us.

“Mamie,” I said, “together we can lick the world!”

“You're darned tootin',” she said gaily. “Why, I wouldn't be—”

The phone bell shrilled an insistent summons.

“Better let me go,” said Mimi. “It may be an irate husband wanting to call you out.”

“Tell him I choose fountain pens,” I called after her.

I went back to my figures. The rings should be good for a tidy sum. Let's see—what was it I paid for that star sapphire? Somewhere in the neighborhood of—

“Don!” Mimi was back, flushed and breathless. “Don—it was Pauline. Oh, darling—get a firm grip on your chair—”

My heart missed a couple of beats. Even before she told me I knew what was coming.

“Don—Pauline is going to let us have that money for the bank!”

I went limp. Things like that didn't happen. They couldn't. There'd be a catch in it somewhere.

L. J. would never let her,” I said weakly.

“Don't be silly. L. J. knows all about it. You're to stop in and see him in the morning.”

It was true, then. “Mimi, what a break! And what a girl—Pauline. We mustn't let her down!”

“No,” said Mimi. And then, again: “No. Of course not.”

She put a hand on my shoulder and, stooping, kissed the top of my head. I lifted my eyes to meet hers, but she was not looking at me. Already her glance had wavered to the rings there on the table. She reached out slowly and picked them up.

I watched her as for one breathless moment she held them balanced on one outstretched palm. Trifles. Baubles. The light caught the huge diamond, and it flashed with a cold, impersonal brilliance. . . .

Slowly the fingers curled—the tight little fist closed hard. Then, with a straightening of her slim shoulders, she handed them to me.

“Here, Don,” she said. “We're turning these over to Pauline in the morning. And the house.”

“Mimi!” I gasped.

“She didn't want me to, but I insisted.” Mimi gathered up an armful of dishes and carried them over to the sink. “This little old fig tree,” she said, “is going to be cut right smack-dab back to the trunk.”

“Mimi,” I said, with misty eyes, “I think you've got something there.”

“And what's more,” she added as she turned on the steaming water—“don't call me Mimi. It's silly!”

I fumbled through the drawer for a dish towel. “O. K., Mame,” I said.

THE END

I FOUGHT THE BEST OF THEM

BY TOM SHARKEY

"Cake-eaters, softies!" A famous veteran lambastes the heavyweights of today

The author in his fighting prime, and as he looks today.

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

I HAVE fought and whipped perhaps three thousand men in the ring and in rough-and-tumble fights. Therefore I feel at liberty to crack down on the present-day heavyweight dope being ladled out. I say the present-day heavies are cake-eaters and softies, with a partial exception in the case of Joe Louis. The Detroit Negro is a great fighter, but great only because there are no good ones in the ring today.

Max Baer's feeble efforts in losing the title to James J. Braddock was a shock to every living champion. The excuse Baer gave about having a bad hand made me laugh. It turned out to be water on the knuckle. Say, I've seen fellows go through twenty rounds with a busted hand and water on the knee too.

I fought Jim Jeffries twenty-five rounds at Coney Island with four broken ribs and a dislocated left arm, and haven't used it as an excuse for losing yet. Baer may have one of the strongest chins in the ring today, as Dempsey says; but in fighting Louis, where were Baer's guts?—counted out as he was on his knee.

A man has nerve or he hasn't—no one can give it to him. That has been proved all through ring history. Does Dempsey expect to tout back to championship such a man as this? That's a laugh in itself! I know we need a White Hope, but where can we find him? Schmeling, the carbon-copy Dempsey, is washed up as a contender. Tommy Farr can take it, but he can't hit, can't seem to level his man. Show me a contender to the heavyweight crown. In my opinion, there's not a man in sight. Will some of the ex-champs have to be pulled out of retirement, as Jeffries was to meet Jack Johnson—and would the result be the same?

I want to go to Ireland and pick out the future king

I PUT ONE OVER ON THE BOSS
GREAT GUNS! I DON'T DARE DRINK THIS! I FORGOT MY NEW BOSS HATES LIQUOR
GET WISE TO CHASERS, DARLING, AND YOUR BOSS WILL NEVER GET WISE TO YOU
CHASERS
I'M SO GLAD YOU DON'T DRINK, MISS SMART. I CAN'T BEAR THE SMELL OF ALCOHOL

CHASERS

kill alcohol breath—
tobacco and onions, too
Package of 5 tablets—5c

of the Queensberry realm. I want a good physical specimen. An upstanding youngster of five ten to eleven inches, weighing 190 to 200 pounds. He must be game. But I'll find out whether he's got a heart before we sail for America.

The present heavies have to be touted by sports writers and promoters or they wouldn't get anywhere at all. What showing have any of them made?

The present-day fighters and promoters have forgotten the fact that the youth of America puts its champions on a pedestal, and that if a champion is worth his weight in salt he will never disappoint those kids.

Any champion defending his title, or any fighter reaching for the heavyweight crown, should give everything he has. In the ring he is *expected* to fight until he is battered to a pulp, until he can't lift a hand. He is the champ! He represents *courage* above anything else. If he goes down without protest, without offering on the altar *all* he has—then he is a fake, a false example of the manhood of today.

Take another angle. People ask: "Is it true that some outsider doped Louis in his first fight with Schmeling? How does Tex Rickard stack up with present-day promoters? Are all fights fixed? Are sports writers cut in?" Boxing should be a clean sport, and, sports writers notwithstanding, the public is beginning to demand that it should be so.

PEOPLE still ask me: "Who were the all-time fight champions? How would Dempsey stack up with them? How would Louis?" I say the greatest fighters were Jim Jeffries, Bob Fitzsimmons, Joe Goddard, Jim Corbett, Joe Choynski, and Australian Billy Smith, in the order named. I fought them all. I made them all back away from me. I had to carry the fight to them, including Jeffries. Any one of them could have whipped Louis. In my prime I could have polished off Louis in four rounds. I haven't listed Jack Johnson, although he was my trainer for two years.

From ringside I have watched both Dempsey and Louis fight. I believe Dempsey could knock Louis out in six rounds. Any of the old fighters outclass and outpoint any of the modern fighters five to one. I could show you, point by point, why this is so. I will cover this at another time.

Today everything is built up, touted to the high heavens: promoters, fighters, purses. The public is getting fed up. We've got to find some red-blooded, hard-hitting fighters. Men that have heart and nerve and that will fight. I'm fed up on the alibis given by the recent champions. It's time the fighting game cleaned itself up. Remember, it is the customers that make all things possible.

Coming down to the present set-up, with the promoters hungry and no contender in sight: What will happen? Will it be the old story? Build up some one, some one that has no performance behind him? Will a promoter match Louis and Baer again for a million-dollar gate? Will the sports writers tout such a match? I don't think so. If the promoters can't find a good man, can't build up a real man, it would be better to let Louis bask in the sunshine.

HOW would I fight the present heavyweight champion, Joe Louis? Just like I fought all the other heavyweight champions—Jim Jeffries, Jim Corbett, and Bob Fitzsimmons, to name a couple. Speed and more speed. I would make Louis back away, and carry the fight to him without a letup. With speed and hard hitting I would get Louis in the first few rounds, changing continually my tactics. This method always confuses Louis. By keeping Louis on the defensive, I would shoot a right across to his jaw, for he has never learned to protect himself against a hard right-hander.

Louis has never shown that he can take it. Even Schmeling found his jaw soft and an easy target. Louis' hooks and crosses could be broken by weaving with them. I would take my chances with his punch and fight in close, and drive him all the way until I landed the kayo. Louis is a slow fighter, and after delivering three or four hard punches he backs away. I would follow up, waiting for the opening to land a right to the jaw. Even the poorest sparring partners in Joe's camp tagged him on the button with right-handers. So why couldn't I, or any good man, find his jaw with a heavy right?

There's no doubt that Louis has power in his punches. I would keep crowding him and beat him to the punch. The one thing to do with Louis is, get there first. Everybody Louis has fought has clipped him with straight right-handers.

A good fighter depends more than anything else upon speed and good legs. So I say, I'd take the offensive and hold it. No one has done this with Louis yet. They're afraid to exchange punches with him. Any stouthearted fast offensive fighter should clean up for Louis in a few rounds.

THE END

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

★ ★ ★ ★ **ELLERY QUEEN'S CHALLENGE TO THE READER**—An Anthology. The Frederick A. Stokes Co.

This is a "must" book for every lover of detective fiction. Names of authors are omitted and names of the great detectives changed; the stories being otherwise untouched. The reader is supposed to identify author and detective. Answers are given at the end of each tale. Few readers will have the mental strength to play fair.—*William C. de Mille.*

Commissioner Timilty swears in members of the Junior Police.

OUR JUNIOR POLICE FORCE

Kids vs. crime! . . . The inspiring story of a new idea—and how it works

BY JOSEPH F. TIMILTY

POLICE COMMISSIONER OF BOSTON

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

WE have formed a Junior Police Corps in Boston, a regular branch of the Police Department, composed of more than 5,000 boys twelve to sixteen years of age.

Word about the new corps has gone to other cities, and letters are pouring into Police Headquarters in Boston, demanding to know what the new idea is all about.

Is it a plan to militarize Boston youth? Is it a way of turning boys into "squealers"? Are we giving real police authority to a bunch of kids?

Well, I'm the man responsible for forming the Junior Force, and I know the answers.

I am proud of having formed this force. I believe it will go a long way toward reducing Boston's crime problems, if it is allowed to grow. And I think that if the plan goes to other cities it will aid in reducing crime throughout the country.

Every one knows that the cure for crime must begin by putting in the minds of boys a true respect for law and order. We know our jails are crowded with youths under twenty-one, that these boys—actually classified in the eyes of the law as infants—make up more than sixty per cent of our criminals.

Some months ago an aging woman came into my office with her son, a light-haired, blue-eyed boy of fourteen. He had been arrested three times for stealing automobiles, and had just completed a term at Shirley Reform School.

"They've let him out," the mother said. "I've come to ask you to help him. Can't you tell him something, or get him some work, to keep him off the streets day and night, mixing with older boys, fighting and stealing?"

I have heard many pleas like that from weary mothers.

"Well, Jimmy," I said, "you haven't anything to worry about at all. Your slate is washed up. You're starting out fresh. But you've got to start figuring what you want to do. What do you want to be when you grow up?"

"I'd like to be a copper," he said.

His mother and I were nearly taken off our feet at that answer. "I thought you hated cops," the mother said.

"Yeah! But they're important. Lots of people praise them and say they're brave. I'd like to be like that. But what's the use? They wouldn't let me, anyways."

The Junior Police came into being with those words.

It was a strange psychology—hating the cop and envying him at the same time. By their natures, boys admire courage where they see it, in friend or enemy. I knew if we could find a way to turn youths from admiring the sham courage of crooks to admiring the real courage of the police, we could prevent many from going wrong.

This boy showed us how to do it.

I called the captains of Boston's fifteen police stations to my office the next day, and ordered them to conduct an unusual investigation in their divisions—a survey of boys looking for some place to play.

The reports of the captains told a story of thousands of boys who had no place to play except in the city streets, because playground space was limited. Boys who palled around together on the streets and sometimes got into trouble. Boys who looked on social clubs and organizations as "sissy." Most of them were between the ages of twelve and sixteen, and included many youths who had finished grammar school and did not go to high school.

We did not need the survey to tell us the attitude of most of the boys toward the police. The cop was the bogeyman who kept them from doing what they wanted, broke up the ball games in the street, made them stop hopping rides on trucks, kept them from having fun.

Basically, we had two main ideas in forming the Junior Corps.

First, to instill in boys a respect for law and an appreciation of good-citizenship.

Second, to bring about an increasingly friendly relation between the Police Department and the boys of Boston, so that the police will be regarded as a protective rather than a repressive agency.

In forming the corps, my first step was to appoint Lieutenant William J. Carey of Station 16 as commander of the junior force. I know of no one in the department so

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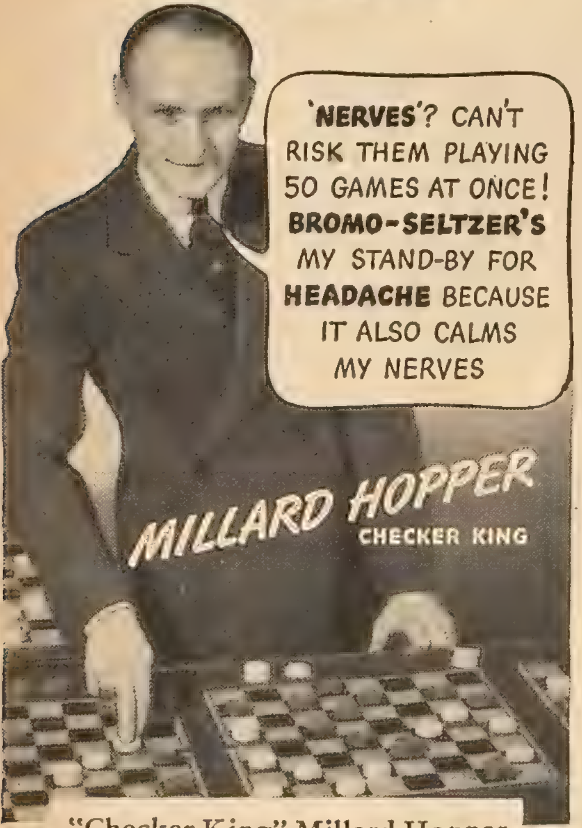

'NERVES'? CAN'T RISK THEM PLAYING 50 GAMES AT ONCE! BROMO-SELTZER'S MY STAND-BY FOR HEADACHE BECAUSE IT ALSO CALMS MY NERVES
MILLARD HOPPER
CHECKER KING

"Checker King" Millard Hopper plays as many as 50 opponents at once in exhibition matches. He has written several books, conducts a weekly column, about checkers.

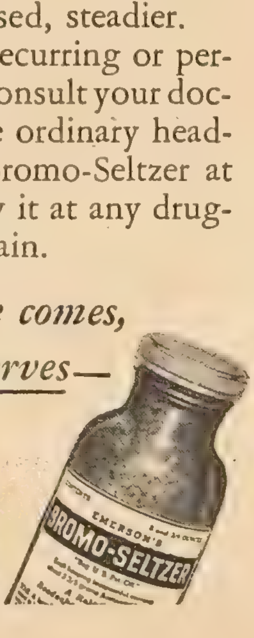
With a headache, your nervous system is disturbed. You feel irritable, depressed. That's why headache is best treated with a special kind of remedy, made to do at least 2 things . . . relieve *pain* and steady your *nerves.*

Bromo-Seltzer does both. Tests by a group of doctors have proved this. Try Bromo-Seltzer—your headache is relieved; you feel refreshed, more poised, steadier.

For frequently recurring or persistent headache, consult your doctor. To relieve the ordinary headache fast, keep Bromo-Seltzer at home always. Buy it at any drugstore—soda fountain.

When headache comes, think of your nerves— take

BROMO-SELTZER



well acquainted with boys and their problems as he is. For eight years, as an attaché in the district attorney's office, assigned to domestic relations cases, he worked constantly with children, generally from poor families, often with tragic family background.

Under his direction, organization of the corps proceeded swiftly. One officer from each division was appointed to the corps, the captain in each case choosing the officer most interested in boys.

We announced our plan in the press, and within a week were swamped with 10,000 applications for membership.

But before the members of the corps were chosen, came another important step in our organization. The fifteen officers selected for the corps were sent to school—to learn about boys.

For six weeks we turned a room on the top floor of Police Headquarters into a classroom. More than forty child experts, psychologists and sociologists from Boston clinics and colleges and leaders of boys' clubs in the city, came and lectured before these men on the work they were to do. In addition, Red Cross officials gave courses in lifesaving.

We selected the first 3,000 boys largely on the recommendations of the officers on the beats. We decided that every division would handle its own boys, so that the youth and the officer would be kept in closer contact. We picked the "tough kids" and the good ones too.

ON October 14, 1938, those 3,000 were "sworn in" at the various station houses as members of the Police Department.

I administered the oath to the boys of Station 4, in the South End section of Boston.

Two hundred and fifty boys were there—among them Negroes, Jews, Irish lads, Italians. Well dressed boys beside boys with clothes in tatters. But they all had an eagerness in their eyes, and they all held tight to the blue cards identifying them as members of the corps.

The administering of the oath was a stirring moment. They stood silent, kids from the city streets, their right hands lifted, and repeated after me:

"I promise and agree on my honor:

"To pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands, one nation indivisible, with Liberty and Justice for all.

"To be faithful to the religious duties of my church.

"To obey my parents, to respect and be courteous to others.

"To be upright and honest, assist the old and helpless, be kind to dumb animals, refrain from listening to or spreading gossip, and by my actions endeavor to influence other boys to have respect for law and order.

"To keep and never misuse or loan my police button or membership card, and to surrender them on demand of my commanding officer, and to obey the rules of the Boston Junior Police Corps."

From the start, the boys were warned of two things: They were not to be squealers on any of their pals, nor in any sense were they to be so-called "stool pigeons." And they were not vested with any authority or arresting power.

We had a little trouble at first on the latter point.

An old friend of mine, a ranking city official, came into my office one morning in a distressed state.

"Well, I see you've turned the force over to the children!" he boomed, and handed me a crumpled piece of paper on which was scribbled in pencil:

> Parking too far from curb. Report at once to Station 4.
> OFFICER SMITH, *Junior Police Corps.*

I apologized as best I could. "It'll never happen again, Jack. It's one of our junior police exceeding his powers. I'll see he is reprimanded."

He was pretty angry, but I pacified him after a while. As he was leaving I couldn't help saying, "You know, Jack, if you'd parked right in the first place, this never would have happened."

UNDER the final arrangements for the corps, the first thing the boys get is a complete basic training in police work. Although the training is elementary and limited, they are nevertheless, like regular police, put through a course including study in every branch of police routine.

For practical reasons there is much we cannot teach them, such as pistol shooting and other police duties, which would be too dangerous at their age. But they are given complete theoretical training in every police field by veterans in the department, and are taken on tours and shown every detail of the work in operation.

They are given gym classes, taught wrestling and boxing, how to defend themselves against larger persons.

They are also taught something of the laws governing the city, and the reasons for those laws.

When they have advanced far enough, the boys are given certain actual duties:

They are allowed to direct traffic at school crossings before and after school each day.

Whenever a party is given at a police station for boys on that division, members of the junior police are placed in semiofficial command. They see to it that everything runs smoothly.

And they are allowed a degree of self-government. They have their own sergeants, lieutenants, and captains, like regular police, appointed by Lieutenant Carey.

If a boy violates any of the rules of the corps, a trial board of boys is appointed, and judgment is passed, and punishment, in the form of suspension from the corps for a period of time, is meted out.

What we wish to give them most, in addition to actual knowledge of police work, is friendship for the police and for law-enforcing agencies —friendship they will spread among their playmates.

For this purpose, the weekly meetings of the corps at the police stations are devoted in part to lectures and in part to recreation. In the recreation periods the officers and boys play together. When a boy puts out the sergeant at first base, or beats the lieutenant in a fifty-yard dash, he isn't likely ever to regard those men as "enemies."

Given a new point of view in this association, these boys can accomplish most in spreading true respect for the law. If you show a boy that something is wrong, and also show him that it is part of his responsibility to try to keep other fellows, as well as himself, from doing wrong, then you will have stanch pals working with you to keep the law. That is what we are trying to do in the Junior Police Corps.

I don't want these boys to be squealers. But I know that they have been taught the difference between tattletaling and doing their duty as citizens. They know what constitutes a crime, and that if they see a crime committed, they should report it and aid in capturing the criminal.

We haven't tried to make these boys policemen. We haven't attempted to militarize them. We have merely tried to make them realize more fully the meaning and duties of their citizenship. We have shown them the cost and consequences of crime, the "reasons why" crime cannot pay.

HALLOWEEN came a few weeks after the organization of the corps. Under the direction of police and officers of the corps, parties were held in every station in the city. More than 50,000 boys and girls attended. Mingling with the boys and girls, in the groups they formed on the streets, were members of the junior police. They were instructed that they had a job to do—to try to keep the boys from doing anything "wrong," in case something "wrong" were suggested.

They didn't have any authority. We wouldn't let them "tattletale" even if something wrong were done. They were simply a force for good.

I am truly proud of the results of that evening.

For the first time in many Halloweens, there was not a single fatal automobile accident to any child.

Property damage, which in past years had been enormous on this night, was cut more than eighty per cent.

I think this shows what can be done, and gives promise of what is going to be done more and more in the future.

There is an old saying that as the twig is bent, so grows the tree. These boys will grow up straight! I know I, as well as the other citizens of this community, will be proud of them.

THE END

What's your pet peeve about shirts?

1. DO YOU THROW 7-DAY FITS over collars too big when you buy 'em, too small when they're laundered? *The cure:* an Arrow shirt—Sanforized-Shrunk, fabric shrinkage *less than 1%!*

2. DO YOU TEAR your hair at shirts that insist on coming back from the wash minus buttons? *Just the thing:* an Arrow shirt; buttons are *anchored on* by Arrow's patented button-stay!

3. DO YOU GET SORE at soft collars that fray after a mere handful of launderings? *Our prescription:* an Arrow TRUMP shirt; its handsome collar's the longest-wearing soft collar made! ($2)

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Sanforized-Shrunk—a new shirt free if yours shrinks out of fit

REHEARSAL FOR *Love*

BY FAITH BALDWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ROY SPRETER

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

WHILE her father and mother are away on a cruise, Kathleen Roberts, not long out of college, takes a job as personal secretary to Patrick Bell, a dynamic young contractor. Almost as soon as she meets him she falls in love with him, mainly because he is so different from the sophisticated men she knows.

This suits Hannah Arnold, a dress designer for Eloise, Inc., whose apartment Kathleen is sharing. Hannah believes that, with Kathleen's affections engaged, she can regain the interest of Paul McClure, a young playwright who has been attentive to Kathleen.

When Hannah urges Kathleen to invite Pat to a party, she is shy about asking him; but when she broaches the subject, he accepts at once. Paul is there and takes an instant dislike to Pat, which Kathleen resents.

The party is in full swing when Pat is called to the telephone and informed that the wall of a school building, which his firm has built, has collapsed. He turns ashen, slams down the receiver, and rushes out into the foyer. Kathleen follows.

" What is it, Pat? " she asks.

He tells her. " The watchman was in there. No one else. I've got to go."

She says instantly, " I'll go with you."

PART THREE—PLAYING WITH FIRE

KATHLEEN ran back to her room, evading questions, exclamations, and clutching hands, and emerged with her beaver coat over her arm. She cried, " Sorry, every one! " to her startled guests and swept Hannah with her out into the hall. . . . " You carry on for me," she begged. " We'll be back. . . ."

Hannah stared at her. She said, " I don't know what it's all about, but you certainly take your duties seriously."

" If you're coming—" began Pat impatiently.

She fished in the pocket of her coat, pulled out a scarf, tied it around her head. " I'm ready," she said.

The door closed after them and Hannah stood there, looking at it thoughtfully.

Paul McClure came out. He asked, " What happened? "

" Heaven knows," said Hannah. " He probably said, 'Take a letter!' "

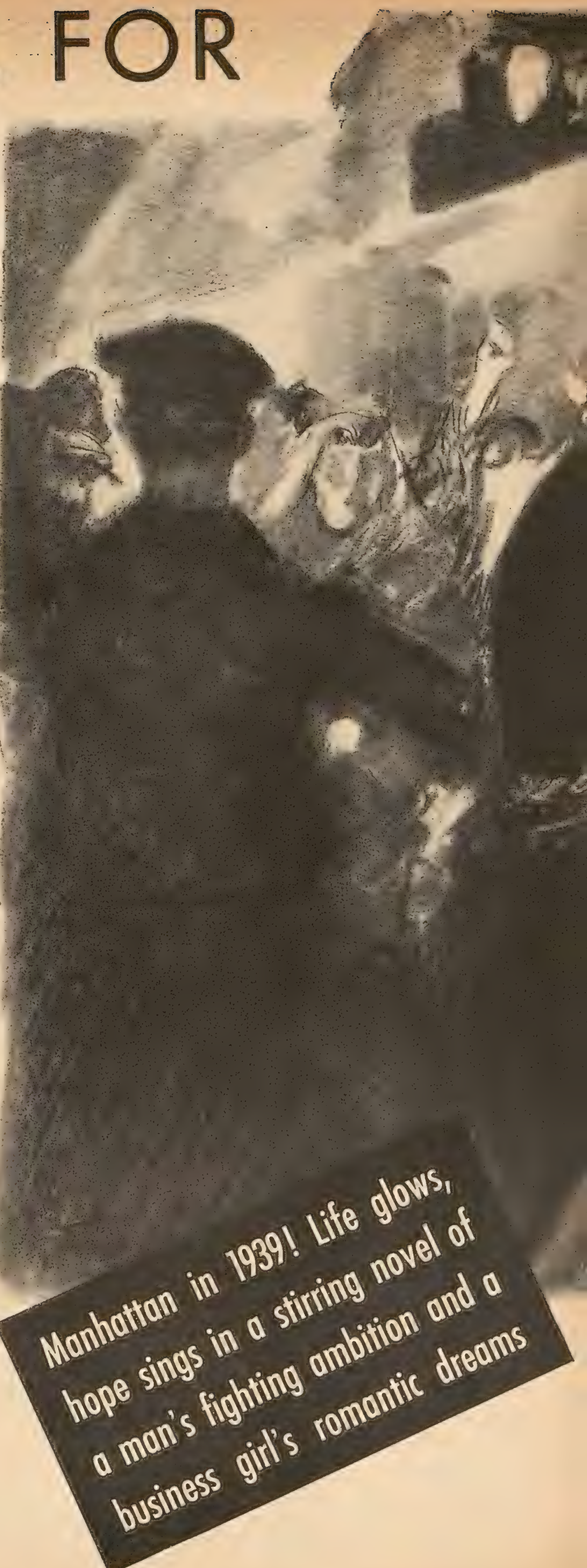
" Must be air mail," said Paul. He laughed, but he did not look as if he saw the humor of the situation. Hannah slid her arm through his. She said, " Paul . . . you're really more attractive than you used to be. And that's saying something. Let's go back to the ravening horde, find some sandwiches, two bottles of beer, and a nice dark corner where we can rake over the ashes of our dead love."

He advised, smiling, " We'd better wear gloves."

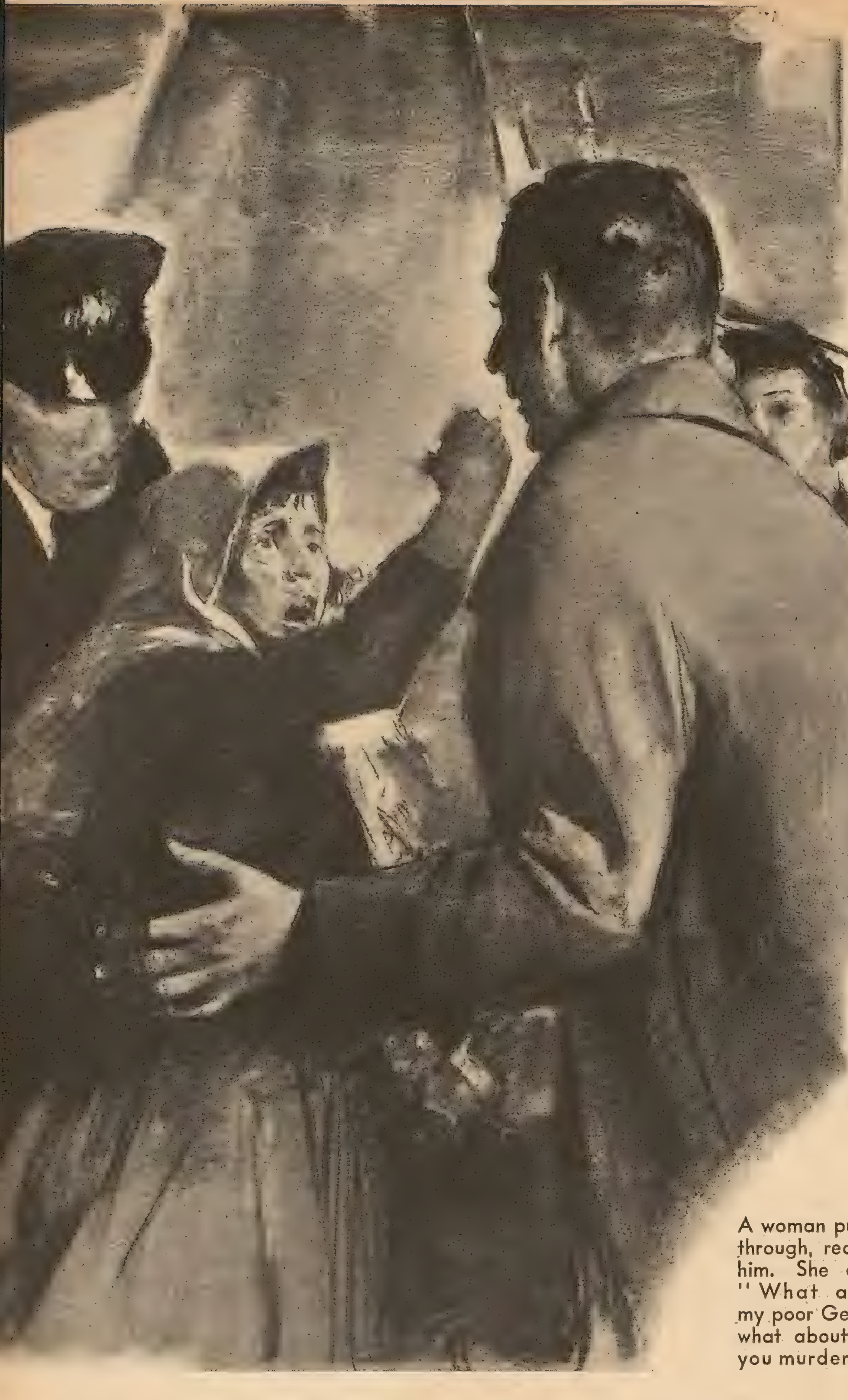
He left her, to paw through a heap of overcoats, and returned with his gloves on. Hannah went into her bedroom and came back, her hands hidden in pigskin, to the amazement of the beholders. They found the beer, the sandwiches, and, by ousting incumbents, the corner.

Pat did not speak to Kathleen in the elevator. He merely swore, expertly, under his breath.

She got into the front seat of his car and they shot



Manhattan in 1939! Life glows, hope sings in a stirring novel of a man's fighting ambition and a business girl's romantic dreams



A woman pushed through, reached him. She cried, "What about my poor George, what about him, you murderer!"

away from the curb. They were traveling downtown, still on the East Side. They were also traveling at a high, illegal rate of speed. A policeman blew a whistle sharply, and Pat slid to the curb and stopped. The officer came up. He asked, "Where's the fire?"

Pat responded evenly, "It isn't a fire; it's an accident."

He handed over his license. Kathleen saw a flash of something green. The officer looked at the license. He said, "Oh, it's you, Mr. Bell . . . didn't recognize you. O. K. . . . Go ahead. . . . You can pick up an escort, if you want to—"

They went on. . . . And Kathleen asked, after a moment, "Do you always keep a bill in with your license?"

"Yes. . . ."

"But, Pat—surely sometimes . . ."

"There are plenty who don't or won't accept it," he said carelessly; "but in that case I don't worry either. I take the ticket and get it fixed."

She said slowly, "That's obstructing justice . . . either way."

He laughed shortly. "Not so much . . . parking, a fire hydrant, a little speeding. Other men get away with it, why shouldn't I?"

When they reached the school building several policemen were holding back the crowds.

"You'd better stay in the car," Pat told Kathleen, jumping out. But she shook her head. "I'll tag along," she told him, "if you don't mind."

The street was in chaos. . . . An entire wall had fallen in . . . hundreds of people had gathered. Some were women, who stood in groups and talked together in a continuous angry murmur. One screamed shrilly, "It's God's mercy our kids wasn't in there! I'd like to get my hands on the people who built this rattrap!"

Kathleen shuddered. But Pat made no sign that he had heard, pushing his way to the front, talking to the policemen, to another man who seemed to have authority.

"That's him!" said a big man. "That's Bell—"

The crowd swayed, drew nearer.

Pat spoke. He raised his voice, and it quieted and held them. He said, "You people all go home. You can't do any good here. Your kids are all right; they weren't in the building . . . there's that to be thankful for. . . . And you must remember that this building was passed by the inspectors. It was no one's fault."

The people murmured and then were quiet. But a woman pushed herself through the lines and reached him, beating at him with her clenched fists. She was an old woman, but wiry and strong. She cried, "What about my poor George, what about him, you—you murderer!"

Pat shook her off, gently enough. A policeman standing beside him explained, "Her husband was the watchman, Mr. Bell."

"*Was?*"

"He's in there—somewhere. . . ."

Pat caught the woman's fists in his and drew her away. He spoke to her, low, his tall head bent. After a while she listened. Then she began to cry.

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RASPY THROAT
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GIVE YOUR THROAT THIS MEDICATED BATH...

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He put his arm around her and asked the officer, "Isn't there a woman here who'll take her home and stay with her?"

"I will," offered a big stolid Polish woman, making her way forward. "I'm a neighbor."

Pat had taken a notebook and a gold pencil from his pocket. He asked the woman, "Where does she live?" He wrote down the address, and added, "She isn't to worry about anything."

After a while they left, driving at a more sedate rate of speed, and Kathleen asked, "Pat, what happened?"

"God knows . . . . a fault somewhere, of course. One of those things you can't foresee. . . ."

"But," she said, "how awful! . . . You feel that no one's safe."

"Nonsense!" he said. "It doesn't happen once in twenty years." He breathed deeply of the still, frosty air. "We should be down on our knees thanking God that it didn't happen tomorrow."

"I suppose so. . . . Pat, you're going to help the watchman's wife?"

"Sure. . . . I got the old fellow the job," he said. "We'll take care of all the expenses for her. . . ."

HE was so good, she thought, with a leaping heart. You could forgive the folded bill in the license. . . . Arrogant, as a little boy is arrogant, bribing his way out of a ticket. But taking measures to bury the poor old man in decent earth, and to look after the widow! She put her hand over his on the wheel, impulsively, and then took it away, flushing.

"What's that for?" he demanded curiously.

"Nothing. . . . Perhaps you'd rather not go back to the party," she went on hastily, "after this? I'll understand. You just drop me off and—"

"Don't you want me to come back?"

"Of course. I just thought—"

"Let me do the thinking. I could do with some music and a drink," he told her. "Who's this McClure?"

"Who?" She wrenched her thoughts back. "Oh, Paul. . . . Why, he's a friend of Hannah," she said—"a playwright."

"Smooth guy, isn't he? . . . Looks like an actor. What's he ever done?"

"Oh, several plays . . . one, his first, was a great success. It was a fine play, Pat. It was called Nothing Is Lost."

"Oh," said Pat slowly, "I remember that. Full of high ideals . . . wasn't it?"

She reflected, "It was fine. Since then, while he's had three produced, they haven't been much good. One was a failure, one just so-so, the other ran a long time but it lacked something. . . . He's been in Hollywood."

"Known him long?"

"No; I met him just the day before I met you."

"He's pretty attentive," he said.

"That's his line," said Kathleen; "he's attentive to all women."

"I don't mind," said Pat, "whatever *other* women he's attentive to—"

Her heart raced, happiness ran along her veins like quicksilver. She tried to answer casually. She said, "I wouldn't worry. . . ."

"Does he want to marry you?"

"What a question!"

"I suppose it's none of my business?"

"Of course it isn't," she told him spiritedly; "but the answer is no. . . . I doubt if he wants to marry any one."

"Good!" said Pat heartily.

They slid up before the apartment house, and he helped her out of the car. The elevator that took them up was crowded, and they did not speak. They stood in the back, and she was aware of his strength and nearness to her. She looked at him and looked away. He did not look like the same man who had answered the telephone a little while ago. His color was healthy and normal under the olive skin which she had seen pale to gray, his blue eyes were clear, as untroubled as a child's. He was whistling under his breath. He looked solid and strong, self-confident and without a care in the world.

She thought, How *can* he look like that? But her new allegiance to him hurried to his defense, to explain, It's over and done with, it wasn't his fault, and he will remedy what he can. . . .

THE party was still in full swing. The door was unlocked, they walked in, and Hannah rushed forward. She cried, "For heaven's sake, will you come in and tell us what it's all about?"

Pat said, "Read the papers. They'll take me for a ride. . . . Could I have a drink?"

Kathleen asked, shedding her coat, "Why in the world are you wearing those?"

Hannah pulled off the pigskins. She answered, "It isn't the first time I've put on the gloves with Paul!"

She went off to get Pat a drink, and Pat, a hand under Kathleen's elbow, steered her to a love seat on the far side of the room. When Hannah arrived with bottle, glass, and ice he took them from her gratefully.

"I always wanted to lie back," he said, "and be served good whisky by a beautiful woman."

Hannah made large eyes. She commented, "Pretty speeches from predatory Pat! . . . This wants looking into. Get up there, Kate, and leave me look into it!"

Kathleen surrendered her place by Pat, and McClure came up and drew her aside.

"Well?"

"What?"

"Didn't you depart on an errand of mercy?"

She said coolly, "A wall of a school building collapsed. Naturally he'd go right down."

"And how!" said McClure. "He seemed pretty upset when he left . . . but not now."

"After all," said Kathleen hotly, "it wasn't his doing. The building was passed by the inspectors . . ."

"Is that always according to Hoyle?" he murmured.

She looked at him with blazing eyes. "That's a pretty rotten thing to say, Paul!" she told him.

"Sorry. . . . He looked pretty much on the chipper side when he returned," he said.

"Well, it's Sunday," she said . . . "no one was there but a watchman. . . ."

"No one but a watchman! Of course the loss of one life is preferable to the loss of several hundred . . . but aren't you pretty callous?"

To her horror, tears filled her eyes without warning. She stammered, "I'm not callous, Paul. How can you think it? But—oh," she said, the tears drying, "you're being so unfair to Pat. . . . He was wonderful with the man's wife . . . she'll be taken care of always."

"Croesus and Sir Galahad rolled into one," said Paul. "Sorry again. But he gets under my skin . . . because you love him . . . and because I love you—"

"No, Paul," she began, but her protest died at his interruption.

"Yes," he mocked her; "yes, Paul. Of course you do. . . . But don't think for a moment that I'm licked. I'll be around, underfoot. You can't get rid of me. Even if you marry him you can't. I'll still be waiting—loving you, wanting you . . ."

"You can't mean it!" she said breathlessly. "You haven't it in you to mean it!"

For a moment his gay mocking eyes were very still and grave, and something looked out at her from them, something she tried to define but could not.

"No?" he asked. "Can't I? You wait and see!"

"Kathleen," called Pat, turning his head, "come and settle an argument—I'm getting the worst of it."

"Your master's voice," said Paul with a courtly bow from the waist.

Kathleen always dated the most exciting and eventful period of her life from the night of her party. For a few days following it the newspapers were very busy with the Bell Construction Company, and reporters haunted the office. Several of them evinced a personal interest in Kathleen herself and asked her innumerable questions, some entirely unrelated to the matter of the school building. And it wasn't long, naturally, before it was learned and printed who she was. . . . "Society Girl Secretary" was the label she most often received.

Some of the more sensational papers muttered darkly about an Ethiopian in the woodpile and asked in headlined horror, Shall We Continue to Expose Our Children to Danger? They interviewed the widow of the watchman, sending a sympathetic sob sister to wrest from her the story of her ideal life with her George and her grief at his untimely demise. The sob sister was rather balked in her search for sensationalism when Mrs. George told her vociferously what a wonderful man Pat Bell was. He'd got George the job, and now that, so to speak, the job had got George, Mr. Bell had given him a beautiful funeral and herself an allowance.

The more serious press confined itself to grave speculations and a well written editorial sprinkled with a number of "allegedlys," and both factions kept well this side of the libel law.

But it got on Kathleen's nerves; she was unaccustomed to the goldfish-bowl life. She was inclined to be rather short with the first batch of charming vultures, but Pat set her straight. "Doesn't pay. Tell 'em what they want to know. Be pleasant—that's the best policy. Kicking a reporter downstairs is a direct invitation to break your own leg," he said.

So she smiled and was amiable and Pat handed out cigars, opened the cellaret in his new, larger, more elaborate office and broke out a new bottle. And every one was very, very "happy about the whole thing."

For a time after the disaster Pat was in and out of the office a good deal. When he was in he was closeted with men Kathleen had never seen before and the door was closed to the anteroom. Also he did a good deal of tele-

AUNTIE...IS BAD BREATH CATCHING?
OF COURSE NOT, SALLY! WHY DO YOU ASK SUCH A SILLY QUESTION?
WELL, WHEN I GROW UP, I WANNA HUSBAND! SO I DON'T WANNA CATCH YOUR BREATH, AUNTIE MAY!
MY BREATH!
UH-HUH. 'CAUSE DADDY SAYS BAD BREATH IS WHY YOU AREN'T MARRIED. AN' HE SAYS MAMA SHOULD TELL YOU TO SEE YOUR DENTIST!
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS
COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!
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IS HE REALLY GOING TO BE YOUR HUSBAND, AUNTIE MAY?
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phoning, also behind closed doors. But now and then she heard him shouting, at the men or over the wire. And the burden of his song seemed to be that something was wrong and he would not have it. She was, as it happened, in the room when he rang up a gentleman powerful in city politics. She heard him say, "I'm getting tired of this newspaper stuff. They've had their fun. Now they can lay off. O. K., Dick. I'll leave it to you."

He hung up, swung around, and smiled at her. "We won't be bothered any more," he said.

"But what can he do?" asked Kathleen, who knew the formidable Dick by name.

"Plenty. He knows some heavy advertisers."

She gave that up, because if she looked into it too closely she might not like what she saw. And she wanted to like everything, everything.

One thing she didn't especially like about the office was Jim Haines. Jim was the "business" secretary. He was a lean man, in his forties, with a hard, unrevealing face. He had sharp gray eyes, and narrow shoulders and he looked always a little dingy. He had the run of his chief's office and was a repository for all the Bell business secrets. He was courteous enough to Kathleen and had been helpful to her, particularly at first, when things were strange. Whether he liked or disliked her she did not know, but she realized that she definitely disliked and distrusted him, although she was fair enough to admit that she had no real reason for her reactions. She discussed him with Pat one day, shortly after the school-building affair had become a thing of the past.

PAT started it. He said, "I'm afraid you'll have overtime to do, Kathleen. Jim's off for a few days, but there won't be anything you can't handle. Some letters in regard to the sea-wall contract . . . that's all."

She said, "You give him a lot of latitude. That's the second vacation he's had since I've been here."

"He had the grippe the first time," explained Pat carelessly; "this time it's his biannual bat. He's a periodic drinker. Twice a year he takes about three days off. I can always tell when it's coming . . . and I give him the free time before he asks for it, to save his face."

"But, Pat," she stared at him in horror, "you can't afford to have that type of man around!"

His face became still, a little sullen. Then he smiled, swift and warm as sunlight. He said gently, "You don't understand. Jim's a good man, he's my right hand. There are always men like him. Any engineer on a big construction job will tell you that. You're forewarned, however, and you know your man's worth. Jim always returns, very sober and quite remorseful. And it doesn't happen more than twice a year. Also, when he drinks he doesn't talk—which is important. He's loyal and hardworking. He was with my father, as you know, in this same capacity, and the old man knew how to handle him and passed him along to me as a sort of legacy."

Kathleen digested this without comment. On her next luncheon engagement with Sadie Fischer, the chief engineer's secretary, she asked a timid question, and Sadie, a smart dark girl, laughed.

"Oh, don't let Jim get in your hair. . . . Every one knows about him. We're all sorry for him. He's all right . . . he adores the ground Pat Bell walks on . . . he'd cut himself in two for him. There's a reason for the drinking. He can go just so long and then, when he gets remembering—it happens twice a year or so—he has to drink."

"Remembering what?" asked Kathleen.

"Didn't you know? When he was a young man, just out of college, he married a girl from his own neighborhood; he'd been crazy about her for years. She was some distant relation of the Bells—a pretty Italian girl, they say, with a beautiful voice. She was studying for opera, but she fell in love with Jim and married him. They had a baby. And she—Jim's wife—went insane after its birth and Jim nearly lost his mind, too, worrying. They took the baby away from her and Jim's mother kept it. Then they sent Mrs. Haines home for cured. Things went along all right for several months, and then one day, while Jim was away on the road—he was a salesman then—and the grandmother had slipped out to see some of the neighbors, she killed the baby. Strangled it. . . ."

"Oh!" said Kathleen. "How utterly horrible!"

"She'd gone off again," said Sadie, "and this time for good. She's been in an institution for years. He goes to see her—he feels that he must. It's after he sees her that this—happens. The really terrible thing is that, afterward, he found out that her mother had been the same way . . . and they hadn't told him. She never should have been permitted to marry. After it was over, he went to pieces. He lost his job. Francis Bell heard about it, and gave him a job in the office. He gets a very big salary now; lives alone somewhere on Long Island. And he hates all women. . . ."

Kathleen said thoughtfully, "That makes me feel differently toward him."

Later, she asked Pat:

"Why didn't you tell me about Jim? That tragedy . . . it makes me see him in quite another light."

"I thought you knew," he answered; "every one knows everything in this office. Besides, it was so long ago. I don't suppose he thinks of it . . . more than twice a year."

"Poor devil," said Kathleen; "he's thinking of it now."

Pat shrugged. He said, "My old man made allowances for him. Me, too. Of course I can't see it. What's done is done. Cut it out of your life, discard it, and go on. The other is a weak way."

He was like that, never looking back, washing his hands cleanly of the past. A very strong man, she thought. But she said, "You're hard, Pat, did you know that?"

"I have to be," he told her; "you don't get anywhere unless you are."

But he wasn't always hard. . . . Take the good-for-nothings who came around for money, for work; take George's widow. He was hard and shrewd. He could drive a bitter bargain. He could throw away money, he could be generous, but when it came to business deals, a matter of lending money to some one who could afford to return it, he saw to it that it was returned . . . with interest.

KATHLEEN was learning these things about him. She had fallen in love with him, she sometimes thought, trying to consider the matter dispassionately, because of the way he looked . . . the surface things. She had fallen in love with him because when he touched her, by accident or design, she felt faint, her knees shook, and there was a singing in her blood. She had fallen in love with him because he was utterly unlike any one she had ever known, because he had the drive and vitality of six men, because he could be boyish and disarming, because he could be hard and profane and bitter.

She was learning more about him every day, and falling deeper into love.

She was seeing him, too, out of office hours. They often dined together, sometimes when she worked overtime with him on the less important mail which he couldn't clean up during a busy day, and sometimes in a purely social fashion. "I'll pick you up at seven thirty and we'll have dinner and do a show," he'd say.

She was always ready, and she was, she found, spending more money on clothes than ever before, as he liked her to dress, to have new frocks, pretty and extreme. She even thought, Perhaps I'll splurge and get an Eloise for a New Year's present. He liked to dress, himself, and to walk into a restaurant and bully the waiters in a genial fashion; liked to feel that people were looking at him, admiring his girl and possibly himself.

He demanded service and got it. Sometimes Kathleen went hot with embarrassment at the methods he used, at the dishes he sent back, at the tables he refused. But he said calmly, "You can't let them get the upper hand . . . they'll always stick you behind a post if it's humanly possible. You have to kick . . . or be kicked. . . ."

He overtipped, of course, and the waiters scurried around him. But if his reservation was not to his liking, there were fireworks.

He liked to go to places frequented by well known people. . . . He took a mild interest in the stars of screen and stage, in the newest novelist; but his real attention was given to those whose names appeared often in the society columns. . . .

It would have been tiresome, it would have been a little revolting, if he hadn't been so perfectly frank about it . . . and if she hadn't loved him so much.

Now and then Kathleen ran into people she knew. One was Mrs. Doringford-Carter, a client of her father, very Social Register. Mrs. Doringford-Carter swept up to their table, an amorphous mass of sables, with a hard weather-beaten face, priceless pearls, and an impediment in her speech. She was enchanted to see Kathleen, and how was her darling father and her sweet mother?

Pat sprang to his feet, Kathleen presented him, Mrs. Hyphenated Carter looked him over with the approval she would bestow upon a fine horse.

Kathleen reported, as Mrs. Doringford-Carter waved her escort over impatiently and sat down with him at the Bell table, that her parents were very well, they were having a marvelous trip. They had decided to leave the cruise ship in Italy and stay on for a little while there before going on to England.

"Ah, England!" cried Mrs. Doringford-Carter and launched into an explanation of why she hadn't gone over for the grouse shooting this past season. "But we're poverty-stricken," she said dramatically—"absolutely on our uppers. . . . I suppose your mother and father will visit Elsie?"

"They plan to stop with her," said Kathleen, "for several months."

Mrs. Doringford-Carter turned a bright, meaningless smile upon her escort, a chinless young man who played beautiful polo. "Her father's sister," she explained, "the Duchess of Ainslee."

She rose and swept on, shouting over her shoulder, "Do come see me! . . . We'll be in town after Christmas for a bit—bring your young man to tea. . . ."

"Horrible woman," said Kathleen apologetically, "but she was one of father's practical moments. I mean, as a rule he interests himself in the downtrodden, but every so often he has to take a job for some one like that. A will, in her case—that of an eccentric aunt. Legally she was entitled to it—Mrs. Doringford-Carter I mean. The aunt had willed most of the money to establish a foundation to study the habits of goldfish!"

"I thought she was all right," said Pat. "Look here. What was that crack about the Duchess of Something?"

"Oh," said Kathleen . . . "that. It wasn't a crack. She is—I mean, you know, my father's sister. . . . She married Butch ages ago; he hadn't a ghost's chance of coming into the title. Then a whole raft of relatives died. So he got the title and property. The title bores him and the property is something terrific to keep up."

"But why didn't you tell me?" he demanded.

She said, "There wasn't anything to tell, Pat. Aunt Elsie is just Aunt Elsie."

He said, after a moment, "I hope you're going to take me there for tea some day. . . ."

"Where?"

"To Mrs. Doringford-Carter's."

"Of course, if you like," said Kathleen, "but you'd be bored stiff. All she thinks about is horses. Her butler even looks like one. I was there for dinner one night and I couldn't eat. It was all too, too stables. You expected the roast to rise up and shout 'Yoicks!'"

She thought briefly of Paul McClure. Paul would adore to meet Mrs. Doringford-Carter; he'd think her a riot. He'd like a roast to shout "Yoicks!" . . . She must tell him of this encounter. She was seeing him now and then at Hannah's, but since the night of her party she had refused to go out with him or to see him alone. She had told him so. "It's too uncomfortable," she said . . . "until you get over this—this notion."

Pat said thoughtfully, "I wouldn't be bored. Do you ride?"

"Why, yes," she replied, "but not much recently. . . ."

He said, "I never learned—hadn't time. I might take it up. . . ."

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7 SECOND MYSTERY STORY

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"Why don't you? You don't get any exercise."

"I suppose I'd have to wait till spring."

"No," Kathleen told him, "you can ride in a ring all winter; by spring you'd be pretty good."

"And would you ride with me?"

"You'd never get up that early," she declared. "Have you forgotten I've a nine-o'clock job?"

"We'll see about that," he said.

Just before Christmas Kathleen was alone in her anteroom. Pat was out; she had not seen him all day except for a brief glimpse when she came to work. The door to the anteroom opened and she looked up. An extraordinary little person marched in. She was completely muffled in a fur coat. She wore an old-fashioned toque. Pinned to her lapel was a bunch of fresh violets. She had a round firm face, like a winter apple, and very few lines. She walked with a slight limp and carried a man's old-fashioned gold-headed cane. On her gloveless hands were a quantity of good diamonds. When she spoke she had an accent—not exactly a brogue, but a coloring, a softening.

She asked, "Are you Kathleen Roberts?"

"Yes," said Kathleen, who had risen. She started to say, "What can I do for you?" and then she saw the older woman's eyes. She knew those eyes, she knew them by heart. She cried, and her heart pounded, "Why . . . you're Pat's—I mean you're Mr. Bell's mother!"

Mrs. Bell looked very pleased. She said, "I'm Pat's mother, all right. Is the rapscallion here?"

"No," said Kathleen. "I'm so sorry. He won't return until late and he left no word where I could reach him. Jim would know. I'll call him."

"Never mind Jim," ordered the old lady. "I don't want to see him *or* Pat. It was you I came to see. I would have been here sooner but I've been away . . . on a fool trip. . . ."

"Yes," said Kathleen, "I know. Did you like Virginia?"

"It was all right," said Mrs. Bell; "a lot of old women in rocking chairs and young ones running loose. And some that weren't so young exposing themselves disgracefully in shorts. But Pat thought I needed the change. . . . But I'm back now. . . . I suppose it was you that wrote me the letters he signed?"

"Well, not exactly," began Kathleen cautiously. . . .

Mrs. Bell chuckled. "Don't lie to me, young woman. I know. That boy of mine couldn't write a decent letter to save his worthless neck. . . . Look here. Isn't there a quiet place we could go and have a cup of tea?"

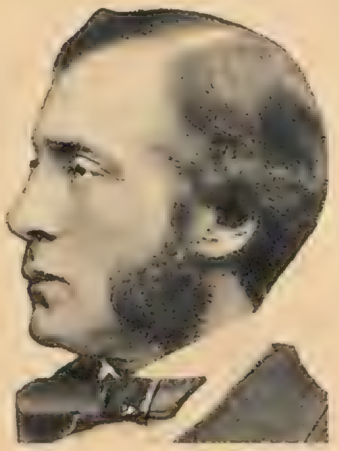
Half an hour later, bewildered but delighted, Kathleen faced Mrs. Bell over a table in an almost empty tearoom. Mrs. Bell was as fussy about tea as Pat about wine. Strong she wanted it, black and strong, with a drop of milk. She drank it, smacked her lips, and set down the cup. She said, "You're a pretty girl, Kathleen."

"Thank you," said Kathleen, entertained.

"I've been thinking," said Mrs. Bell, "that my son is falling in love with you. When I saw him last night, I was sure of it. So I made up my mind I'd have a look at you. And I'd ask you straight out, are you in love with him? And if so, what are the two of you going to do about it?"

Will Kathleen tell Pat's mother the truth? And what effect will the plain-spoken old lady have on the budding romance? Matters come to a head next week after an event that might have culminated in tragedy.

20 QUESTIONS



1—Born in '34, he lived eight years short of a century. He taught chemistry, was president of Harvard, and introduced many educational reforms. However, he's probably best remembered for cramming the cream of literature into a few feet of bookshelf. Who? (See photo at right.)

2—Where were the Olympic Games held in 1916?

3—Who was with Fred Noonan on his last flight?

4—What is Russia's monetary unit?

5—Alcatraz is in which body of water?

6—What was the war song of the Confederate States of America?

7—Tires contact what surface at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway?

8—Which dog is noted for a sour mug, an iron jaw, bowlegs, and a seagoing gait?

9—Where in the Bible is the wearing of pearls prohibited?

10—Does brandy mature in the bottle?

11—Will it be possible to witness the next Kentucky Derby for fifty cents?

12—Which is the ore of mercury?

13—More U. S. Presidents came from which state than any other?

14—Tunis is the capital of what?

15—Which Hungarian composer and pianist became a member of the Franciscan order in 1865?

16—In England, what title does the wife of an earl bear?

17—If the Danube is blue, what color is the Tiber said to be?

18—In the U. S., parcel post is which class of mail?

19—Nature most frequently employs calfskin for what?

20—Who, the son of a once prominent dramatic actor, scored in Lloyds of London?

(*Answers will be found on page 54*)

DEAD ENDS IN DIXIE:

The Scarlet Girl of Black Cove

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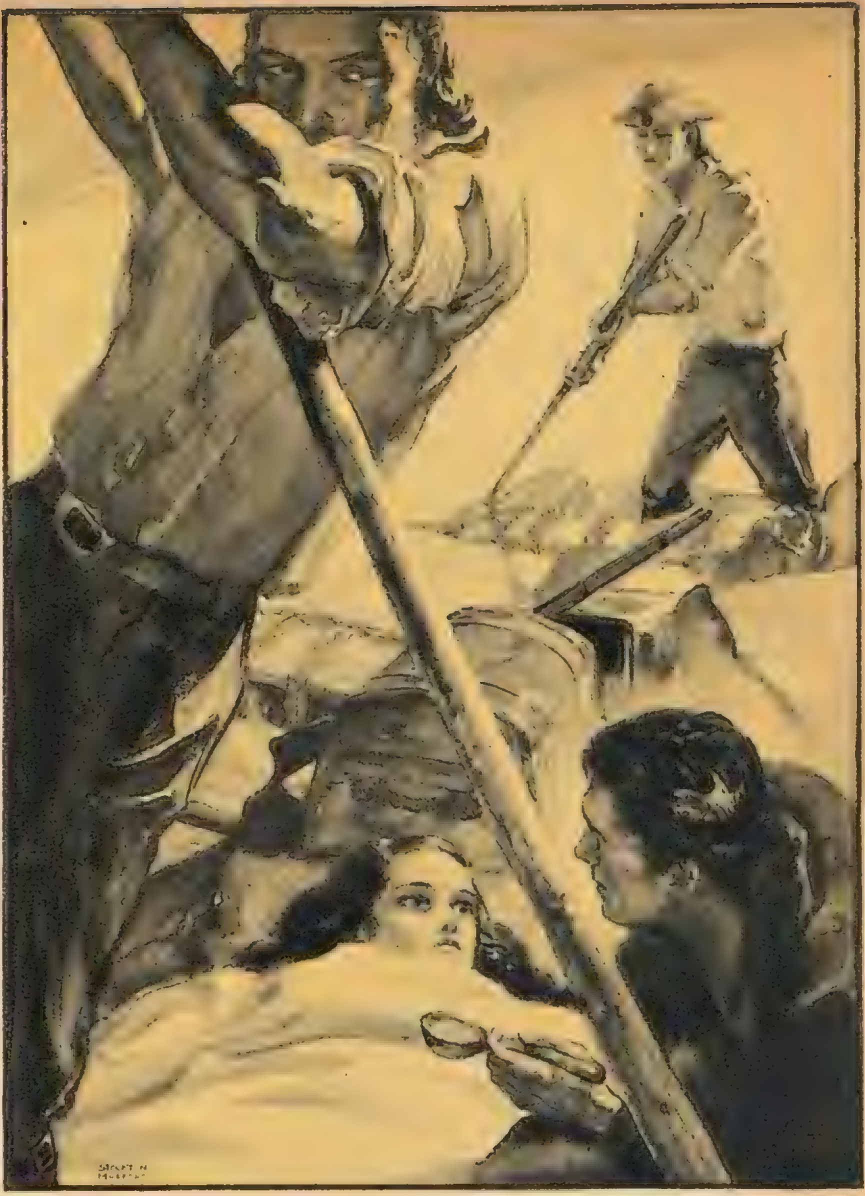

"They poled their log rafts for days, until her travail came on her and they had to land."

A strange, haunting chronicle of old ways and new in these United States

BY MAY DIXON THACKER

I DON' see what's come over you younguns," said Roxanna Spenzor, facing her daughters Lilly and Myrtle, whose ages were sixteen and fifteen, and who were dressed in modern cheap finery.

Roxanna Spenzor the fifth lived in the log cabin in which she had been born fifty-two years before. It was tucked away in Black Cove, at the bend of a river among the high peaks near Mount Mitchell, North Carolina. Roxanna had nine living children. Her oldest, George, was thirty-eight, her youngest not yet three.

" Maw—we've made up our minds, Myrtle and me," spoke Lilly flippantly. " We want you to come and live with us, and sell this place, now you got a chance."

" Nobody kin buy nary a cabin in Black Cove," asserted Roxanna vehemently.

She did not know that a new day had come for the natives of the Southern Appalachian region; that people were being uprooted from their primitive sequestered mountain fastnesses and catapulted into the thick of present-day civilization. She knew nothing of the great Norris Dam in Tennessee. Or of the Shenandoah Park in Virginia. Or of how the great Skyline Drive was even then closing in upon her along the top of her Ridge.

Her voice droned on: " We bin livin' here fer more'n a hund'en and fifty years. 'Twar right on this spot that the first Roxy Spenzor, who war a fine English lady, had her baby. Right here. You-all know that story."

It was the family's one proud heritage. She thought the girls would be silenced by it.

" Maw—now you listen to me," Lilly said glibly. " Do you want to know what I really think about that dame? I think she was a little damn fool! "

" Lilly! Lilly! " gasped the horrified mother.

" Oh, well—what did she do? She was a penniless relation of the great Aaron Burr's wife. She came from England and lived with the Burr family in New York. Aaron Burr fell in love with her—"

" He war a *married man,*" Roxanna interrupted.

Lilly shrugged disdainfully. " So what? "

" But that Aaron Burr. He war terrible. He had pore Roxy's young husband shot as a spy. Fer nothin'! "

" Men had guts in them days," piped Myrtle.

" She war goin' to have a baby. Ever'body would have said hit war Aaron Burr's baby. A woods colt! "

" So what? Roxy acts noble, and runs away down here to where her five cousins live. They take her down the river—to hide her out. They poled their log rafts for days, until her travail come on her, and they had to land on the first spot they could make—Black Cove.

" And what did it all get her? She gives me a pain in the neck. If she'd had any sense, she'd have stayed right there in New York, in Aaron Burr's home, and fought it out. And I bet she'd have got her man! But—just because she was so noble—we've all lived here in this Black Cove for a hundred and fifty years! "

" Shut up, Lilly! " gasped the tortured mother. " Shut up or I'll smack your face! We own Black Cove. Hit's good land, hain' hit? We git along fine, don' we? "

" Naw," sniffed Lilly, lapsing into the language of her childhood. " This place ain' fitten fer a' animal to live in. You jest don' know nothin'. You ain' bin nowhere. You ain' never bin ten miles from this cabin. Myrtle and me, we're goin' places. We're leavin', maw—leavin' fer good."

Roxanna had been expecting it. Two years before, three strangers on horseback had come into their yard and talked about what big things the government was going to do for them—especially for Lilly and Myrtle. How the men had raved over those two and their beauty! Then they had persuaded her to let Lilly and Myrtle go over the Ridge to work in a big new hotel.

Myrtle pleaded, " Aw, come on, maw. You mus' be damn tired. Here you bin married to paw—how long? "

" Thirty-nine years," sighed Roxanna.

" What's it got you? Hard work and younguns—"

" What's a woman fer? " cut in the mother indignantly.

" 'Tain' necessary to have younguns," Lilly stated.

" No woman kin be a wife to a man and not have 'em! "

" You're dead wrong. Maw—we know! "

Roxanna glared. " Lilly, you talk lak a fool."

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"No, I don', maw. You've bin the fool. You married paw when you were fourteen. You had babies all the time. Paw was as mean as—"

"Shut up! Your pappy's a good man."

"Good!" laughed Lilly. "And he made us all be his kind of good. Sally, your oldest gal—look at her. How good was she? She had a brush baby. Good? Oh, yeah!"

Lilly and Myrtle had tasted freedom, the freedom of human behavior in 1938. They had seen the fine new gas station and tourist camp on the Ridge. For two years they had worked as chambermaids in the magnificent new hotel. Lilly summarized their observations:

"These fine ladies and girls who step out of their big automobiles, they've had plenty of husbands or—so what? Not many of them bring along their own husbands. Gosh! Maw, you've been married to paw, the same man, for thirty-nine years. How have you stood it?"

Roxanna gazed at her, dumfounded. "I feel lak I ought to turn you up an' switch you good," she said.

"Listen, maw. Did you love paw when you married him?"

THE mother hesitated. "I ain' never spoke out them things," she said at last. "But I'll tell you: I hadn't bin married but a few weeks afore I knew hit war all wrong, some ways—that he war not my man."

The girls laughed. "You had twelve children by a man you didn't love."

"I done my duty."

"It's funny, maw!" giggled Myrtle. "How's paw treated you all these years? Made you stay home and have babies and work in the field, while he went off on hunting trips."

"'Twas fer the fam'ly meat fer winter," Roxanna said.

"He got a big still—in Devil's Den—down the river a long enough ways off for him to have to stay weeks at a time. He's been gone now more than two months. Tells you he's working at the still and laying by game fer winter meat. Truth is, he's a-working on the road, the Skyline Drive. He's getting two dollars every day. You ain' never had a whole dollar in all your life, maw, have you?"

Roxanna shook her head. "I hain'," she said. Suddenly her face lighted. "But I reckon I will now. I reckon I kin buy me calico fer a dress—I hain' never wore nothin' but linsey—"

"You reckon wrong, maw. Paw ain' going to give you no money. He's got a young gal at the tourist camp. She wears silk dresses. He's got her a house to herself, down in a holler."

It was told at last—what they had been leading up to. They were frightened at the quiet way she took it.

"Come on back with us, maw. Don't you care!"

"This here's my home. I stay here," Roxanna said.

"Aw, maw—please! We got a little white house to ourselves."

"You *have*? Whar'd you git hit?"

"The company rent it for us—the tourist camp people. We got five bedrooms complete."

"Air you gals a-livin' in sin?"

"They don't talk about sin down there," Myrtle giggled. "They treat us fine. We jest dress up and set around with company every day."

"Men?"

"Of course. It's easy. We don't have to do nothing we don't want to. Our extra bedrooms we let out by the night to couples from the camp. When they order drinks we get more money. That's how we caught on to paw. He furnishes the moonshine. He's getting rich. And if you'll come and live with us we'll treat you grand, maw."

"An' leave my baby an' this home my great-grandpappy built? You gals air plumb crazy!"

They said good-by and hurried to their boat.

Roxanna Spenzor's world had been turned upside down. That night she did not close her eyes. Early the next morning she took her baby to Sally's cabin. "I'm a-goin' down the river," she said. "Take care o' Billy."

To go "down the river" meant, in the family, to visit the still hidden in Devil's Den. To carry a rifle, as she was doing, was customary.

"Is paw sick?" asked Sally.

"Not as I knows of. I'll be back tomorrer er nex' day."

She pushed off in a flat-bottomed boat. Landing, she began a long trek over a trail that led to the top of the Ridge—and beyond. At sunset, from the top, she located the gas station, with the tourist camp. She sat down in a clump of woods and waited.

She took but little notice of the bright-colored lights. Vaguely she heard music coming from the cabins—music, laughter, and the sound of dancing feet.

A door opened. A man and a girl came out. The man was all dressed up. She watched them disappear down a winding path toward a hollow.

SHE waited another hour. It was easy, then, to make her way around the station and down that path unseen. In the hollow she came upon a little house. She knocked loudly on the door with the butt of her rifle—then jumped back into the shadows.

The door opened, and there stood her husband, his figure clear and black against the white light within. He saw her—just as she raised the rifle and said:

"You ain' fitten to live!"

The crack of the rifle was followed by a piercing scream, and the girl dashed out. Roxanna waited only long enough to see the man reel and fall.

A roar boomed close to her; a noise she had never heard before. People were running from all directions. But the next moment she was lost in the black wilderness beyond, stumbling through the dense undergrowth, muttering, "Now—I kin sleep. I kin sleep."

This true story of Roxanna will be concluded in Liberty next week.

$2,000 Crossword Contest

Liberty's Cash Prizes Add Pay to Fun and You Still Can Win!

WITH the fourth puzzle of this contest series at the right Liberty's $2,000 cash prize offer for the benefit of its crossword fans nears the half-way mark. If you have solved the three preceding puzzles, you are well on your way toward the prize goal. If you have failed to enter up to this time, get busy right now. You still can enter, with an excellent chance of winning. Read the Rules carefully, then solve and hold this week's puzzle. If you have been solving Liberty's crosswords for entertainment, don't miss this chance to add cash rewards to the fun your solutions give. You may be the one to collect the $500 cash First Prize!

HERE'S HOW TO GET YOUR LATE-ENTRY REPRINT

If you are beginning your entry from this page, you will require the first three puzzles to bring your entry even with the field. If you have mislaid your copies containing these puzzles, Liberty has prepared reprints of the necessary contest material. You can obtain them by writing to the address in Rule 4, enclosing five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing.

THE CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, Each $10	200
200 PRIZES, Each $5	1,000

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a contest crossword puzzle.

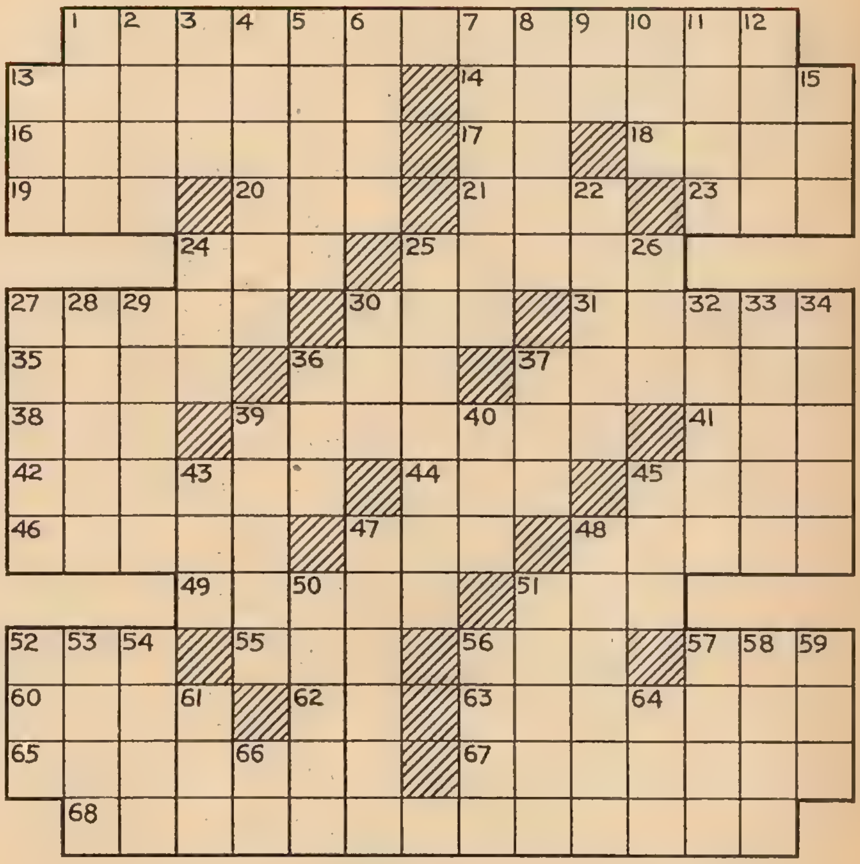
2. When you have solved all ten puzzles, enter them as a unit, accompanied by a statement of not more than fifty words on the subject, "The Story, Article, or Feature I Have Enjoyed Most in Liberty During This Contest, and Why."

3. The most nearly correct set of ten solutions accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement of preference will be adjudged the best and will be awarded the $500 First Prize. The next best will receive the $200 Second Prize, and the next best, the $100 Third Prize. In the order of their excellence the next twenty will be awarded $10 each and the next 200 will receive $5 each. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

4. At the close of the contest mail all entries to CROSSWORDS EDITOR, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

5. All entries must be received on or before Thursday, March 30, 1939, the closing date of this contest.

6. No correspondence can be entered into with any contestant. No entries will be returned. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Liberty and members of their families.



CONTEST PUZZLE NO. 4

A Cockeyed Crossword by Ted Shane

HORIZONTAL

1 Many people are exclusive, but these Sardineans are inclusive
13 Noble hunk of rubber, rare
14 This bird's always rigged out in tails, with white tie
16 Lady celebrated in the stein song
17 Little Ann
18 Oliver, feminine
19 Sunday-morning sleeping section
20 Irish-American verb
21 Cad, with tail
23 Piece out
24 It's almost over
25 One of the best fielders from Kansas
27 They're scraped clean every morning by men and kept moving all day by women
30 Haggard woman
31 What is "May the devil sand your spinach and top your chip shots, you birdbrain, you!" ?
35 Mussoliniburg
36 Skidding bed slat
37 Alpha epsilon gamma epsilon alpha nu—see?
38 Khan of the English race tracks
39 Where Einstein shines
41 Spring outburst
42 Jimmy the Tough
44 Dr. Dafoe's tool chest
45 No. 1 in Italy
46 Two exhibits she used to influence the jury
47 No. 24 in reverse
48 Bared the bones for the paint slinger
49 Bottle baby
51 Snooze scaffold
52 Where things have been falling in the scaffold business
55 Dipped in indigo
56 The Awakening Elephant (abbr.)
57 The juiciest problem in government ownership (abbr.)
60 Why men walk home after long drives, swearing
62 Thundering Dictators (abbr.)
63 Ohm wreckers
65 What bootleggers do to the law
67 Ham holders
68 Ham holders (two words)

VERTICAL

1 In and outers
2 Eight Yanks at Yale
3 What dictators want
4 Product of the children upstairs (pl.)
5 Chew-chew car
6 Señorita's name
7 Parisian jitterbug
8 Scene of the crime
9 Little inn
10 They ought to make this wrinkle-proof
11 Politely naked
12 Mother's stand-by
13 Barnum bait
15 Word from Banker McTavish
22 Collection of short and long dashes
24 The number a dictator is
25 Hunk of puss spinach
26 Only sensible kind of war
27 Air-conditioning device found in old walls
28 Just a shanty in old Ireland
29 What she saw in the Morning Mirror
30 Washington overhead
32 Isn't this puzzling?
33 What fresh young apple-cheeked girls are full of
34 We all felt badly when Gone with the Wind did this
36 Low-pressured, milk-toasty and non-brassy
37 What she put on for his benefit
39 Mucho dougho
40 CX
43 Old-fashioned rattrap
45 •
47 Beet up
48 Bust wide open
50 Lady songbird
51 Period with tail
52 Oh Gosh, Vipers! (abbr.)
53 What heroes do to villains
54 Coldest gal in Alaska
56 Cooler in England
57 It's a big plant
58 Doggy doctors
59 Sap
61 Well known hot spot (abbr.)
64 One of the gin-loving Whitneys
66 Best seller

HELL OR

after

Do you, milady, sigh for lost youth? Here'
who mourns the passing of the years . .

BY MARGO

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

IT has always been a source of amusement to me that after the age of thirty some well meaning friend will remark to a woman as she passes each five-year milestone, "Now you are entering your age of greatest charm." It bears a note of consolation, and as such I accepted it, with an inward smile at the seeming futility of the person being able to say anything more cheering. At the thirty-fifth milestone it struck me that perhaps, even without the donor's realization, there was a vestige of truth there, and now I am sure if I hear the same words at the fortieth milestone I shall say, "Thank you. I have every good intention of doing something about it."

Why fight the forties when it's truly a gift to be cherished and an era to be thoroughly enjoyed? Mentally, physically, and spiritually it can, if a woman so determines, be the most formative period of her life. Faced practically, it can tie together all the foundations laid in "growing up" and the peace of mind of later years which is her birthright.

At a recent commencement which I attended at my alma mater I was a bit amazed to find that I could stir up no feeling of envy for the line-up of youth going up on the platform to receive their diplomas. I so well remember myself at that age pitying the "oldsters," back for reunions, and there I sat actually feeling sorry for youth. Such sweet young faces—no lines, no worries, it's true—but also very little character. Why, the poor dears, they hadn't even started to live! Their diplomas were but graduation from the laying of the foundation for living—very important indeed—but oh, how much they have to learn—the growing pains they still must endure! They don't realize it. They are sure they have reached adulthood. What a blessing—that veil over the future which breeds optimism, contentment, and the conviction that each age as we live it is the age of greatest charm.

How many of us, if given the chance, would go back and relive one year of our lives? For one moment I might feel I would like to relive that senior year at college. But what is it I want to relive? Not the cramming for exams; not the flood of tears at Sunday-evening vespers; not the compulsory gym work, when you couldn't convince the school nurse that you were really too ill. No, it was the friendships I wanted to relive; those friendships which were, many of them, to grow with ensuing years even though I didn't realize it at the time.

Perhaps instinctively I might say I'd like to relive my first year of marriage; but in analyzing, do I mean I want to again go through the readjustments of learning to live with one whose environment had been different from mine? For no two environments are identical. Do I want to relive the agonies of nerve strain when everything goes wrong in the kitchen at the crucial moment; or the mental anguish when he who is unaccustomed to being responsible to any one fails to come home just when he said he would? No. What I wanted to relive was the glow of romance.

I might even say quickly, "Yes, I'd like to relive my daughter's first year on earth." But do I mean I want to relive that time when the maid and baby were both ill at the same time, when I flew from diaper washing in the basement to the peddler at the front door, to the phone, to a crying baby who wanted nothing but to rock in momie's arms? Do I want to relive the 2 A. M. feeding, or the nights the baby wanted to turn into day? No. What I might want to relive is the grand summer afternoons when she jabbered happily in her play pen while I basked in a yard chair admiring her many charms.

You cannot have one without the other. In fact you would be unable to recognize joy without the unpleasant part for comparison. Those unpleasant parts are the "growing pains" in back of us forever. The most impressive thing to me at the college reunion was the charm of the former classmates. The "growing pains" made that charm. Though we perhaps had less in common, due to our paths having veered, my friends were more enjoy-

HEAVEN *forty*

wise, stimulating advice to every woman
A blithe and challenging design for living

HULBERT

able than they were seventeen years ago—much more "real people." They had learned how to live—had acquired tolerance, balance, and charm. They were no longer trying to pattern after some one they wanted to be, but had the courage to be individualists—just themselves after all; no posing but abundance of charm.

If a woman has the courage to face facts and be practical, she truly has the greatest adventure ahead of her—her most interesting and formative period in the forties. She can't just sit still and hope the world will drop it all in her lap. She must plan and work, but I'm sure it is so well worth working for—that peace of mind that must be her reward.

Push yourself off at arm's length. Take a look at the person you have been—the person you are. Then get brutally analytical and tear that person to pieces. Have you been a bit too domineering? Have you forced your opinions on others? Have you been intolerant of others' hobbies which cheated you of their time? Have you been unmindful that other personalities might have no desire to conform to the standard you set for them? Perhaps you have even been too busy "managing" to turn your eyes inward and find your own faults.

The majority of good things in life come from within, and in planning for the forties, why not set your own house in order first? One of the major sins of woman is the paramount desire to be loved—the old matriarchal tendency. It can become an obsession, ending in self-pity if unrealized—self-pity—the most deadly of all diseases. Who ever succeeded in forcing devotion from any one—husband, children, or friends? The inward joy of doing for others, the inward adjusting of values, resulting in tolerance of others, the inward refusal to magnify others' faults and weaknesses—those are the things that make one beloved. And chances are you will be so busy with those inward bits of self-management that you will fail to notice that you are beloved by many. The striving to be loved has faded into the much more interesting job of setting your own house in order.

The physical job of preparing for the age of charm is much more important than I have room for here. It's a real job and one you just will not do unless you have a lot of will power. All the advertising put forth on cosmetics for care of appearance is not just falderal. Daily—and I mean daily—care of the skin pays real dividends. Exercise and food denial are real chores. But they are so worth while in that age of charm. Determination is the greatest motivating force. Every honest overweight person will tell you she loves the taste of food and has no will power about quantities of it.

The spiritual phase must also come from within. Youth has natural complexes that conjure up embarrassment or self-consciousness in admitting the spiritual side of life. They leave that for the "oldsters" to enjoy. How nice it is to have reached the age when you supplant embarrassment with honesty concerning your convictions on the spiritual side of life. It grows, as everything in life grows. Major happenings—joy, sorrow, thankfulness, all tend to bring the spiritual to your consciousness.

FLOHERTY JR

DECORATIONS BY FLOHERTY, JR.

There is no more pitiable object than one who has suffered a blow and has no religion on which to lean. She flounders wildly, trying in a short space of time to gather to her that thing which should have been growing gradually over a long period of time. Whether or not you can have a belief in eternity is not the thing that matters. Religion is for this life, just as much as for some other to come. It makes life here more understandable. It lights an inner glow that is the greatest attribute to the age of greatest charm.

So, when some would-be well-wisher says to you at thirty—thirty-five—forty—forty-five and maybe fifty—who knows?—"You are entering your age of greatest charm," smile knowingly and say, "Thank you. I will see what I can do about it."

THE END

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

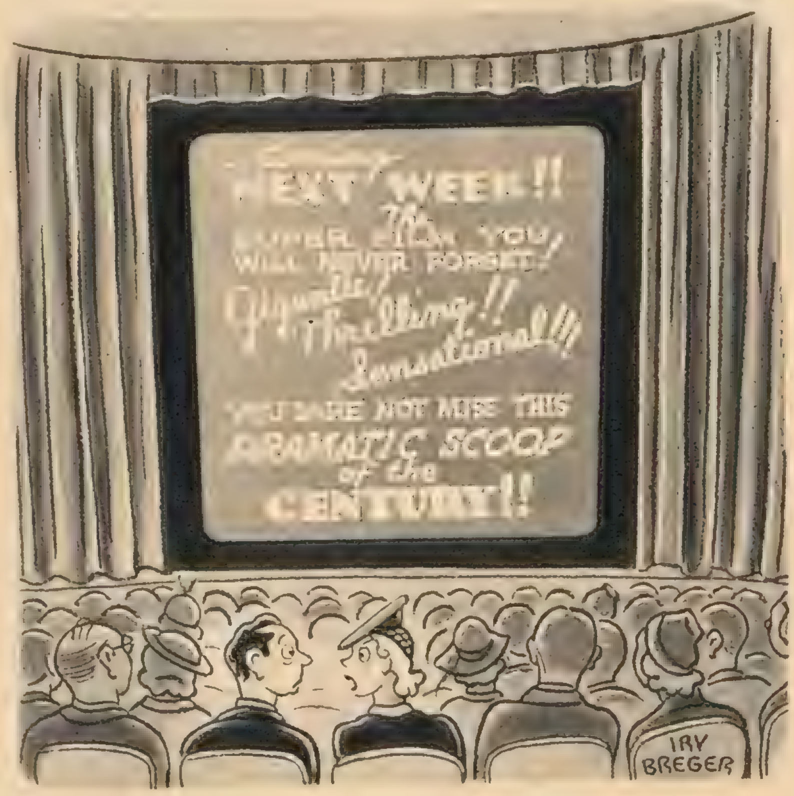
READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 36 SECONDS

IF you saw Louise Boyd in her smart city clothes, you couldn't possibly imagine her to be a lady who keeps on long woolen underwear all summer. She looks as trim as any woman of the fashionable California set to which she belongs. Yet she *does* wear long woolies from spring till autumn—because she spends her summers doing scientific work in northeast Greenland, five hundred miles away from the nearest human settlement.

Louise Arner Boyd has been in love with the North since she was a little girl. Every summer for the past twelve years she has led her own scientific expeditions, her specialty being the oceanography of arctic fiords and the study of arctic plants. A medal was presented to her recently by the American Geographical Society. . . . Talking with me the other day, she painted a vivid word picture of the land that fascinates her so. . . . "Nightless days of constant sunshine, bitterly cold in the shade. . . . Icy streams running inland between steep banks sometimes as high as ten thousand feet, with colorings as brilliant as our Grand Canyon. . . . Fields of dwarfed flowers — dwarf poppies, dwarf bluebells, dwarf buttercups — growing among tiny groves of dwarfed willow trees and birches." . . . Doesn't it sound like a dream place out of a wonder book for children? . . . I asked Miss Boyd about the food there. She said, "Bear steak is nice, and so are seal hamburgers." Her arctic cook used to be a society butler. He prefers camp cooking because, as he puts it, "A butler is only a fellow who watches other fellows eat." . . . Aboard her ship sailing for Greenland, Louise Boyd sleeps every night on dynamite. The entire dynamite supply goes under her bunk. Yet she told me her trips are never *actually* exciting!

☆ Letter from the young wife of a budding politician newly elected to office: . . . "My husband's constituents seem to admire us both, and I'm delighted, but after shaking hands with them for hours at receptions my hand isn't any good to me for days. What can I do to save my hand?" . . . Learn the wooden-hand method, as practiced by political folk of experience. First, either take off your rings or at least turn the stones in to the palm side. Keep your fingers tight together, thumb widely separated from them. Poke your hand quickly into the other person's hand — *never* let anybody grab your hand and squeeze.

☆ Grandma's gentle art of *tatting* has come back this year, along with our revival of wasp-waisted evening gowns and various fancies from Edwardian times. More than a few members of the social-registerite knitting brigade now tat in a serious way. The little tatting implement and ball of fine thread are less burdensome to carry around than knitting paraphernalia is, and there are amusing new uses to which tatted things can be put. I've seen lamp shades of bright blue tatting in a snow-crystal pattern, mounted on a white ground, then heavily shellacked. Also a tea tray of white tatting on a blue ground, under thick plate glass.


NEXT WEEK!!
The SUPER FILM YOU WILL NEVER FORGET!
Gigantic!
Thrilling!!
Sensational!!!
YOU DARE NOT MISS THIS DRAMATIC SCOOP of the CENTURY!!
IRV BREGER

"We always seem to come here a week too soon!"

☆ A progressive young couple of my acquaintance built themselves an up-to-date house in the country. It was the last architectural word, complete with air conditioning throughout. Some weeks ago they found an uninvited caller in the basement. They ejected him rather rudely; a big mistake on their part—because he was a skunk. He proved his identity right square in front of the intake for their air-conditioning system. It happened, worse luck, to be operating at the time. Now my poor young friends have memories of skunk in each and every room.

☆ For girls in offices Frances Maule has written The Road to Anywhere, a clever new book about secretarial work and its opportunities. (Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company.)

☆ A high-up customs official has just been telling me the latest tricks employed by smugglers of jewelry and precious metals. No longer in vogue are the diamond-stuffed bonbons and cold-cream jars of yesteryear. False bottoms in ladies' handbags are still quite catchy—ladies who try them get caught easy as pie—but the new trend in stylish smuggling has turned very definitely toward proletarian appurtenances. The really *chic* smugglers are now bringing valuables in disguised as workmen's tools. Inspectors dug recently into the grease-begrimed toolbox on an auto with which a homecoming New York society woman had been touring Europe—and found it full of *platinum* hammers, tire irons, etc., worth a fortune. Fake license plates made of solid gold have crossed European frontiers on smugglers' cars—haven't turned up here as yet, but the customs people expect them.

☆ With ham or bacon, these crisp *Cornapples* make an excellent cold-weather breakfast. They're good for supper, too. . . . Use 1 medium can dry-pack corn. Add 2 lightly beaten eggs, 2 cups bread crumbs from a stale white loaf, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon onion juice. Mix well. Let stand 10 minutes, then shape into small round croquettes the size of a lady apple. Stick a clove in each; top with a dab of butter or bacon fat; bake about 20 minutes in brisk oven. Just before serving, sprinkle one side of each croquette with enough paprika to simulate an apple's rosy cheek.

This is a very attractive dish for breakfast parties on Sunday.

Mr. Garfield Warms Up

'Mid temperatures rising to 120 degrees, an actor rising to stardom makes a new and lusty bid for fame

BY BEVERLY HILLS

★ ★ ★ THEY MADE ME A CRIMINAL

THE PLAYERS: John Garfield, Claude Rains, May Robson, Gloria Dickson, Gabriel Dell, Leo Gorcey, Billy Halop, Huntz Hall, Bobby Jordan, Bernard Punsley. Screen play by Sig Herzig from a story by Bertram Milhauser and Beulah Dix. Directed by Busby Berkeley. Produced by Warners.

THIS melodrama was built to order for John Garfield, New York's East Side actor who rode to fame in his first film, Four Daughters. Here Garfield plays a young pug who disappears when a murder seems to be pinned on him.

He wanders to an isolated date ranch in the Southwest, is brought into the ways of clean thinking by a priest's aged sister who runs the place. When he tries to earn enough money in the prize ring to help her, still hiding his identity, the police descend upon him.

The ranch scenes were filmed last summer on a real thirty-acre date ranch near Indio, California, the company making its headquarters at Palm Springs. The temperature at 6.30 A. M. was 100 degrees; it climbed to 120 degrees by midday.

That wasn't the worst of it. The location was haunted by septillions of gnats, utterly immune to sprays and make-up. Noisy cricket echoes in the mikes held up scenes. It was so hot the film had to be kept in a refrigerator truck.

The six Dead End kids are present, playing cocky young New York ruffians sent to Mother Rafferty to have their lives straightened out. May Robson plays the reforming rancher. During the filming she lived in an air-conditioned lodge atop the San Jacinto Mountains, motored back and forth to location twenty-four miles each day, worked but a half hour in the intense heat. Miss Robson protested at all this. "I won't be coddled," she said. "If those six sweet boys can stand it—I can." When Miss Robson got back to Hollywood, she fell out of bed and broke an arm.

Beulah Bondi was substituted in her role; scenes were reshot. Then, after the film was finished and Garfield had gone to New York to see his sick father, the Warners decided to put Miss Robson back in the part. More reshooting.

The fight scene—in which the pursuing detective catches up with the young pug—was staged in James J. Jeffries' "barn" near Burbank, California.

The Inside Dope: John Garfield has more color and vitality than any new young actor of the last twelve months. He's real, unadulterated. This tailor-made story may help him, unless you find it too made-to-order.

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

YOU are the critic! Each week ten dollars will be paid for the best review in 100 words of one of the films previewed by Beverly Hills. Put your own star rating on your review. From these ratings a reader-rating will be averaged. Later you will be able to compare Beverly Hills' prediction, Beverly Hills' final rating, and the reader-rating of each important picture. Send your review of one of this week's films to Beverly Hills, Liberty Magazine, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y., not later than midnight, February 8. The winner will be announced in the issue of March 18.

★ ★ ★ HONOLULU

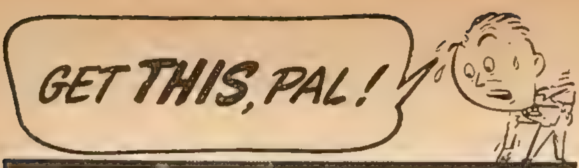
THE PLAYERS: Eleanor Powell, Robert Young, Gracie Allen, George Burns, Judith Allen, Jo Ann Sayers, Eddie Anderson, Rita Johnson, Clarence Kolb, Willie Fong. Directed by Edward Buzzell. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

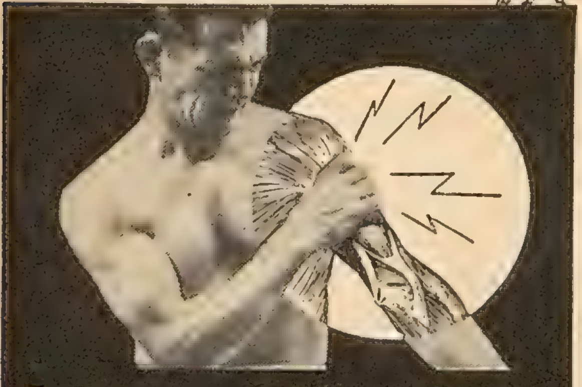
ELEANOR POWELL is rated the best tap dancer in these United States, but she never has gotten over in a big way in the films. She has danced enchantingly, but her personality has been as tight as baled cotton. Here she is given another shot at popularity with a strong supporting cast.

The story really revolves around Robert Young, who plays a screen idol bored with adulation and autograph seekers and who finds a man, a pineapple planter from Hawaii, exactly resembling him.

Young plays both gents. The film favorite hires the double to go on a tour for him while he departs for Hawaii and a rest. There he finds

Claude Rains, fugitive John Garfield, and Gloria Dickson in They Made Me a Criminal.


GET THIS, PAL!



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Olive Tablets being *purely vegetable*, are harmless. They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods but also help elimination. Get a box TODAY. 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

himself face to face with marriage to the wrong girl when—presto!—the double disappears.

Miss Powell, as the girl of the screen star's dreams, does several elaborate dance numbers. One is the spectacular Hymn to the Sun, said to be based upon a traditional Hawaiian dance; another is a novelty number, A Pair of New Shoes; and a third, with the background of a Pacific steamer, is an imitation of Bill Robinson in his famous stairs dance.

George Burns and Gracie Allen of the airways are present with their brand of cockeyed humor, and Eddie Anderson—you know him as Jack Benny's Rochester—is the movie star's valet who gets all balled up in his bosses.

When the Hawaiian interludes of Honolulu were finished, everybody grew sentimental. Andy Ilona and his Islanders played Aloha, everybody presented Miss Powell with leis of gardenias, carnations, and orchids, tears were shed.

The weekly $10 prize for reviews covered in the December 24 issue of Liberty has been awarded to Louise Davis, 2320 Serrano Road, San Bernardino, California, for her review of Artists and Models Abroad.

That's the way Hollywood is, dear reader. Sentimental—until tomorrow.

The Inside Dope: Another spectacular dance film designed to show the best of Eleanor Powell, her twinkling toes.

★ ★ ½ ST. LOUIS BLUES

THE PLAYERS: Dorothy Lamour, Lloyd Nolan, Jessie Ralph, William Frawley, Jerome Cowan, Victor Kilian, Tito Guizar, Cliff Nazarro, Maxine Sullivan, Matty Malneck and his Boys, the King's Men. Screen play by John C. Moffitt and Malcolm Stuart Boylan based on an adaptation by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan of a story by Eleanore Griffin and William Rankin. Directed by Raoul Walsh. Produced by Paramount.

CHARLIE McCARTHY'S pal, Dorothy Lamour, the young woman who made the sarong famous, co-stars here with Lloyd Nolan. Nolan has been playing heavies, jumped into this role when George Raft declined to do it.

The plot is washed along by a Mississippi flood. Miss Lamour plays a blues singer who has been masquerading on a barnstorming tour as Aloma of the South Seas. Tired of her sarong, she runs away from her manager, joins up with a showboat managed by Mr. Nolan. The boat is beached on the lawn of Tito Guizar's Creole plantation. But in no time there is romance on board, as the boat, awash again, moves southward.

Remember the Alaskan inlet of Spawn of the North? It was staged in Paramount's big $20,000 concrete tank which holds 375,000 gallons of water. This same tank plays the Mississippi; here in fact Mr. Nolan rescues Dorothy from drowning.

Lloyd Nolan has had a heartbreaking film career. He was let out of Paramount and next released by Columbia, was re-signed by Paramount after his hit in The Texas Rangers. He has gone on ever since playing bad cinema boys rather neatly, until Raft's rebellion made him a hero in this film.

The Inside Dope: This is Lloyd Nolan's big chance, there's Dorothy Lamour with and without sarong, there's the background chant of a blues that is now American tune lore.

In Liberty for December 10, it was stated that George Seitz was the author of The Perils of Pauline. This was incorrect. The author of this serial is Charles W. Goddard.

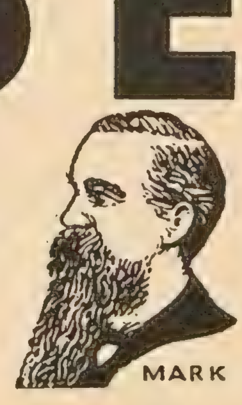
FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

The pictures are classified according to the reviewer's prediction. The figures in parentheses after a picture title show the final classification by Liberty's reviewer and the consensus of our readers' ratings.

★★★★—That Certain Age (4, 4), Suez (3, 3½), You Can't Take It with You (4, 4), Men with Wings (3½, 3½), Marie Antoinette.

★★★½—Jesse James, Walt Disney's Shorts (3½ 3½), Sweethearts, If I Were King (3½, 3½), The Great Waltz (3½, 3½), The Sisters (4, 3½), Spawn of the North (3½, 3½), The Lady Vanishes (3½, 3½), Four Daughters.

★★★—You Can't Cheat an Honest Man, The Beachcomber (3, —), Pacific Liner, Zaza (3, —), Tail Spin, Kentucky (3, 3), Stand Up and Fight (3, 3), Pygmalion (3, 3), The Great Man Votes, Gunga Din, Christmas Carol (2, 3), Trade Winds (3, 3), Dawn Patrol (3, 3), Out West with the Hardys (3, 3), Submarine Patrol (3, 3), Dramatic School (3, 3), Just Around the Corner (3, 3), Angels with Dirty Faces (3½, 3½), The Shining Hour (3, 3), Sixty Glorious Years (3, 3), The Cowboy and the Lady (3, 3), Gangster's Boy (3, 2½), Brother Rat (3, 3), The Arkansas Traveler (3, 3), Mr. Wong Detective (3, 2½), There Goes My Heart (3, 3), Service de Luxe (3, 3), Room Service (3, 3), Garden of the Moon (3, 3), Carefree, Boy Meets Girl, The Road to Reno, Sing You Sinners, The Crowd Roars, Mother Carey's Chickens, Drums, The Texans, Army Girl.



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Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A

This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold infections.

TRADE MARK

Was Becker guilty? Here's more light on New York's most sensational crime

They had a supply of brandy. Visitors of either sex were permitted at any hour.

MURDERED BY THE STATE?

BY ALAN HYND

READING TIME
19 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

From the three no-accounts who had sat drinking with Rosenthal in the Metropole, Deputy Police Commissioner Dougherty learned that Bridgey Webber, one of Bald Jack Rose's pals, had come in and spoken to Rosenthal not long before the shooting. Dougherty concluded that Webber must have "fingered" Rosenthal. Brought in, Webber admitted having seen him in the hotel, but obviously lied about the time and about his own errand there.

A statement given to the newspapers in behalf of Shapiro, part owner of the murder car, tended to put Jack Rose even further on the spot. Consequently Rose came to Dougherty. He said his loan to Rosenthal (it was actually Becker's, as Dougherty was aware) had been a mere business transaction between the two of them. He brought in a new name, that of the dapper and pompous Sam Schepps—whom Dougherty knew to be thick with Big Jack Zelig, who had a "stable" of gunmen and kidnapers for hire, in Harlem. Dougherty found that recently, when Zelig had been arrested on a minor charge, Jack Rose, Bridgey Webber, and Harry Vallon had gone his bail.

It leaked out that District Attorney Whitman had been questioning Rose, and was thirsting for a "master mind" and "higher-ups."

On July 18, Dougherty received and jotted down a cryptic-looking phone message. As he showed it to a lieutenant, he exulted: "Boy! Have I got this case busted wide open now!"

PART FOUR—THE TALE THAT DOOMED FIVE MEN

THEN the lieutenant recalled a simple rule to which stools adhered when phoning in a name. They would spell it out in code, giving for each letter the number of the letter's place in the alphabet.

Thus decoded, this seemingly inscrutable message read:

Ask driver
125 St
4—1—7—15
d a g o
works for
26—5—12—9—7
z e l i g

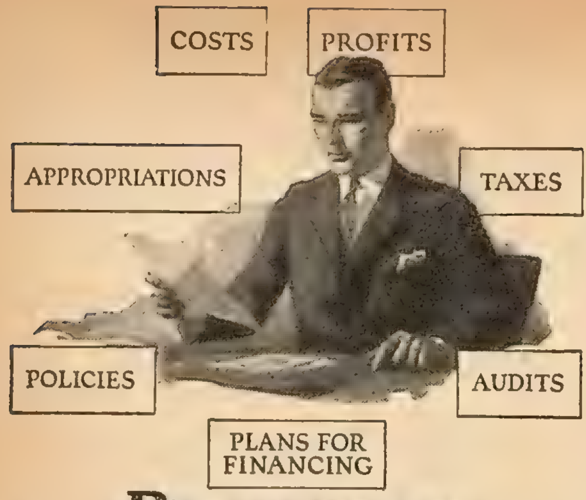
All of which meant that Shapiro, who had, through his lawyer, admitted having driven the gray touring car over at least part of the murder route and "beyond One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street," knew the identity of an Italian gunman who worked for gangster Jack Zelig and who was involved in the crime.

Dougherty thumbed through some pictures in an old wooden filing cabinet, and came up with front and side views of a young man, and with this notation:

"Cirofici, Frank, known as Dago Frank and the Dago, 240 W. 125th St. Works for Jack Zelig."

Dago Frank had flown the coop. But it soon developed that the Dago had been very sweet on a girl named Harris, who lived at 523 West 134th Street. Miss Harris, whose reputation left something to be desired, had been arrested on a minor charge a few days before the murder of Rosenthal; and who but Dago Frank had put up the bail!

Upon ordering surveillance of Miss Harris on the sup-



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Present Position____________________

Address____________________

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ADDRESS..

CITY..................................STATE...........
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position that the Dago would communicate with her sooner or later, Dougherty got another inspiration. He now recalled that Zelig and his gorillas frequently attended the clambakes of the Sam Paul Association. And so the deputy commissioner recalled for questioning Jack Rich, the King of the Newsboys, who had attended the clambake held the Sunday before the murder. The King said that Zelig and some of his boys, whom the King didn't know, had been there.

Now, Dougherty knew that the Sam Paul Association went in heavily for group photographs, many copies of which were often made and hung in saloons and other haunts of the gamblers. So he issued orders that the walls of every joint in the bright-light sector be stripped, if necessary, for he wanted as many Sam Paul outing pictures as he could lay hands on.

Meantime, word had trickled out from Headquarters that the well informed boys and girls around the midtown sector who had in the past pulled little jobs that the police hadn't bothered about much would find Mr. Dougherty very, very put out if they didn't come in with any information that they thought would be of help to him. And so " Sheeny " Sarah, one of the better known prostitutes, shuffled into Headquarters, perspiring under cheap furs in midsummer.

She told the deputy commissioner that, just the night before, an unidentified drunken client of hers had let out the information that one of the gunmen in the gray car had been left-handed. Dougherty was doubtful about the authenticity of this intelligence, but he made a note of it nevertheless.

When the Sam Paul outing pictures began to come in, he spotted Dago Frank in several of them. Then he scrutinized most carefully the faces nearest to the Dago's on the theory that in the average group picture proximity usually means mutual esteem. In two photos Dougherty spotted, right next to the Dago, a hard-faced forty-five-minute egg named Louis Rosenberg, better known, because of his port-side proclivities, as Lefty Louie.

THIS was very pat indeed. For Lefty Louie was, like Dago Frank, an " employee " of Big Jack Zelig. Lefty's address was a roominghouse in a shoddy section of Brooklyn. When the cops went there, they found that he had left without leaving a forwarding address. So had a pal with whom he had shared a room—one Whitey Muller, better known as Whitey Lewis, expert gunman.

And now Dougherty was ready to tighten the screws on Shapiro, driver of the gray car. When he flashed photos of Dago Frank, Lefty Louie, and Whitey Lewis on Shapiro, the part owner of the murder car developed something that looked like palsy, and said:

" Yeah, I drove them away—them and a fellow they called Gyp."

Gyp. Gyp? Gyp!

Gyp the Blood—real name Harry Horowitz—was another Zelig gunman. His photo was right there in the files and Shapiro identified it. Thus the policeman now knew who all five men in the fleeing car were. Gyp the Blood, of course, was among the missing, but that didn't particularly concern Dougherty. He felt it would be but a question of time before routine sleuthing would result in the apprehension of all four triggermen.

And now Shapiro came clean, or almost. Bald Jack Rose (according to him) had been the prime mover in affairs for several hours before the murder. Shapiro had driven Rose, Vallon, and Sam Schepps up to the vicinity of 125th Street, where they had picked up Dago Frank. Then everybody returned to Bridgey Webber's gambling joint near the Metropole, where Shapiro waited outside. Some little time before the fireworks, the gray car pulled up across from the Metropole. Shapiro thought this was to be just a beating-up job, or a snatch, at worst, and he dozed off behind the wheel while eight after-dark characters loitered in or near the car. These were the four gunmen, Sam Schepps, and the Three Musketeers—Webber, Vallon, and Bald Jack Rose.

IMAGINE Shapiro's surprise when he was awakened by the sound of shots! The four gunmen piled into the car and told him to drive off, which he did. The quartet were deposited a safe distance from the Metropole and Shapiro took a ride for himself and eventually wound up back at the garage on Washington Place.

When Shapiro was deposited in the Tombs for safekeeping, the word soon got around that he had talked and implicated everybody. A few days passed. The four gunmen were still missing. So were Vallon and Sam Schepps. But Webber and Jack Rose were very much in evidence, particularly in the vicinity of District Attorney Whitman's suite in the Madison Square Hotel.

Lieutenant Becker was in the meantime maintaining a cautious and dignified silence. His attitude seemed to be that if Mr. Whitman thought he was involved in the murder, let Mr. Whitman go ahead and prove it.

And now Bald Jack Rose blew the lid off. He made a confession, complete and with all the trimmings, to the district attorney who simply couldn't get it out of his head that somebody in the Police Department had engineered the murder of Herman Rosenthal. This confession was the story that was to send Lieutenant Becker to a burning doom; and it was to remain unsuccessfully challenged for a quarter of a century, until a man on his deathbed implicated himself, exculpated Becker, and named as the actual killer not any of the four gunmen but a fifth man who beat them to it. The man now named as the killer today breathes the air of freedom in Brooklyn, and he will be named in these pages when the deathbed affidavit is set down in its chronological place.

Let's listen, then, to Bald Jack Rose's tale that sent five men to the chair. It will explain, among other things, why, years later, when Rose was running a hamburger stand, he almost collapsed when a wise guy popped in and said: "Fry five!"

Rose and Becker met and became chummy a year before the Rosenthal murder (Rose began). Over drinks in a New Jersey roadhouse, Becker explained that he was going to feather his nest from his connection with the Strong-Arm Squad. "I'll knock off some big joints, and collect to get the charges dismissed," he told Rose. "Then I'll make others come across if they want to stay open. But I'll need a collector. How would you like the job? There's twenty-five per cent in it."

Rose was tickled and the two men shook hands on it.

The Strong-Arm Squad (Rose went on) then staged a series of raids that made Gotham's eyes blink. Bald Jack thereupon called on the operators of the closed joints, and also on others who had not yet been raided, to threaten them, announcing that he was acting on behalf of Lieutenant Becker. The gamblers, knowing his reputation, suspected a skin game, and gave him the hobo's heave. So he had to call in Bridgey Webber, who was regarded as an honest crook, to help him with collections. Pretty soon the dough was rolling in fast and everything was just fine and dandy.

BUT then Becker got tangled up with Sorehead Rosenthal, after getting Bald Jack to front for him on the $1,500 mortgage loan. When Becker and Rosenthal got to swords' points, Becker went to Bald Jack and said:

"Rosenthal is threatening to make trouble by exposing the whole set-up. I want him taken care of." (All this according to Rose, remember.)

"You want him beat up, you mean?" inquired Rose.

"Beat up nothing! I want him shot, murdered, his throat cut—anything to take him off the face of the earth." (These are the exact words that Rose put in Becker's mouth in his confession to Whitman.)

"Who do you want to do it?"

"Get some of Big Jack's gang. They ought to do a swell job of it." (This is still Rose putting words in Becker's mouth.)

Rose went over to Brooklyn to confer with Lefty Louie and Whitey Lewis. He told them that Lieutenant Becker wanted Herman Rosenthal killed.

"What for?" inquired Lefty Louie.

"He's a squealer, and the lieutenant wants him croaked before he gets a chance to squeal."

"Oh. But what have we got to do with that?"

It would, the Bald One explained, be a golden opportunity to get on the right side of the powerful lieutenant. "If I tell him you won't do it," Jack opined, "he might frame you and send you up the river."

"Have you talked to Big Jack about this matter?" Whitey Lewis wanted to know.

"I haven't," lied Rose, "but some one else has."

"Does he think," Lefty Louie now inquired, "that it is all right to go ahead?"

Bald Jack nodded.

"All right. When do you wish this job committed?"

"As soon as possible."

"Now, about money. How much is in it for us?"

"Lieutenant Becker will see that you are well taken care of. He has plenty."

"All right. Just let us know where this fellow Rosenthal is to be and we will see that he is taken care of. We will get Gyp and the Dago to help out."

Bald Jack told Becker: "Any morning now you will wake up and read where Rosenthal has been murdered."

"That's great," said Becker (or so Rose alleged). "Now keep after those fellows. Tell them to drop everything else until they get Rosenthal off of the earth."

Several days passed. Rose trailed Rosenthal, but Rosey seemed to be steering clear of "spots." Becker called at Rose's home. "What's the matter?" he wanted to know. "I see Rosenthal's still around, but I don't see anything of those fellows."

"We haven't had the right chance yet, Charlie."

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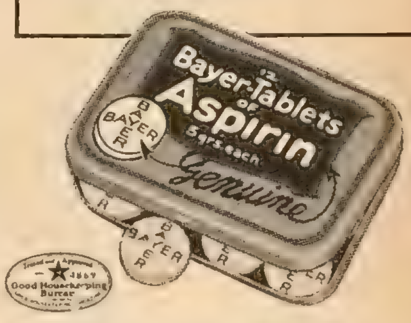

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"Well, you better make it quick, or I'll have to do the job myself. And if I do, it'll be too bad for all of you. I'll send you up the river, sure."

A week passed. Nothing happened. Becker (this is still Rose talking to Whitman) was very impatient. Rose explained that "those fellows" were waiting to get Rosenthal in a quiet spot.

"What difference does it make where they get him?" thundered Becker. (Again we have the exact words that Bald Jack ascribed to him.) "They can shoot him at Broadway and Forty-second Street at high noon, so far as that's concerned. What's to stop them? I can fix everything."

Seven more crosses appeared on the calendar. Still nothing doing. Then Becker (said Rose) dropped into Bridgey Webber's and, in Rose's presence, said, "Bridgey, I guess Zelig's boys don't take much stock in what Jack here says. I want you to go to them and impress them that I want Rosenthal taken from the face of the earth."

"Ain't you afraid, Charlie, pulling something like that?"

"Listen. Anybody doing a thing of this kind will be benefiting the city. I'll fix the old man in City Hall if necessary."

A few days later, with everybody still stalling—not wanting to be framed by Becker, yet not wanting to go up for homicide—the lieutenant phoned Bald Jack to meet him that night at the corner of Seventh Avenue and 124th Street. "And bring Bridgey along."

That night Rose, Webber, Vallon, and Schepps met Becker (Rose said) at the appointed place, and the five went to a vacant lot near by. This was to be known as the Harlem conference and was, in a way, to be the very crux of the State's case against the policeman.

"I have been informed," said Becker to Webber, "that Rosenthal is trying to arrange a meeting with District Attorney Whitman. Do you realize what that means?"

"Who told you that?" asked Webber.

Becker said his informant had been Rich, the King of the Newsboys and his very good friend.

"Charlie," said Webber, "leave this to me. I'll get results now."

On Sunday, July 14, when Rosenthal's blast came out in the World, Becker phoned Rose. The lieutenant was now fit to be tied. Had the job been done when he had first suggested it, he said, the World blast wouldn't have been possible.

"Not only that," he added; "I get word he's been to the Madison Square Hotel and that he's going again. Get busy, or all of you are going up the river."

Rose told Becker that he was on his way to the Sam Paul clambake and would perfect final plans there. On the Monday night, Rose said, he met Becker in the Lafayette Baths and told him that he, Webber, Vallon, and Schepps were keeping an eye on Rosenthal's place, that the four gunmen were going to assemble at Webber's place, that he had hired the Shapiro car, and that the job would be done at last, if Rosenthal set foot outside his house.

Where Rosenthal was riddled: The front of the old Metropole. On beyond the corner is Times Square.

Somehow, Rosenthal eluded his shadows until Webber thought to take a look in the Metropole. When Bridgey came back and told Rose, Vallon, Schepps, and the four gunmen, "He's in the Metropole right now," what happened has best been described as a rush for the door.

With Rose, Vallon, Webber, and Schepps hanging around, with the four gunmen waiting in the car, Shapiro at the wheel, we already know what was to happen. Rose said that Vallon or Webber, impatient, had sent a passer-by into the hotel to tell Rosenthal to come out. Who the passer-by was, Rose didn't know, and that cleared up in the district attorney's mind the puzzle of why the man had not been identified.

After the job was done, Rose phoned Becker at his apartment and gave him the news. "That's fine," said the police lieutenant. "Allow me to congratulate me." (This is some more

MORE HOME LIFE SNAPSHOTS PRIZE AWARDS

Winners of Contest No. 6

FIRST PRIZE, $50

William L. May, Alhambra, Calif.

SECOND PRIZE, $25

Henry Schroyen, Regina, Sask.

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Winners of Contest No. 7

FIRST PRIZE, $50

L. Davis, Fox Chase, Pa.

SECOND PRIZE, $25

Roy A. Stadelman, Hopkinsville, Ky.

TWENTY-FIVE PRIZES, EACH $5

Mrs. C. H. Conley, Alamo, Tenn.; Waldo Ellis, Kansas City, Mo.; Sidney Elkins, Memphis, Tenn.; J. W. Fuller, Chattanooga, Tenn.; John C. Haberstroh, Livingston, Mont.; A. J. Haggett, Regina, Sask.; G. Elliott Hartfield, Albany, N. Y.; Mrs. William A. Jordan, Colorado Springs, Colo.; Mrs. Arden Kirkpatrick, North English, Ia.; Edward C. Krebs, Portage, Wis.; Lloyd P. La Plant, Honolulu, T. H.; Fay Lawrence, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. N. N. Mahood, Seattle, Wash.; Elaine Marshall, Halifax, N. S.; John W. McCurdy, Pittsburgh, Pa.; William N. Michel, Atlanta, Ga.; Marian Miller, Waco, Tex.; Myrtle Nelson, Los Angeles, Calif.; Martin Otto, Toronto, Ont.; Wilfred J. Taylor, Vancouver, B. C.; Walter Shaw, Trenton, N. J.; Mary R. Smith, Garden City, N. Y.; Mildred Snyder, Minneapolis, Minn.; Tom Stanton, Gary, Ind.; Mrs. Reed Wigham, Panhandle, Tex.

Winners of Contest No. 8

FIRST PRIZE, $50

Leonard B. Crandall, Jackson, Mich.

SECOND PRIZE, $25

Mrs. Paul F. Estey, Providence, R. I.

TWENTY-FIVE PRIZES, EACH $5

Richard Bachtel, Glendale, Calif.; Mrs. A. R. Biggar, Dania, Fla.; C. A. Brennan, Summerside, P. E. I.; Mrs. H. M. Breyfogle, Alton, Ill.; E. G. Clarke, Prairie River, Sask.; H. W. Crutchfield, Downey, Calif.; Eri Douglass, Jackson, Miss.; Hugh J. Geiler, St. Louis, Mo.; Fred Haskins, Columbus, Ga.; Chiff Ketchum, Phoenix, Ariz.; L. E. Larson, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. J. Lippens, Montreal, Que.; H. H. Morris, Wilmington, Del.; Miss E. S. Nelson, Mountain Lakes, N. J.; Alvin C. Porter, South Bend, Ind.; Robert Rahmn, Roscoe, Calif.; Mrs. M. A. Rodemacher, Beaumont, Tex.; E. E. Shoemaker, Portsmouth, Ohio; E. Sumner Thayer, Worcester, Mass.; Leonore Thomasson, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Mrs. A. R. Trace, Seymour, Wis.; I. M. Waller, Regina, Sask.; Robert Watson, Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. Anton Welter, St. Paul, Minn.; Edward Wolf, Amherst, Ohio.

Becker speech à la Bald Jack Rose.)

The morning following the murder, about noon, Rose said Becker authorized payment of $250 to each of the four gunmen. Webber put up the money, and Bald Jack turned it over to Lefty Louie at Fiftieth Street and Broadway, told Lefty that he and his pals should go immediately into hiding, and then went into hiding at the Pollok apartment himself, all at Becker's bidding.

Becker insisted that Rose lie low. Everybody seemed to be taking a run-out powder, and Rose grew restless. He kept in touch with Becker through Pollok, but then, after he saw Shapiro's statement in the papers—the one that incriminated him—he decided to come clean in order to save himself.

SUCH was the tale that was to send five men to their doom. When news that Bald Jack had confessed leaked out, Bridgey Webber in turn went into a huddle with the D. A. Then the parchment-faced Vallon, the third musketeer, materialized from out of the unknown, and followed suit.

On the night of July 29 Deputy Commissioner Dougherty walked into a police station in the Bronx, where Lieutenant Becker had been assigned to duty after the slaying, and dropped into a chair opposite his friend.

"Charlie," he said, "I've got to pinch you."

"What for, George?" asked Becker, no trace of emotion on his hard face.

"The Rosenthal job. Rose, Webber, and Vallon have all confessed, and they implicate you."

"It's no more than I could expect of such rats," said Becker. "All right, let's go."

It was after midnight when Becker arrived at the Criminal Courts Building in Dougherty's custody, pleaded not guilty to a charge of murder preferred by the district attorney, and crossed the Bridge of Sighs to the Tombs. There he was placed in a cell as far as possible from those occupied by Rose, Vallon, and Webber.

Meantime, alert law-enforcement officers in Hot Springs, Arkansas, had been keeping an eye on one Samuel Franklin, a dapper and pompous New Yorker who had been observed reading all about the case upon arrival of the New York newspapers. One local officer intercepted some of Franklin's mail and convinced himself that the man was Sam Schepps, wanted in New York.

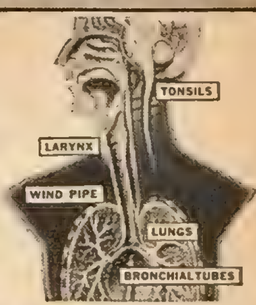
So Schepps was bundled off in that direction. Whitman and members of his staff met the train at Albany. There was a long talk during the ride down the Hudson, and when the crusading Mr. Whitman arrived in Grand Central Terminal, he told the newspapermen that Schepps had given him a statement that he regarded as highly satisfactory.

Everybody wondered what Schepps had said. Under the rules of evidence, the confessions of the Three Musketeers would have to be corroborated,

COUGHS...

Here's Why You Cough . . .
WHEN YOU CATCH COLD

1 Congestion results and the tiny glands in your throat and windpipe cease to work properly.
2 The secretions of these glands often turn to heavy, clinging phlegm.
3 This sticky phlegm irritates your throat and you cough.



How PERTUSSIN Relieves Coughs—

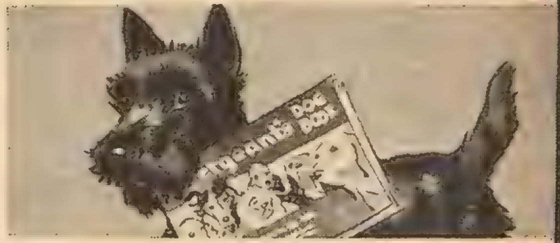
1 Pertussin, an herbal syrup, stimulates the glands in your throat to pour out their natural moisture.
2 Then that sticky, irritating phlegm is loosened, and easily "raised" and expelled.
3 Your throat is soothed and your cough relieved quickly and safely by the Pertussin "Moist-Throat" Method.

PLEASANT AND QUICK FOR YOUNG AND OLD AS PROVED BY MILLIONS OF BOTTLES USED

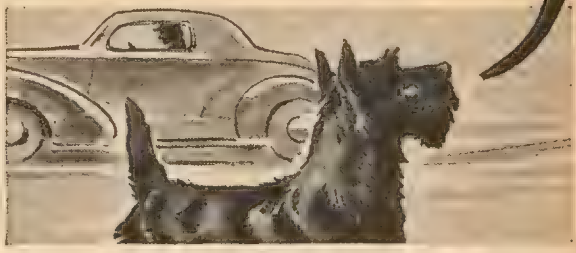
PERTUSSIN
PRESCRIBED BY MANY DOCTORS FOR 30 YEARS

SURE—I USED TO CHASE CARS!

I had the habit — till the Boss read that Albert Payson Terhune article in the new Sergeant's DOG BOOK telling why I chase 'em and how to stop me.



The Boss is a swell guy — but he can't know everything, see? So — he gets the DOG BOOK and learns all about foods and medicines for me! All about training, and breaking bad habits.



Now I can take cars or leave 'em alone — and I haven't been off my feed for months. That BOOK'S got something. It's free to you at drug and pet stores — or with this coupon. Don't miss it!

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES

POLK MILLER PRODUCTS CORP.
Dept. GL-2, Richmond, Va.
Please send a free Sergeant's DOG BOOK to:
Name__________
Address__________
City__________ State__________

Check
COLD
DISCOMFORTS

AT the first sign of a cold, make up your mind to avoid as much of the sniffling, sneezing, soreness and stopped-up condition of your nostrils as possible. Insert a little Mentholatum in each nostril. Also rub it vigorously on your chest. You'll be delighted with the way Mentholatum combats cold misery and helps restore comfort.

MENTHOLATUM
Gives COMFORT Daily

GUARANTEED: Buy with confidence anything advertised in Liberty.

WHY SCRATCH?
USE LUCKY TIGER

MADE to allay scalp itching—To relieve scalp irritations—To check excessive falling hair—To remove loose dandruff and to beautify the hair. Millions use Lucky Tiger—and come back for more; they have been doing this for over 25 years. Satisfaction guaranteed or Money Back.

Memo A NEW LUCKY TIGER WITH OIL
A new L.T. with OIL is now being made for excessively dry hair and scalp. A 35¢ bottle will be sent upon receipt of 12¢ stamps to pay packing and postage.
Lucky Tiger Mfg. Co., Dept. 81, Kansas City, Mo.

RITZ CARLTON
Philadelphia
Convenient Location
Single Room & Bath—$4.40 up
Double & Bath—$6.60 up
E. G. Miller, Mgr.
You'll be Happy at the Ritz

BE A RADIO EXPERT
Learn at Home—Make Good Money
Many men I trained now make $30, $50, $75 a week in Radio. Many started making $5, $10, $15 a week extra in spare time soon after enrolling. Illustrated 64-page book points out Radio's many opportunities, also how I train you at home to be a Radio Expert through my practical 50-50 method. Television training is included. Money Back Agreement given. Mail coupon today. Get book FREE.

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 9BY3,
National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.
Send me, without obligation, your 64-page book "Rich Rewards in Radio" FREE. (Please write plainly.)
AGE..........
NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
CITY .... STATE..........

in so far as they concerned Lieutenant Becker, by a nonparticipant in the plot. Was Schepps to appear as this nonparticipant?

The big town was wondering about a good many things by this time. Especially when Mr. Whitman, asked by a reporter whether he was going to seek indictments against Schepps and the Three Musketeers, answered:

"Oh, no. They have promised to testify against Becker, you see."

Proximity to the man they had implicated being distasteful to them, all four were removed, upon Mr. Whitman's orders, from the Tombs to the West Side jail on West Fifty-fourth Street.

And now a morning newspaper learned that these four men, three of them confessed murder plotters, were certainly getting favoritism from some authoritative quarter. Prison garb didn't bother them. They didn't wear it. Prison food didn't bother them. They didn't eat it. Plentifully supplied with money, they sent a deputy warden out to such famous places as Rector's, Delmonico's, and Sherry's for specially prepared dishes. Schepps had a Turkish throw rug brought into his cell, also a desk and a comfortable chair. Vallon kept pretty well liquored up from a supply of fine brandy that friends had sent to the boys.

What was more, the four were permitted visitors of either sex at any hour. And, to top things off, they formed what they quaintly called the West Side Court Prison Athletic Club, with membership limited to themselves. There was room for fifteen-yard sprints in the exercise yard, and Webber, who had been seen running from the crime scene, usually won.

Publicity anent all this brought about a sharp shift in public opinion. Many who had convicted Becker in their own minds now figured he was being framed by these four rats who were luxuriating thus. Certainly they were offering something very, very valuable to the ambitious district attorney. And that something seemed to be a policeman.

Becker, man of iron, said nary a word as he sat grim-faced in his cell, while the D. A. went ahead with plans to try him first and solo. It got rumored around town—nobody knows how—that Becker meant to go it alone, on the theory that his word was better than the word of these rodents. If he was convicted, the rumor ran, he could always fall back on the powerful connections of his good friend Big Tim Sullivan, Tammany leader. And Becker could count on Big Tim, the rumor said, because he knew that Big Tim was tied in with the whole rotten mess, and that if he spoke it would be curtains for Sullivan.

Sullivan was the second most powerful politician in New York. He had rocketed from street gamin to newsboy to saloonkeeper to ward heeler and power in Tammany, and then had gone to Congress. A nod from Big Tim would make or break you. Nobody ever proved he was a grafter in a class by himself, but no job he ever had nor any business he was ever in could have accounted legitimately for the millions of dollars he was worth.

He had been instrumental in having Becker appointed head of the Strong-Arm Squad, and as soon as Becker became virtual dictator of mid-town gambling operations, Big Tim started salting away more money than ever. So draw your own inferences.

The moment he heard the news that Herman Rosenthal had been murdered, the big politician became a suddenly sobered man. Deep lines appeared in his face. Surely, thought the wise boys, this casehardened boss wasn't *that* worried just because a protégé of his was in a mess. No; it would have to be something that would affect Big Tim himself to cause this change in him.

Then one day the word started going around—word that must have reached Charlie Becker in the Tombs:

"Big Tim's out of his head. He's nuts. He's a raving maniac!"

What possible consequence of the plight of Becker could Big Tim have been dreading? Was there to be anything sinister-looking about his supposedly accidental death? Meanwhile, where were the four gunmen, and how did Dougherty round them up? Don't miss this inside story's breath-taking disclosures in Liberty next week!

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 40

1—Charles William Eliot.
2—The Olympic Games were not held in 1916 because of the World War.
3—Amelia Earhart.
4—The chervonets.
5—The island of Alcatraz is in San Francisco Bay.
6—Dixie.
7—A surface of bricks.
8—The English bulldog.
9—First Timothy 2:9— ". . . that women adorn themselves . . . not with . . . pearls . . ."
10—No; only in the cask.
11—Yes—new bleachers are to be erected for the next running.
12—Cinnabar.
13—Virginia.
14—Tunisia.
15—Franz Liszt.
16—Countess.
17—Yellow.
18—Fourth.
19—To cover calves!
20—

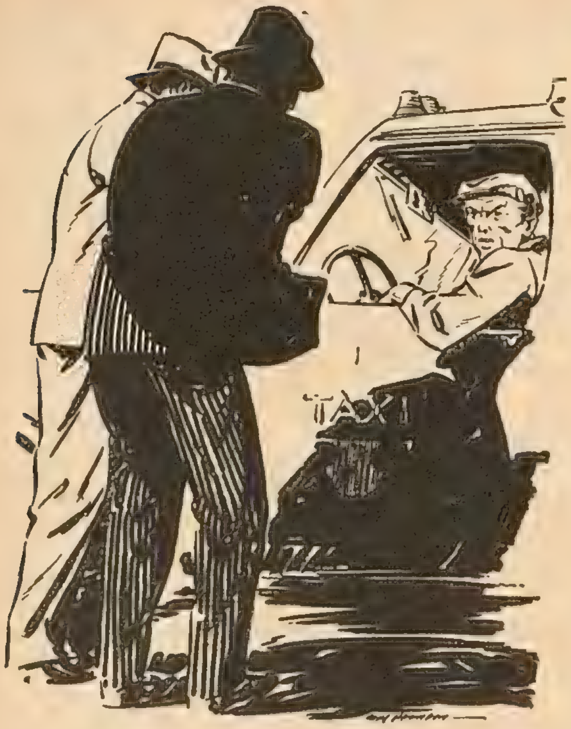
Tyrone Power

SEVEN PASSPORTS·TO GLORY

A roster of brave deeds. Does one of them rate Liberty's valor award?

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 50 SECONDS



"I'm sorry, but this cab isn't working. I'm waiting for my day driver."

Editor's Note: When Liberty announced its annual Gold Medal Award for Valor in Citizenship, we expected to be able to print in these pages practically all the cases deemed worthy of consideration by Homer S. Cummings, Thomas E. Dewey, and George E. Q. Johnson, the Committee of Award. But the response—not only from readers but from district attorneys, chiefs of police, and other law-enforcement officers—has been so enthusiastic that, to our sincere regret, we cannot possibly find room for all of them. Here, in an effort to mention as many as possible, are seven:

DETROIT, MICH., Aug. 5, 1937.—At 3.25 this morning Louis Sansoterra parked opposite the Detroiter Hotel. Two men came toward him. One had a gun in his hand.

"I'm sorry," said Sansoterra, "but this cab isn't working. I'm waiting for my day driver."

The two men sneered and turned away, stopped a passing cab and got in. But a red light spoiled their getaway. Sansoterra hailed Patrolman John R. Sheridan, who approached the cab. The man with the gun did his stuff. Sheridan fell dead.

The light changed. The cab started. Sansoterra gave chase. Patrolman Homer Faucher joined the pursuit. So did Motorcycle Patrolman Lloyd Kerbyson.

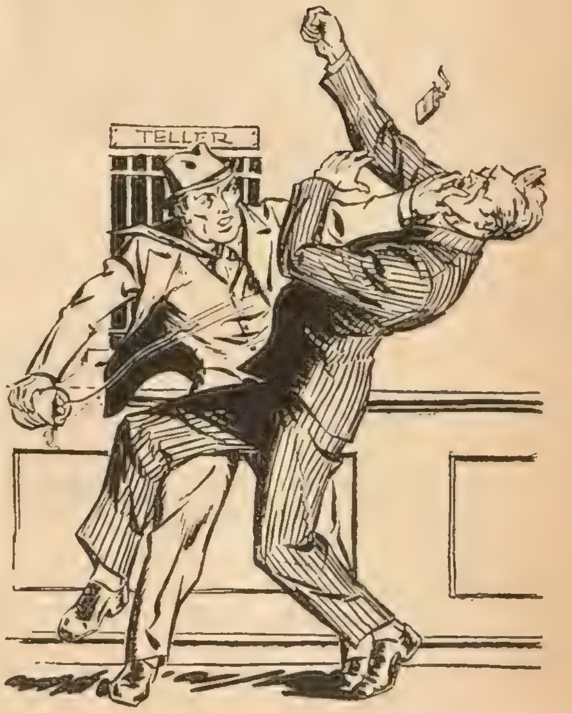
Sansoterra overtook the murderers ten blocks up Woodward Avenue, just as Kerbyson came alongside. Together they curbed the escaping car. Kerbyson and Faucher made the arrest. At the trial, Sansoterra told his story. Sentence for the two killers: Life.

BUFFALO, N. Y., June 2, 1938.—A 200-pound Texas bad man walked into the Liberty Bank and said: "I want $10,000." In one hand he held paper and a lighted cigarette; in the other, something attached to a fuse. On the paper he had written:

This fuse is attached to dynamite which has three containers of nitroglycerin wrapped around it. Now hand over the money. One false move will be a grave mistake on your part. If any one tries to stop me going out of this bank, we will all be blown up.

City Judge Patrick J. Keeler, making his weekly deposit at the next window, read the note. The problem, he saw, was to get the explosives before the man could light the fuse, and *without allowing the nitro to drop.*

The man was holding the lighted cigarette close to the fuse. Judge Keeler seized his lethal package and, with a smooth jujitsu motion, twisted it out of his hand. The lives of fifty people were saved.



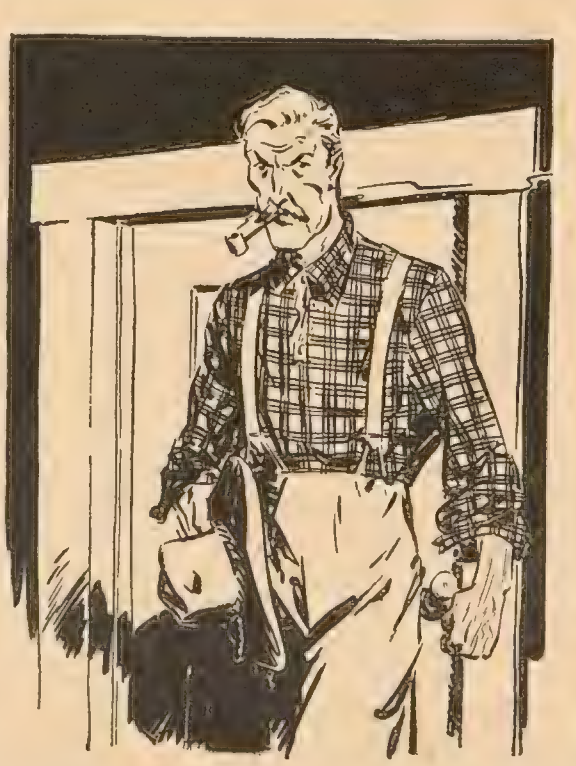
Judge Keeler seized his package and smoothly twisted it out of his hand.

KENNEBEC, S. D., Dec. 31, 1938.—District Attorney Furlong of Lyman County couldn't find any one who would testify against a hard-bitten citizen he was prosecuting for drunken driving. The situation looked hopeless until he called to the witness chair one Jake Wolf, rancher and farmer, who lived with his family at a place called Grass Rope. There, unseen rifles had put an end to many a local career and branding irons had burned more than one "informer." But as Jake took the stand it was clear that he was one Grass Roper who feared neither.

"Was the defendant under the influence of liquor?"

"He was not only that," said Jake; "he was drunk."

The case was in.



Jake was one Grass Roper who feared neither bullets nor branding irons.

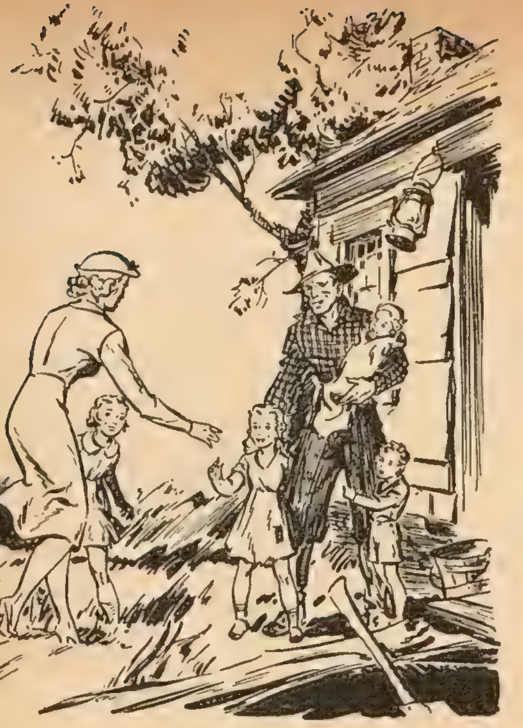
INEZ, KY., Aug. 28, 1938.—Viola Runyon, aged nine, lived with her mother, Polly Runyon, housekeeper for James A. Watterson, college-bred and socially prominent Martin County timberman who died May 31, 1913.

Twenty-four years later, Viola, now married to John Harless, a rugged, honest mountaineer, and living with him and four small children in a one-room cabin on a mountainside, was haled before a grand jury to tell what she saw on that May night in 1913. Her testimony caused the indictment for murder of Harvey Hardin, a member of a wealthy family, who had been calling on her mother, and to whose visits at his camp Watterson was known to have objected.

Subsequently, partly on the strength of Viola's evidence, the mother was indicted as an accessory to the crime.

According to Commonwealth's Attorney J. L. Harrington, Viola and her husband were approached, first with threats, then with bribes, to change her testimony.

At the trial, she sat during court recesses with her arm about her



Her duty done, Viola went back to her husband and her children in the cabin.

mother. Nevertheless she refused to alter her testimony one iota. She could not keep back the tears. But she did not falter. "If she can't help herself," she said, "there's nothing I can do to help her."

Then, having done her duty as she saw it, she went back to her husband and children in the cabin.

Subsequently the case against Polly Runyon was dropped.

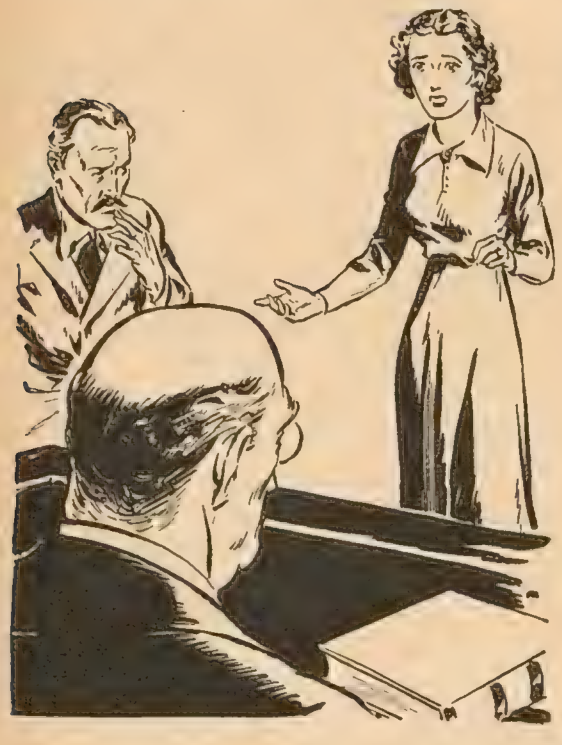
PECOS, TEX., Dec. 28, 1938.—Emily Newchurch of Wink, Winkler County, Texas, married against her father's will. When she and her bridegroom returned to seek the parental blessing, the father in hot blood, according to testimony, shot and killed the bridegroom.

Newchurch, pending trial, was released on bail.

Father and daughter were known to be very close—especially since the mother's death several years ago—but the community gasped when Emily, now a girl of seventeen, calmly went back to live with her father, as if nothing had happened to cause a rift between them. It gasped again, four months later, when Emily took the stand at the trial and gave unflinchingly the testimony which resulted in her father's conviction.

"Despite her love for her father," said District Attorney William L. Kerr, "she did not waver in what she considered her duty to the state."

The case at this writing is on appeal. The father is again out on bail. There may be a new trial. Emily may have to testify again—but she is still living with her father.



At the trial she gave testimony that resulted in her father's conviction.

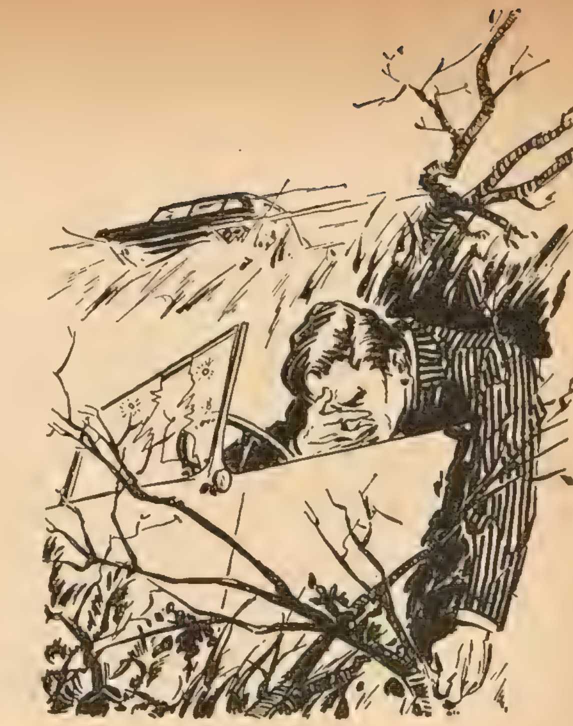
SALEM, OHIO, Dec. 20, 1937.—About two years ago, two bandits held up the cashier and assistant cashier of the Farmers National Bank. With their loot, $20,000, they sped toward Warren, Ohio. Herman Stratton, twenty-eight-year-old business man, whose suspicions they had aroused, gave chase in his car, although he was unarmed, besides being outnumbered.

LIBERTY MAGAZINE VALOR IN CITIZENSHIP AWARD
FOR OUTSTANDING BRAVERY IN THE WAR OF CIVIC RIGHTEOUSNESS —

Liberty's Gold Medal for Valor in Citizenship, to be awarded to—whom?

As he gained on their car, the bandits opened fire with two guns. Stratton held to his course. If he could gain another hundred feet on them, he could read their license. The bullets whistled by him and over him. Still he rode on.

There was a crash of breaking glass. Excruciating pain. His car veered to the side of the road, crashed into the bushes. The robbers had shot their way out. But Stratton had given his left eye in the service of the community.



A crash of glass. Excruciating pain. Stratton's car crashed in the bushes.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., July 8, 1938.—The State Supreme Court has just declared all forms of coin gambling devices illegal in Florida. "We had only $3,000 and they had $60,000,000, but we had right on our side, and we won," said J. E. (Jim) Barbee, pastor of the Riverside Avenue Christian Church of Jacksonville, to whom all Florida gives credit for slaying the slot-machine trust.

Two years ago Florida was crazy over slot machines. Thefts, hold-ups, embezzlements, suicides piled high because of them. Wives stole from husbands, husbands from wives, children from both, to get the money to play the machines. The politicians would do nothing. Police were helpless. Modest, soft-voiced Jim Barbee formed a Committee of Ministers in Jacksonville, and then a state-wide organization.

Mostly it was Barbee himself who fought the long fight to a victorious finish. Almost daily there were threats against his life. In Tallahassee a stranger phoned him: "You'd better stop or you'll meet the same fate as the Lindbergh child."

When threats failed, bribery was tried lavishly. The climax came in the phoned offer: "We'll give you any amount if you go back home."

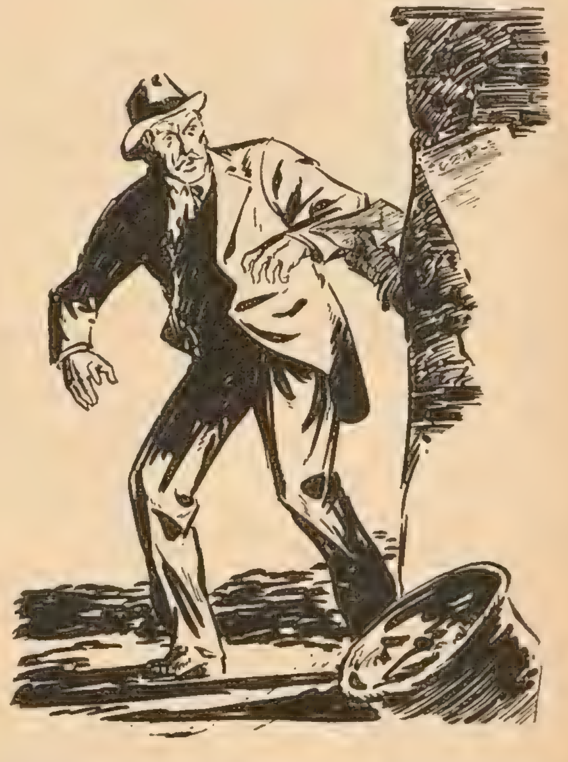
"My price is pretty high," he replied.

"We'll give $100,000."

"Whatever it is," he laughed, "it's not big enough."

If you ask me, that's valor !

THE END

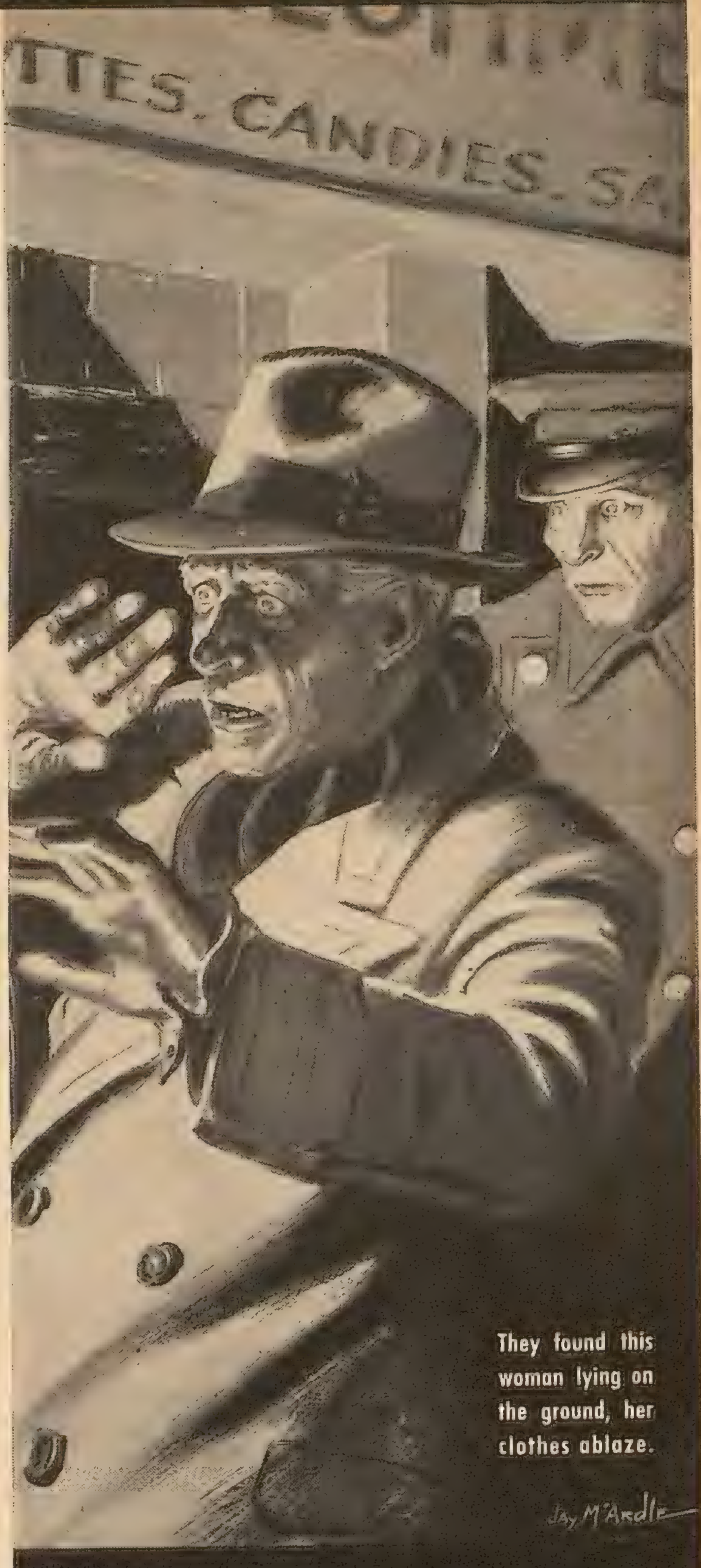


When threats failed to stop Barbee, bribery was tried lavishly—in vain.

WILL THESE MYSTERIOUS CRIMES EVER BE SOLVED?

MARGARET BROWN'S STRANGE DEATH

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 15 SECONDS



They found this woman lying on the ground, her clothes ablaze.

The bizarre story of a phantom torch-killer who proved his own guilt—but has never been found

BY FRED ALLHOFF

FOR the first time in four hours, the woman on the hospital bed moved. Sleepiness went out of the cop's eyes and he bent over her. Her lips parted, and a weak rush of whimpering incoherent words came from between them.

"What's your name?" the cop demanded when the babbling had stopped. "Who are you?"

He got more of it for answer. Her eyes opened to stare glassily at him. He waited; tried it again.

"Who—did—it?"

The jumbled flow of words resumed, grew faint, was succeeded by a rattle deep in her throat. The nurse came to pull the sheet up over her.

The cop scratched his head. "Sounded, that last time, like she said 'doctor.' You get it?"

The nurse shrugged. "That was delirium talking."

"I guess so," the cop admitted reluctantly. "We ain't getting any breaks at all in this case."

There was truth in that. Things had gone sour from the outset. The woman had been found about five hours earlier—at 11 P. M. on February 20, 1928, in a wooded section outside Bernardsville, New Jersey. Coming into that town, Eno Campbell, wealthy owner of a silver-fox farm, saw a blaze behind a closed hot-dog stand. He and his chauffeur got out of the car, trudged through four inches of snow, and found this woman, her clothes burning brightly, lying on the ground.

It was an intense fire, and they found that her clothing was drenched with gasoline. There were little puddles of it in the snow beside her.

After a while they decided that they had the fire out and that she was dead, and they hurried to Bernardsville, where they found a cop, who went back with them.

When they got back she was blazing again, and they discovered she wasn't dead. They were sure they had put out the fire. Whether they hadn't, or whether the slayer had returned, is anybody's guess. She died without saying anything intelligible.

The scene of the crime told nothing. No container which might have held the gasoline was found, and that knocked out suicide—a fantastic theory anyway.

The dead woman, according to the doctors at All Souls' Hospital, Morristown, was about forty years old. Everything about her suggested refinement. Her hair, just beginning to gray, had recently been bobbed. If she had had a pocketbook, it was gone, and there was nothing in her clothes to hint at her identity.

She hadn't been the clothes-mad type. Her stockings were lisle, and a slip she had been wearing was cotton. The only jewelry on her was an inexpensive necklace of beads. She wore pince-nez attached to a black silk band. An optician said they had been made for a person suffering from astigmatism of both eyes.

She had been wearing a squirrel coat with a label: "Leous, Furrier, Buffalo, N. Y." This coat didn't fit the picture. It was modish, expensive—the kind of fur coat a man buys for a woman not his wife. The investigators based high hopes on it. They didn't mention that, but gave everything else they had to the reporters.

The next morning the newspapers splashed the story. This unknown woman was the East's first murder-fire victim, and they outdid themselves in terming the crime the "human torch murder."

By Tuesday evening (she had been found Monday night) the cops had her tentatively identified as Margaret Brown, forty, a governess in the family of wealthy James Parke Gillespie of 1105 Park Avenue, New York.

The next morning, three of the woman's relatives confirmed that identification. They were Miss Mary Brown, twenty-six, a niece employed in an office on Columbus Circle, New York City, her father, Ferdinand Brown—a bookbinder—and his wife, all of Fort Lee, New Jersey.

From the morgue they were taken to the office of District Attorney Francis L. Bergen of Somerset County. Mr. Bergen and his Chief of County Detectives, Joseph Hanlon, began, with considerable skill, to dig.

All three relatives insisted that the woman had not even one male friend, had not been interested in men, and had never married. The autopsy confirmed their claim for her of spinsterhood.

She emerged from their truthful descriptions as a quiet, cultured woman who spoke three languages fluently. For ten years she had been in the employ of the Gillespies. She was thrifty but kindhearted.

Backtracking her movements for Monday, District Attorney Bergen got the following:

At 11 A. M. she had left the Gillespie apartment carrying three pieces of hand luggage and a large black pocketbook. The doorman had called a taxi and she had been driven away in it. The night before, she had abruptly informed her employers that she was resigning her position and leaving at once for California, where her sister was seriously ill.

At noon—minus the three pieces of hand luggage—she appeared at the Bank for Savings, 280 Fourth Avenue, where she withdrew $500 in a single bill, leaving a balance on deposit of only $16.51.

At one o'clock she walked into the Fifth Avenue office of Harris, Forbes & Co., where she had the bulk of her savings—six $1,000 bonds. She said she wished to withdraw all of them. A clerk persuaded her it would be dangerous to carry on her person $6,000 in negotiable bonds, and she finally withdrew two bonds, said she would tell him where to forward the others, and left.

An hour later she walked into the office where her niece, Mary Brown, was employed. She gave Mary a small sum of money, chatted with her, and appeared to be in excellent spirits. Mary noticed that her aunt was wearing something she had never seen her wear before—a black silk band on her pince-nez.

Just as she was leaving, truthful Margaret Brown told a barefaced lie: "Mary, the Gillespies have suddenly decided to go to Florida, and I'm going with them. So I'll not see you for a while."

THE answer to all this seemed plain enough. The murderer was, obviously, a man who had won her love and persuaded her to withdraw her savings and elope with him. He'd killed her and fled with her money. Finding him promised to be simple. He'd soon cash in on the $500 bill and the two bonds.

The bank cashier had jotted down the serial number of the bill. The police had, too, the serial numbers of the bonds. All they need do was wait until one or the other turned up, then nail the rascal who tendered them.

But on Wednesday the mail brought to Police Headquarters at Bernardsville an envelope. In it were the $500 bill and the two bonds and a note that read:

"I am writing this letter and sending you the bonds of Miss Brown. I am very remorseful. I have been drinking. I met Miss Brown in Buffalo and then again in Newark two years ago. I left Newark at 4.15 on Monday and reached New York at 7.15 and met Miss Brown. I had two bottles of wine and we both drank some.

"I drove out to Lover's Lane, where there was a large car parked. I drove around until the car had gone and then I pulled up there. I tried to take advantage of her but she refused. I hit her on the head and she fell. Thinking that I had killed her, I took gasoline from my car and poured it over her, lighting it, and then drove away.

"I drove through Bernardsville, where I threw the rest of the stuff in the river. This was all the money she had. I drove around and slept in the car the rest of the night. Drove to Newark the next morning, where I am hiding. I have a good car and new tires and I am starting out. God knows where—to hell, I suppose. . . .

"P. S. I asked her to marry me and she said she would not marry a poor man. I told her I had studied to be a doctor."

That this had been written by the actual murderer, there could be no doubt. The bonds and money were Margaret Brown's. The note was postmarked from Newark hours before she had been identified even tentatively, yet the writer referred to her as Miss Brown.

And he revealed something that not even the authorities knew at the time, though it was later confirmed. In her stomach was found a trace of alcohol. He said they had had some wine to drink.

HIS story was not entirely satisfactory, however. If he had siphoned gasoline from his car, he must have had with him a container in which to carry it. And that argued premeditation.

He said he had hit her on the head, but the autopsy turned up no such wound. Under her lower teeth was found, however, a blood clot that might have been caused by the blow of a fist.

The liquor she drank was certainly not enough to have caused intoxication, and her organs yielded no trace of stupefying drugs. Since shock, burns, and suffocation had killed her, and since she scarcely could have been set afire unless she were unconscious, how had the murder been done?

The murderer had disposed of the very clues which police had hoped might tie him to the crime—by mailing those clues to the police.

Why hadn't he burned them? Or thrown them, as he said he had "the rest of the stuff," into the river?

Police dragged the rivers near Bernardsville and searched every foot of their banks—and found nothing.

New York police under Inspector John Coughlin and Deputy Inspector Arthur Carey sought the missing baggage. They turned up nothing. Their attempts to locate the taxi driver who had taken Miss Brown from the Gillespie apartment failed.

District Attorney Bergen and his men went to work on the fur coat—her one incongruously expensive garment. One thing that made the fur-coat lead look good was the Buffalo furrier's label, for the murderer in his note said he had met Margaret Brown in Buffalo. She had lived there years before.

Bergen and Chief Hanlon traced the coat's history. It had originally been purchased by a man who had given it to his mistress. She had returned it to the store, where another man bought it. From his hands it reached Margaret Brown. That looked promising, until police finally found that the man who gave it to Margaret Brown had been a distant relative of hers. He had bought the coat for her at her request, and had been repaid by her.

In the dismayingly innocent life of Margaret Brown, police finally injected the rumor of another man—a man in an automobile. But all they could learn of him at the outset was that besides the automobile he had a guttural voice with a Danish or German accent, and that he had come into her life within two months of her disappearance.

A man with such a voice, servants at the Gillespie apartment said, had telephoned her there recently and she had been meeting him often. The police could get no description of him until they came across another governess who had often chatted with Margaret Brown in Central Park. She told of a man with an automobile who often drove by when Margaret was in the park with the Gillespies' daughter, Jeanne. She said Margaret often waved to him or went to sit in his car with him. He was middle-aged, with graying hair. She recalled finally that Margaret Brown had told her he was a "Dr. Clemens, or Clement," on the staff of either the New York or Polyclinic Hospital.

Both New York City hospitals denied that they had

had on their staffs any doctor named Clemens or Clement.

Then some one checked the police files and found record of a man who called himself "Dr. Louis Clement." He came from Copenhagen, where he had served two short jail terms for small-time thievery, and he had a guttural voice.

He had come to the United States in 1916, where he had promptly affected eyeglasses from which dangled a black silk band—an affectation recently adopted by Margaret Brown. He had no right to the title "doctor." He was reputed a persuasive talker. How he had supported himself for twelve years in the United States was not entirely clear.

He had set himself up as a chemist and headed a company of his own formation, the Goodoxide Laboratory Company. Its purpose seems to have been to manufacture and sell one of his inventions, a boll-weevil exterminator. It had folded up, and he had turned to the problem of perfecting and marketing a cheap substitute for gasoline.

MATION
Henry Boltinoff

"Look—foreigners!"

In this ambitious undertaking he seemed to have overstepped himself. A contractor named Charles W. Lawson complained that he had invested $5,000 in this venture and that the miracle fuel hadn't been produced. Called before the district attorney in that year, 1918, Clement was permitted to demonstrate his invention. The demonstration was a flat failure, and what he said was a book containing his "secret formula, worth millions," proved when unwrapped to be a work on urinalysis. He was indicted, but was never convicted.

On March 4, 1927, police learned, he had married a concert violinist, one Thérèse Flower. On the marriage-license application he gave his age as thirty-three and his name as Louis Clement Van Norden. He swore he was a doctor and gave his address.

He was gone from there now, but police located his wife. He had deserted her, taking with him, police said, some of her jewelry, valued at $600. Neither she nor any one else could say where he might now be found.

Most interesting of all, perhaps, was the report that during his variegated career he had worked as an orderly at both the New York and Polyclinic hospitals.

The police told newspapers, however, that they had not a jot of legal evidence to connect him with the murder of Margaret Brown.

On the night of Saturday, March 3, the editor of the New York World received a special-delivery letter. It was from the missing Louis Clement. In it he professed innocence and explained that he had not surrendered because he lacked money to retain counsel. He said he had not been out of the city since Thanksgiving, could alibi himself for the night of the murder, did not own an automobile and could not drive one.

Police prepared to search for him. But the search was never made. At 4 P. M. on March 5 a portly unshaven man walked into New York Police Headquarters to tell Inspector Carey:

"I am Dr. Clement."

For nine hours New York and New Jersey authorities plied him with questions—only to confirm what police investigation had fully established a few hours earlier:

Dr. Clement was not the murderer.

On the day of the murder he had left a Fulton Street flophouse at five o'clock in the morning to go to a New York cafeteria. There for the next twelve hours he had worked, busily washing dishes. Then he had hurried home. The employment records of the cafeteria and the registration desk of the flophouse bore this out. Obviously he could not have been miles away in New Jersey. It was a fact that he had never owned a car and could not drive one. Police put him in a line-up, and Margaret Brown's governess friend failed to identify him.

Not one jot of evidence could be produced to show that, until the murder story appeared, he had ever heard of any one named Margaret Brown.

Police found him a glib and pleasant enough little fellow. As to his menial employment as a dishwasher, he said he was trying to earn money to rehabilitate himself. He "explained" the difficulties that had resulted in prison terms in Denmark and said he hadn't deserted his wife, but had been too manly to go on living on her money.

This last didn't quite cover the charge that in ridding her of his burdensome presence he had likewise rid her of $600 worth of her jewelry, and police clapped him into a cell on a grand larceny charge. Then his wife came and announced that she would not press the grand larceny charge, and police let him go.

Immediately they rearrested him. A former associate in the Goodoxide Laboratory Company charged that he had obtained $2,140 of company funds by forged check endorsements. But this charge fell through and he was released. He promptly dropped out of sight.

The Margaret Brown mystery came to a standstill.

Then, one year and two days after her death had made the front pages, another woman was found burned to death near a snow-covered highway outside Cranford, New Jersey, not many miles from where she had been found.

Police eventually identified the new torch-murder victim as Mrs. Mildred Mowry; her slayer as Henry Colin Close, a family man of sixty, who had led her on with promises of marriage, and had got money from her.

What made Close look especially good as a suspect in the Margaret Brown case were these facts: He had called himself "Dr." Campbell and he had a head of gray hair.

District Attorney Bergen talked to Close for two hours in the Union County Jail. Close denied having had anything to do with Margaret Brown's death. He put himself in Maryland during the time of her murder. Bergen's men found that Close had told the truth. He was miles away from the scene of the Margaret Brown crime before, during, and after it.

Today the strange death of Margaret Brown is still an open crime in the files of Somerset County.

Her own spinster secretiveness and the strange character of the man who killed her may keep it on the unsolved lists forever. A few years ago, authorities checked on another personable lad who specialized in twisting gullible unmarried women around his clever fingers—Ivan Poderjay. But he, too, came off unscathed.

Sporadically, the search for Margaret Brown's slayer goes on. And a very unsatisfactory search it is. The police were capable and hard-working. They overlooked no bets and did everything one could humanly expect police to do. There isn't much you can do, when all you have to work on is a fragment of handwriting and a guttural voice with a thick accent.

THE END

The inside story of another mysterious unsolved crime will be told in an early issue.

VOX POP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"Six-Time Loser" and "An Ex-Con" on Getting Jobs

COLUMBUS, OHIO—The December 10 Liberty with my article in it, The Biggest Cause of Crime Is No Puzzle to Me, was purchased by me yesterday, and naturally I read Prison Bureau Chief Bennett's answer to the same with much interest.

It was fine of him to acknowledge the faults in the system itself, and I have written and thanked him for so doing. I am, however, a lot disappointed that I cannot make him see the necessity for government rather than any form of local action as a remedy for the plight of discharged prisoners. Local stabs have been tried and failed too many times within my experience for me to have any hopes of their ever succeeding.

It is true that such local groups could be of great assistance, but first of all there would have to be compulsion on the part of the government to ever get them started, then government money behind them—and even then I doubt if they would prove much more than temporary relief measures, and have no lasting results.

It takes national effort to accomplish such important things. I doubt Uncle Sam's legal authority to put any such plan into effect. Can he go that far?

If so, why hasn't he done it long before this? But it is not relief that I am after. It is jobs for these men. They'll take good care of themselves if they can find work, depend on it. They are not inexperienced youngsters.

Ordinarily I am opposed to Uncle Sam sticking his neck out too far, but this is one case where it is unavoidable—if we are to get proper and quick action. —*" Six-Time Loser," Ohio State Penitentiary.*

ROSELLE, N. J.—Your article by A Six-Time Loser was first-class reading and oh, so very, very true.

On my third offense I was sent up for eighteen years. After pulling five I was paroled.

During my parole I was arrested four times. Nothing came out of it; but I spent all I managed to save, to keep myself free.

At the expiration of my parole I was broke out of a job and at times hungry.

What was I to do?

The CCC gave me thirty dollars a month, food, and a flop.

I saved two hundred; quit the camp, came back home, and opened a gas station. After three years I am fairly well established on the road to success.

But for the CCC I am very much afraid New Jersey would have had another convict to feed.

Any wonder I say three cheers for Six-Time Loser's idea?

I was given a fair run for my money, and made good.—*An Ex-Con.*

WHAT ISMS DO TO 2 COWS

CHARLESTON, S. C.—The following was composed by a Western man, a friend of mine.—*Dolly K. Yancey.*

Socialism: If you have 2 cows, you give your neighbor one.

Communism: If you have 2 cows, you give them to the government, and the government gives you some of the milk.

Fascism: If you have 2 cows, you keep the cows and give the milk to the government, and the government then sells you some of the milk.

New Dealism: If you have 2 cows, you shoot one and milk the other, and pour the milk down the sink.

JUST ANOTHER SIGN OF THE TIMES

PULLMAN, WASH.—While up in the Blue Mountains, eighty-five miles from Pullman, hunting elk, we stopped at a place during our hunting trip called Misery Point. My son and another hunter were out after a bull elk at a certain spot known to contain one. I strolled around camp, picking up wood to build a fire, as the sun was just going to set and it was getting very cold. I spied a signboard on a tree which read: " Don't shoot before it moves, as it may be a PWA. (Signed) FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, President."—*A. J. Anderson.*

NOTHING ON EARTH CAN MAKE MEN WEAR THEM, FLO!

HOUSTON, TEX.—Better dodge, Florence Thomas. You are going to get it in the neck for that bit of prophesying about men's clothes (December 24 Vox Pop).

The heavens may crash around our ears, seas arise and engulf us, dragons come out of the nether regions to eat us—but to wear short pants, long silk stockings, and girdles?

No, thank you, Flo!—*Bill Bird.*

CRY-BABY CHAMPIONS

DURHAM, N. C.—It's a bit late for it, I know, but I wanna cast my vote for the All-Time All-America Cry-Baby Champions, Texas Christian University footballers and their coach, " Dutch " Meyer.—*H. Duard Hays.*

THE DIES COMMITTEE IS HELPING COMMUNISTS!

ALTADENA, CALIF.—How can any one with common sense sanction Mr. Macfadden's praise of the Dies Committee for Red-baiting (Throw Out the Foreign Traitors, November 26 Liberty), when we, people of our type, called radicals, think it ridiculous?

Indeed, we think that the Dies Committee is even helping the Communist side more than it hurts it!

The idea of his using the word " skulduggery " in relation to government, and of Harry Hopkins! I should think Mr. Macfadden would see that when the government officials take a stand in favor of the downtrodden man there must be some good in it, and that it is not necessarily subversive.

Mr. Macfadden even calls the Theater Project " Communistic " just because it shows up the stupidity of our present system of society, and does it mighty well, too.

It seems anything constructive is un-American and Communistic.

More power to the " men at the top," that they see we are at the " end of our rope " and are trying to do everything possible to " appease " the discontented at both ends of the line.—*Kate Crane-Gartz.*

DISAPPOINTED WHEN NO SHORT SHORT APPEARS

MADISON, WIS.—Each week I read Liberty as follows: first, Vox Pop; second, Macfadden's editorial; third, the Short Short; etc.

I'm very disappointed when no Short Short appears in Liberty, but I feel I'd much rather not see one in your publication than to have to put up with one like Front Door Caller, by Cyril John Davies (December 24 Liberty).—*C. J. Botz.*

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—One of the most important questions of the day is, What is a gentleman? What makes salespersons and other persons refer to a well dressed man as a gentleman, and a plain honest-to-goodness man as a heel? Perhaps Vox Pop knows the secret. Some time ago I came across this definition of a gentleman, author unknown:

" A gentleman is a man who is clean both inside and outside, who can win without bragging and lose without squealing, neither looks up to the rich nor down on the poor, is considerate of old age and children, takes his share of

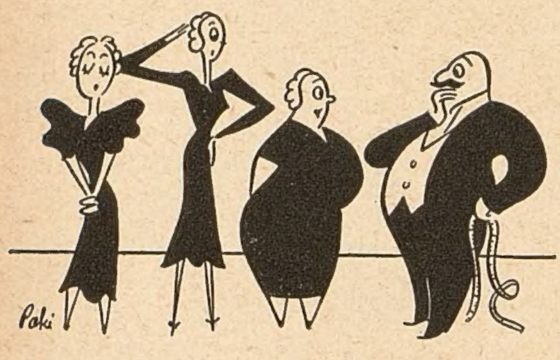
the world and lets other people have theirs."

Come on, Vox Pop, give me your interpretation of a gentleman. Confidentially, are you a gentleman?—*Eleonora Campusano.*

HOW TALL IS A TALL GIRL?

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Since subscribing to Liberty I always read Princess Alexandra Kropotkin's To the Ladies! Will you ask her, say, how tall a tall girl is and the size of the medium girl? Is five feet six tall or medium?

I think that there are many girls who would like to know besides myself.—*Rita Blaisdell.*



Colonel Frank Knox on Battle of San Juan Hill

SAN MARINO, CALIF.—Reckon I stirred up a hornets' nest when I related my experience *in re* the Rough Riders and San Juan Hill (August 13 Vox Pop).

Nine out of ten people believe to this day that *only* the Rough Riders were at San Juan Hill, and it was to correct this mistaken impression that I projected myself into the controversy.

Hence it was that, having every confidence in the reliability of the report of Colonel Frank Knox, publisher of the Chicago Daily News and a member of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt's staff on that memorable occasion, I called upon him to set matters straight.

This he has done, and this letter of his should close the debate.—*Frank Collins.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Answering your query about the Rough Riders and their participation in the Battle of San Juan Hill, in order to understand this situation it is almost necessary to have a knowledge of the topography of that region. San Juan Hill was not just one hill. It was part of a range of hills, and it was along this range of hills that the Spaniards entrenched themselves in their final stand in the fight.

The entire American expeditionary force was engaged in the capture of that site and the Rough Riders were among them. Our position in the battle line was down a little to the right of San Juan Hill proper—across a road which ran through the hills in a gully. This gully separating San Juan Hill was to the right of the hill which we captured in the main battle.

In front of us at the beginning of the battle was a little hill called Kettle Hill. It was really a minor hill of the whole range, but lay in front of the main range. Roosevelt ordered a charge on Kettle Hill early in the battle, because we were suffering very heavily from Spanish fire from an outpost that was there. The Rough Riders charged Kettle Hill and drove the Spanish from that position, which we held at the time the general advance on the San Juan range of hills began. When that was in progress, we advanced straight ahead from Kettle Hill to the portion of the range in our immediate front which was just to the right of the San Juan Hill proper, driving the enemy before us and occupying their positions on the hilltop.

A regular army infantry brigade captured San Juan Hill proper, but it was just a part of a general advance.

Strictly speaking, the Rough Riders did not capture San Juan Hill; but there was no difference, in an offensive way, between the hill that bore that name and the one adjoining it which was part of the same range and likewise occupied just as strongly by the enemy.

There has always been, since '98, a disposition on the part of the few who would like to detract from Colonel Roosevelt's reputation as a fighter to argue that the Rough Riders did not fight at San Juan Hill. It is a silly distinction to make, as the fighting was just as strong all along the line as it was on San Juan Hill proper. The difference between the total elevation of the two hills—that captured by the infantry brigade and that by the Rough Riders—was negligible. To make any distinction is silly, because all fought well in the general advance and every regiment took its objective, driving the Spaniards back into the city proper.

I have been down there since the war and have gone over the ground a second time, so that my recollection of it has been refreshed.—*Frank Knox.*

"A FEMALE PERSON IS NOT SUPPOSED TO ENDURE—"

SEATTLE, WASH.—Your cover picture for December 17 does not seem to blend. The young man is leaving the room with fingers over his nose, because he cannot endure the odor. If you will notice, the young lady is also leaving with the young man, but she does not have her nose covered at all.

She would not be any more capable of enduring the odor than the young man.

From my knowledge, a female person is not supposed to endure any more than a man, and not so much.—*Joe Baker.*

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Your cover girls are getting more and more refined-looking. I'm glad.—*Jessie Oxe.*

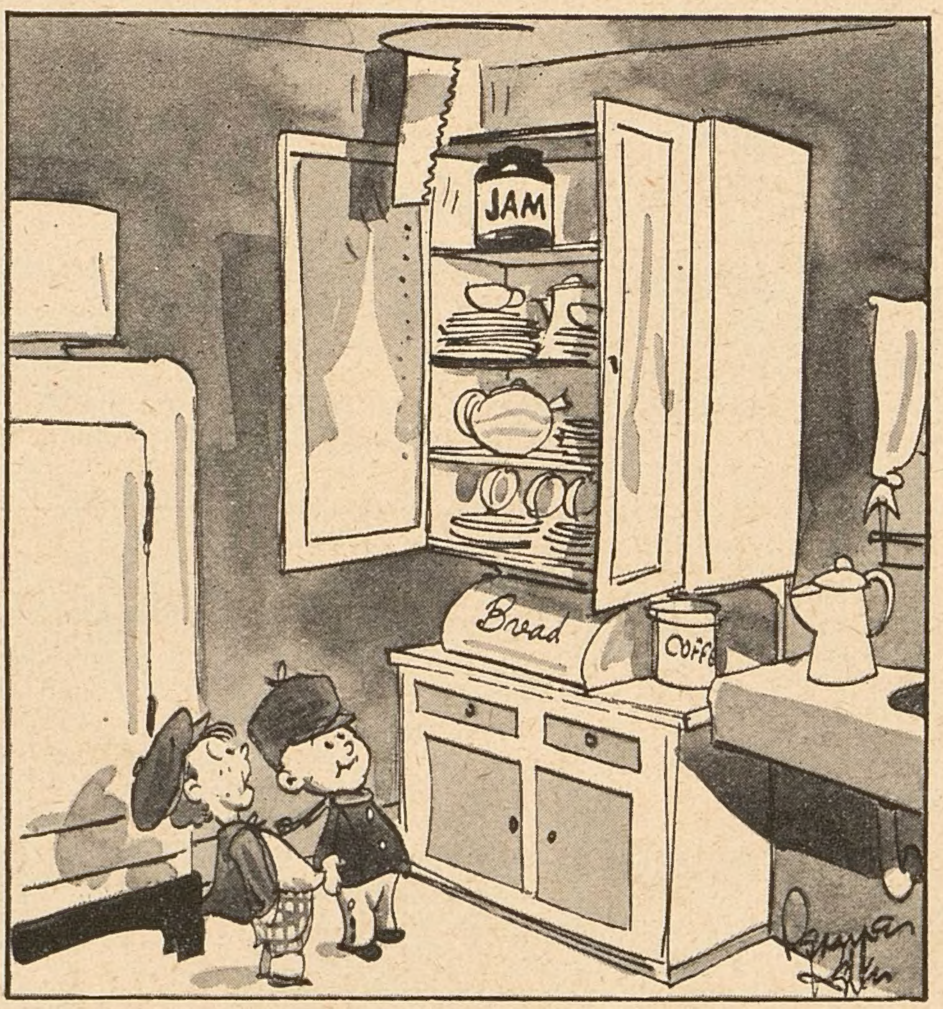
AS THE LATE JUSTICE HOLMES ONCE SAID—

WICHITA FALLS, TEX.—We have all been waiting for such an article as Mistrial! by Percival E. Jackson (November 26 Liberty).

The public has never understood why a ruling made on one case should decide others. As Mr. Jackson said, there are too many legal technicalities of rules and precedent.

It is not a matter of whether a question asked in court could be erased from the minds of a jury, but, as the late Justice Holmes once said: "I am not here to do justice. I am here to play the game according to rules. When I was at the bar and Lowell used to beat, I would say to him, 'Judge, your result may be good, but it is another game I undertook to play. I gave you a thrust in tierce and you countered with a bag of potatoes over my head.'"—*Murray Cameron.*

"HARDTACK"



"I've got to hand it to Hardtack—now he's usin' his head."

BASKETBALL FAST BECOMING THE NATIONAL GAME

FROSTPROOF, FLA.—I sure got a laugh out of Westerner's Vox-Poppin' off about basketball being a sissy game (December 24 Liberty).

If he ever played a real game of basketball he would change his mind. He's probably one who plays from the side line and tires nothing but his tongue and the people around him.

A fast game of basketball will tire a man out twice as fast as any football game.

There are many reasons why fans enjoy watching basketball games more than football or baseball. One is because they can get a closer view of the game. Another is that it is easier to understand. Still others are that the plays are easier for the average spectator to follow; the games are shorter and snappier than either baseball or football; there is more individual personal contact than in the other games; and it requires much more quick thinking and fast action.

If Westerner will just ask a few who have played these games, I think he will find that the majority of them agree that basketball is fast becoming the national game.—*Bill Jaques.*

A Letter from a Brokenhearted Old Woman

FROM WINNIPEG, CANADA, comes the following anonymous communication:

"Dear Sir:

"Would you kindly place this note into the hands of Barbara Wake, who wrote an article on syphilis? How many thousands are greedily watching for information on this subject! In Winnipeg, a brokenhearted family are anxiously watching for a crumb of comfort. A war veteran died last June and on the death certificate appeared 'A syphilitic heart.' There was nothing to show that this man was a victim until he had a blood test at the hospital. Left behind are a wife, a son, and a daughter, a pure, lovely girl. This is a case of 'the sins of the father are visited on the children.' Please give us more on this subject. Can we not help ourselves without making our disgrace public property? We ask your help in the name of Christianity.

"A Brokenhearted Old Woman."

My dear, if it is any comfort to you, let me tell you that your family is not alone in its tragic plight. All over the United States and in Canada there are other widows and sons and daughters and other brokenhearted old women who are asking for just such help. They are suffering innocently from a disease which may have been acquired innocently. It is one of the tragedies of our purblind civilization that such misfortune could be considered a disgrace. It is not. As a people, we are making some progress in recognizing that victims of this scourge are no more to be condemned than sufferers of tuberculosis or any other physical ill. Please read Mr. Macfadden's editorial on that subject, The World's Most Frightful Scourge. It appeared in Liberty under date of April 17, 1937. You can be helped, and what you should do is to go to some doctor of unquestioned standing in your community. Tell him your problem and your circumstances. Ask him to help you. If he does not do so, write us and tell us the facts about that. We tell you this here because in your grief you are ashamed to sign your name. We could not give you this space to advise you about your personal difficulties were it not that your letter has a larger significance. Whenever Liberty Magazine publishes an article on the important subject of venereal disease, we receive a great many letters thanking us for giving this information, but we also receive a great many other letters condemning us for printing such material. The narrow-minded, the intolerant, the ignorant seem to consider the publication of such important facts an offense against morality. Your letter, in its simplicity and sorrow, is printed as a reproof to these critics. Such persons would rather keep silent about a dead horse left in the cellar to stink up the neighborhood, than to face the fact and get the carcass out. Only by frankly confronting the realities of this matter and acting upon them with common sense can the problem ever be solved. . . . THERE IS FRANKNESS aplenty in next week's Liberty, one of the strongest issues in recent months. You will certainly want to read Dark Soul: The Secret of Coster-Musica's Crimes, written by one of the American authorities on criminology and child psychology. . . . Also you certainly will want to read the frank article by Captain Anthony Eden. He gave it the title, After the World Crisis: What Is the British Policy? . . . We know that you will want to read an astonishing article called Hollywood Thanks Hitler, by William de Mille, the bland and scholarly sage of cinema town. . . . And, since the Yankees are starting their spring training in St. Petersburg, Florida, you are likely to enjoy The Great Baseball Gamble, by John Drebinger. . . . There is a great true detective case in connection with our Valor in Citizenship award—the Oleys of Albany, by Frederick L. Collins. . . . AMONG THE REALLY EXCITING short stories will be Valkyrie in Rags, by Vingie E. Roe, and Girl from Nowhere, by Steve Fisher. . . . Others that we commend to all liberals with common sense are the stirring article by General Bullard called Give Us a Modern Army! and The Cop Who Cared, by Edward Doherty. These, with others and with ample helpings of the current serials, make up a great issue. . . . GOOD NEWS from Kansas City. Governor Lloyd C. Stark of Missouri has ordered a complete clean-up "to eradicate the blight of crime and corruption from Kansas City." The Governor called conditions there "a stench in the nostrils of the decent citizens." This confirms what we told you in Thunder Over Kansas City, by Fred Allhoff, some months ago. We predicted then and we repeat now with satisfaction that the decent element in Kansas City would eventually triumph. . . . HERE IS ANOTHER interesting by-product of our editorial program: . . . At First Unitarian Church in Ithaca, New York, an Adult Discussion Forum is held every Sunday morning at ten o'clock. . . . At a recent meeting their topic was George E. Sokolsky's articles on advertising which appeared in Liberty under the title, The American Way of Life. We congratulate the Rev. Mr. Peterson, under whose progressive leadership this important topic was discussed. . . . TO THE MAN who signed himself "The Man Who Saw the Spider": You are mistaken about us, but you are not entitled to the facts until you have the manhood to sign your name.

*

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty-for Liberals with Common Sense

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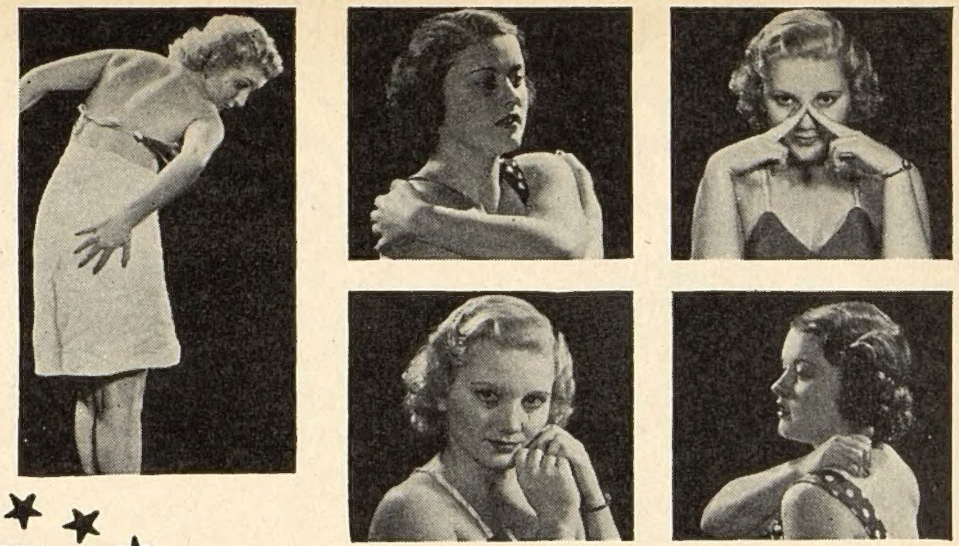
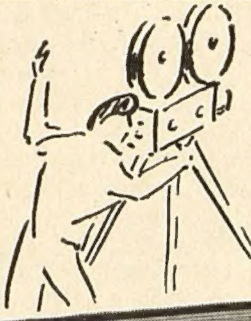
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY R. C. KAUFFMANN

★ A NEW SYLVIA OF HOLLYWOOD BOOK JUST OFF THE PRESS ★ A NEW SYLVIA OF HOLLYWOOD BOOK JUST OFF THE PRESS ★

Here's How To
REDUCE
The Hollywood Way





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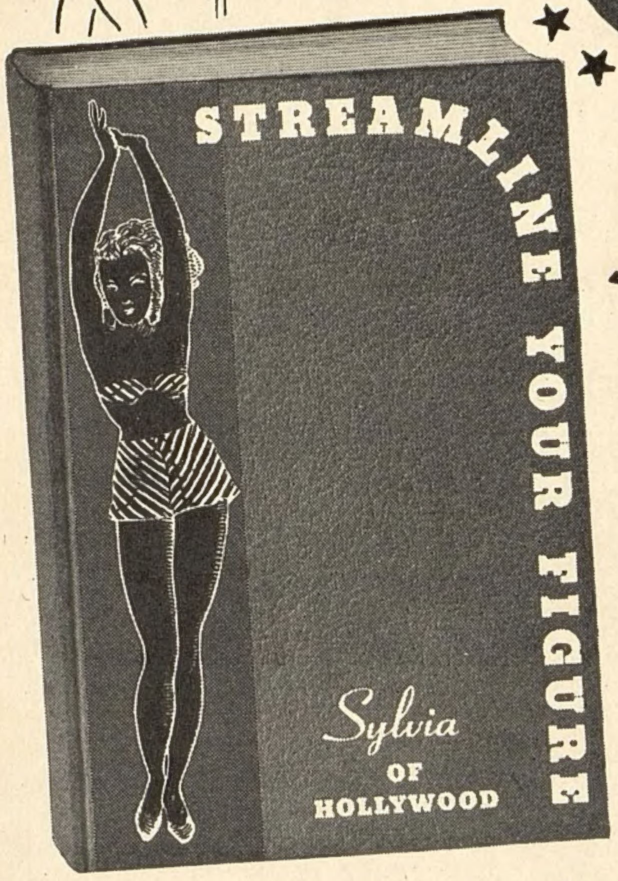

Streamline your Figure

BY SYLVIA OF HOLLYWOOD

Excess fat spells age in any language. Any spreading of the hips puts you in the matron's class regardless of your years. In *Streamline Your Figure* Madame Sylvia tells you how to take off fat and put it on where you want it. There's nothing impossible about it. In fact you'll enjoy reducing this modern Hollywood way.

Remember this—all muscles of the body are very susceptible to training. They can be kept or made strong and healthy, they can remain weak or they can deteriorate and become flabby . . . depending upon care and attention or the lack of it. If you follow Mme. Sylvia's suggestions you'll be surprised how quickly you can normalize your system and acquire the alluring proportions you so much admire in others.

In *Streamline Your Figure* Mme. Sylvia has plenty to tell you skinny girls. If you eat and eat and still don't gain weight—get a copy of this splendid book and learn how the author builds up many of Hollywood's glamorous stars.

Streamline Your Figure is more than a reducing book. It tells you how to acquire beautiful legs . . . how to improve the appearance of your face . . . how to have a lovely neck . . . a beautiful back and myriads of other Hollywood tricks you should know about. The pages of this book are packed to the brim with practical instructions illustrated by 32 full page photographs from life. Moreover, you can carry out Sylvia's simple instructions in the privacy of your boudoir.

Read Mme. Sylvia's new book and regain the loveliness and physical charm that you have let slip through your fingers. The price of this new book is but $1 at all booksellers or from publishers direct.

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